THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 23, '17 — 5c. THE COPY

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In This Number

Mary Roberts Rinehart—Edward G. Lowry—Ring W. Lardner
Eleanor F. Egan—Will Irwin—Kenyon Gambier—Basil King

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Whenever you buy Rugs, Rug Borders or By-The-Yard goods, be sure to look for the name "Congoleum" on the back. It insures you against imitations, and gives you the protection of our guarantee.

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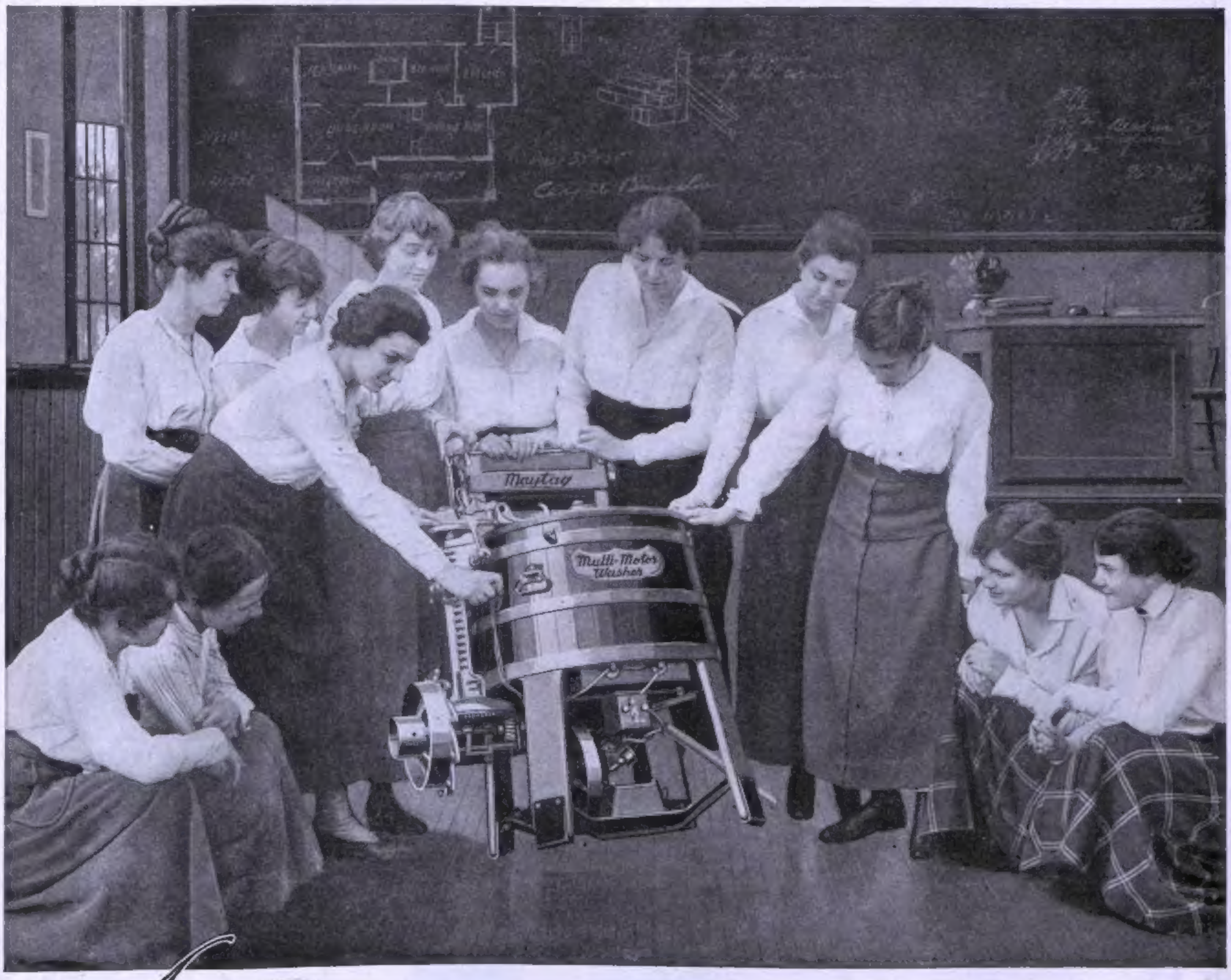
The Rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 300. The 9 x 12 ft. size retails for $12.50. The reproduction, however, does not show the many beautiful colors in the actual rug.



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The Huge Black One-Eyed Man

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

OVER the starboard rail of the steamship Rose of Ispahan an alert-eyed and very dirty young man lounged and inhaled land breezes through fine nostrils, which visibly quivered. The greenness of the North Devon hills was so soft and refreshing that his lids drooped as to the touch of a cool caressing finger. He believed he could identify Bideford as he thought of Kingsley's Westward Ho!

He hoped that he saw the edges of Exmoor and imagined a stag of the wild red deer standing proudly on the rim of the evergreen hills. He turned about as eight bells struck; and, softly whistling D'ye Ken John Peel? walked aft with springing step. He glanced up at the bridge and grinned as he saw that the captain, pointing to a spot at his feet, was narrating a story in sulphurous words. He knew that the words were sulphurous because he knew the story. He knew the story because the pilot looked at him in such a way as to show that he was the subject of it.

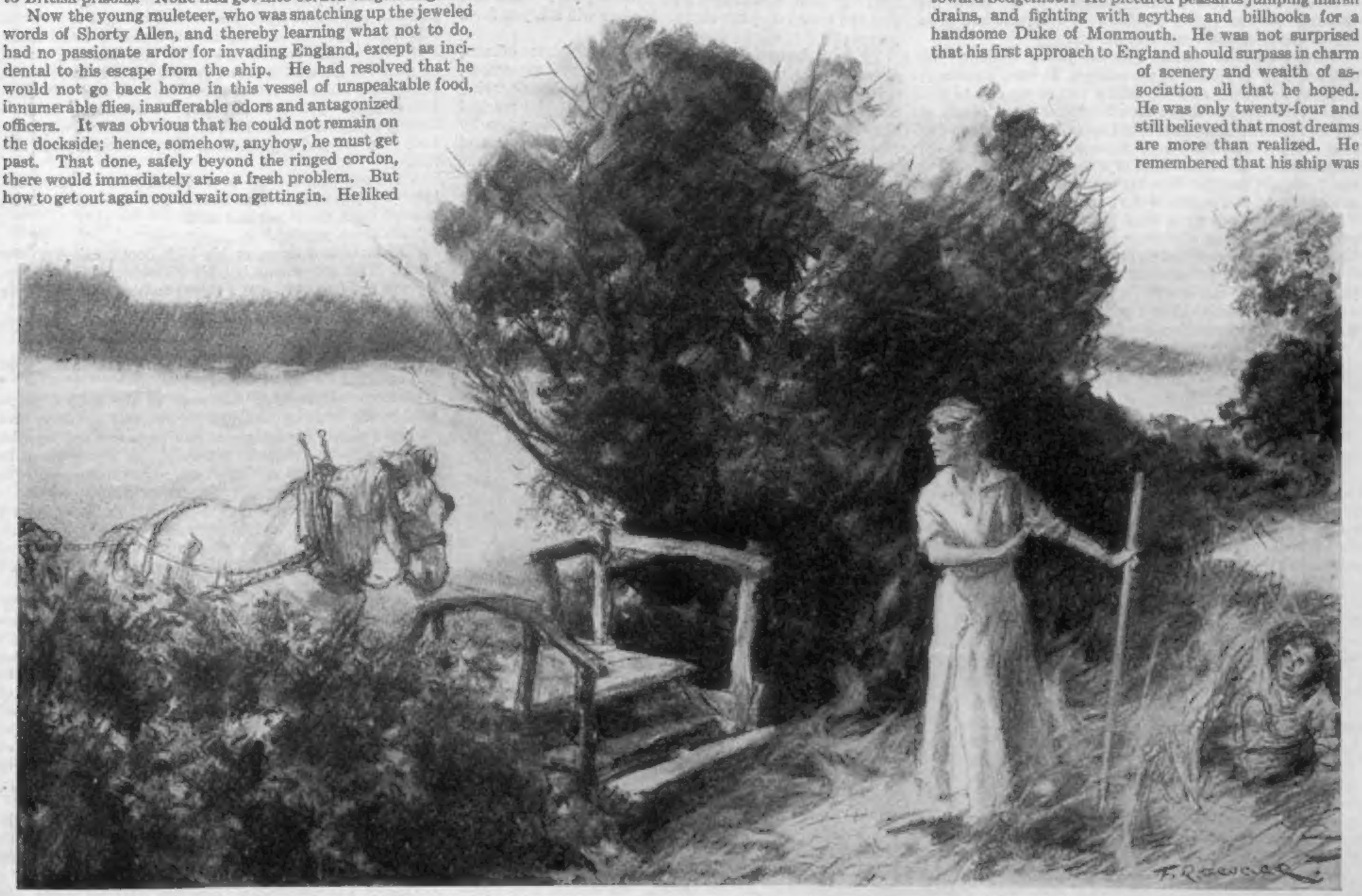
He dived down the companionway and, with his working mate, proceeded to feed the thirty-six mules for which the two were responsible. He fed twenty-seven, to be exact; for he was lithe and of irrepressible energy, while his companion was a typical world wastrel. Yet he cheerfully did more than his share, partly because he was like that and partly because pearls of knowledge dropped from the tobacco-stained lips of his inert and lazy partner, who was wise about many things. Especially had Shorty Allen knowledge of the various ways in which Yankee horse tenders had failed to escape from horse boats, or had succeeded only so far as to transfer themselves to British prisons. None had got into cordon-ringed England.

Now the young muleteer, who was snatching up the jeweled words of Shorty Allen, and thereby learning what not to do, had no passionate ardor for invading England, except as incidental to his escape from the ship. He had resolved that he would not go back home in this vessel of unspeakable food, innumerable flies, insufferable odors and antagonized officers. It was obvious that he could not remain on the dockside; hence, somehow, anyhow, he must get past. That done, safely beyond the ringed cordon, there would immediately arise a fresh problem. But how to get out again could wait on getting in. He liked solving problems, but his was the heaven-given faculty of waiting till they came to him.

He bandaged up three mules and left them weirdly half suspended. As the narrow stalls did not permit the animals to lie down, some always got so leg-weary on the voyage as to need support by a sling. He examined the remainder; then went and looked at his costly suitcase, an absurd luxury amid the straw of his rough bunk. He decided to do what he longed to do: he took out a pair of binoculars which he hid under his arm, and sidled toward the waist on the main deck. He did not usually sidle, as etiquette prescribed for such low castes as muleteers; but now, to sailors, engineers, oilers, greasers, even to blackened firemen, he apologized by his manner for existing. All these had a status on board and some rights, and strong unions behind them; and to them horse tenders were just bilgewater. Now Bilgewater, arrogantly using field glasses more costly than the captain's, would be a sight not to be endured; hence his furtive humility.

He thought, from his recollection of the map, that the vessel must now be abreast of Somersetshire, and he loved the music of Coleridge's poetry. So, glancing about and seeing himself unobserved, he searched the coast for the line of the Quantock Hills and hoped for the sight of a nestling village, which he might imagine was Nether Stowey.

He could make out little groups of thatched cottages and he told himself that one of these must be the village he sought. He thought of Coleridge asleep in one of these cottages, dreaming liquid lines about "caverns measureless to man." He swept his glasses inland, where the line of the hills slipped downward, and knew that he was looking toward Sedgemoor. He pictured peasants jumping marsh drains, and fighting with scythes and billhooks for a handsome Duke of Monmouth. He was not surprised that his first approach to England should surpass in charm of scenery and wealth of association all that he hoped. He was only twenty-four and still believed that most dreams are more than realized. He remembered that his ship was



The Voice of George, Stolid and Solid, Scattered Romance as a Cannon Ball Would Have Scattered the Knights of King Arthur

in the very track of the Young Rachel; and that Henry Esmond Warrington had looked at this coast just as he was looking now.

A sentence from the first chapter of The Virginians came to him; Thackeray had expressed his feelings better than he could, himself: "All Americans who love the old country . . . have ere this rehearsed their English travels, and visited the spots with which their hopes, their parents' fond stories, their friends' descriptions, have rendered them familiar." He looked at these green Somerset shores, at the purple Welsh hills on the other side, and at the blue waters of the British Channel, narrowing ahead to the winding Severn; and every sunlit wave and soft-contoured hill, and each clump of trees and emerald pasture seemed a mute denial that this country could be at war. He leaned his elbows on the rail and lifted the glass again.

It was the second mate's watch; and he happened to come to the rail above and glance down. He stared at the horrible sight, and ran to the bridge. The captain could not believe at first.

"What!" he cried. "The fellow that dumped the grub at my feet on the bridge?"

"Yes, sir; boring holes in the coast with glasses."

"A horse tender—glasses—and him an alien!" He dashed for the chart room and snatched up a water bottle. "Spying! I'll teach him!" he exclaimed as he slid to the deck.

The aim was perfect; glasses and bottle crashed together into the sea. At the same instant a cannon boomed from the Welsh shore and a ball crossed the bows, so close that spray showered the deck.

The startled muleteer saw a second fountain lifted a hundred yards away, where the ball again kissed the water. He heard bells ringing, angry orders from the bridge; felt that engine vibrations ceased; heard the anchor chain rasp through the hawse pipe. He listened to some language, too, ten minutes later, when the lieutenant came alongside in the inspection boat; and everybody grinned, because this outburst was directed at the captain. It was some time before he could learn what had happened. The captain and pilot, absorbed for a fatal two minutes in the monstrous doings of a muleteer, had passed the inspection ground by a hundred yards; nor was the incident ended. The captain would be summoned and fined at least ten pounds. The inspecting lieutenant had been heard to say so, and the pilot to confirm the statement.

Shorty Allen was huskily indignant. He drew his colleague into an empty stall, whose occupant had been buried the day before without honors.

"Muleteers and marine glasses, young Conant," he said angrily, "is mutiny in peacetimes. In war, 'tis piracy; and you an alien! And me telling you every day he was laying for a chancet to get even for you dumpin' scouse at the feet of him! And me telling the gang three times a day that every mortal act a man can or cannot do is a felony, wunst in the three-mile limit of a country at war! What for, I ask, did you give him his chancet?" He heard with astonishment of a search of the horizon for a poet's home. "And you looking for a dead man's moldy shack!" he said with withering contempt. "Look out, westbound! Oh, look out, my poor foolish lad!"

"Thanks, Shorty," Conant said; "I suppose I can't jump the ship on this side?"

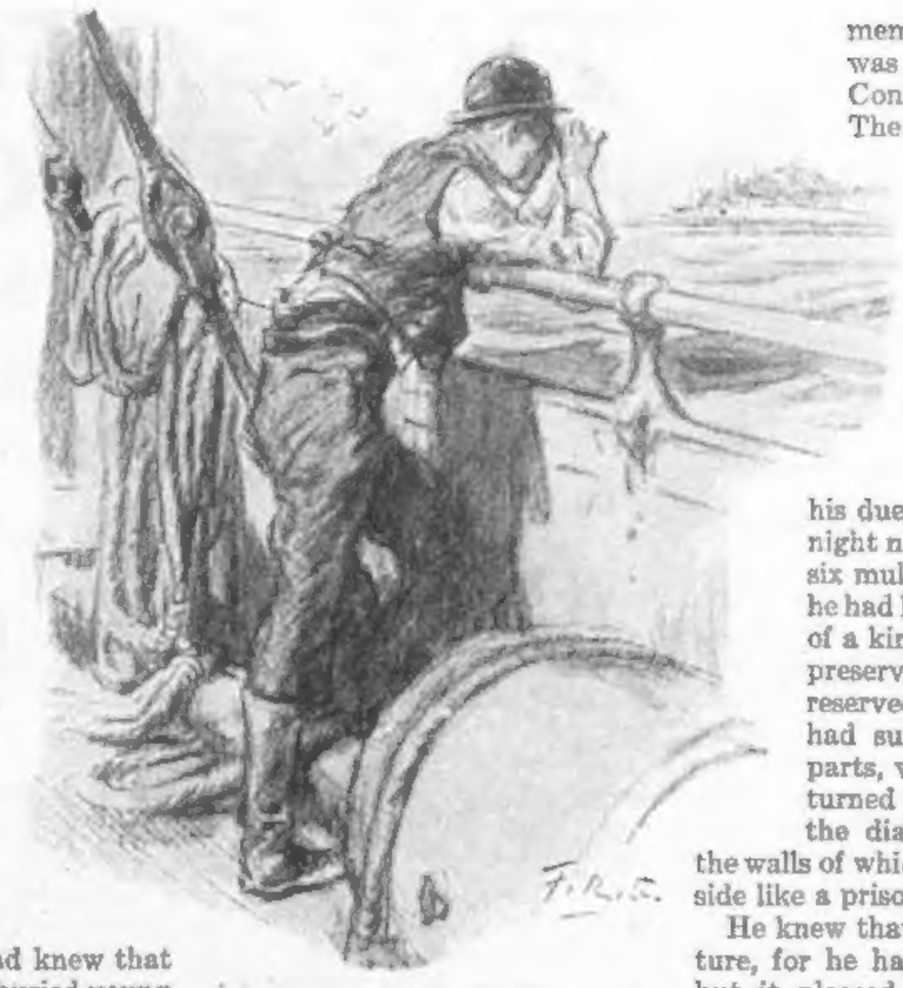
"Ain't there some old saying," Shorty rejoined, "about a camel getting through a needle's eye? Well, you're the camel, and you're going to be the goat."

But he had one consoling thing to say. Learned in sea law, he guessed that there would be no prosecution of the muleteer; for that would expose the captain's absence from the bridge—a serious fault at that precise moment.

"Prosecute me! What for?"

"If an alien," said Shorty Allen impressively, "looks too hard at the coast, or at a wall, or a dock, or the sky, or even at a girl, 'tis es-pi-on-age. Lamp nothing!"

An hour later the young muleteer forgot his prospective troubles, for he was searching, with naked eye, the Somersetshire coast for a church tower. He caught a glimpse of it at last behind Clevedon, and knew that beneath its shadows lay buried young Hallam, to whom Tennyson had written In Memoriam. He turned to the Welsh side, where Caerleon was hidden and where the dim outline toward the northeast marked the Forest of Dean, where King Arthur had hunted in legend, and King John in history. He slipped to starboard again to look at the mouth of the river whence John Cabot had sailed in 1497; who, by planting a flag on the Northern Hemisphere, had staked it out for a people who spoke English. Then he fed his mules again.



Every Sunlit Wave, Each Emerald Pasture Seemed a Mute Denial That This Country Could be at War

At four o'clock the next afternoon the last animal had been coaxed, cajoled or forced down the gangway, and young Conant stood on the dockside, amid a bunch of his charges, murmuring a good-by to a favorite mule, which he had named Narcissus.

"You've had better grub and cleaner straw than I, old son!" he said, caressing a long drooping ear; "and now you can travel on your shape. No one will ask you for a passport."

Then he charged through the crowd of customs officers, aliens' officers, policemen, men in khaki and longshoremen, using his suitcase as a lever, but tactfully avoiding heaving mules and commissioned officers aside with it. He reached the offices of the Board of Trade without being seen by any officers from the Rose of Ispahan, gave his name, and demanded his pay. The blue-coated official glanced at the ship's articles and shook his head.

"Aliens cannot land here," he said. "You shipped for discharge at Newport News and you must go back on the ship."

Conant had nine days' growth of patchy fuzz on cheek and chin, for his razor had been stolen. There were bits of hay in his hair and a smudge across his face. Nevertheless, he tried to look ingratiating and lowered an eyelid in a significant wink. He was astonished, himself, at the effect of that vague signal; the official not only became human, but conveyed by look and voice that this member of an outcast race was a man and a brother. Conant whispered four words. The official grinned and handed over his own pen—unheard-of condescension. The young man signed clear, as though unaccustomed to writing. It was the name to which he was unaccustomed. He had never written it before.

He received three dirty one-pound notes, his due for having been day-and-night nurse and steward to thirty-six mules. Besides this payment, he had had straw for his bed, food of a kind, and the right to a life preserver all to himself, and to a reserved seat in a boat if the ship had suddenly divided into two parts, with a loud explosion. He turned and waved a farewell at the diabolical ammoniacal ship, the walls of which loomed above the dockside like a prison.

He knew that this farewell was premature, for he had not scaled all barriers; but it pleased him to do it. He was greatly encouraged that his spell had worked so far. It was woven with the yarns that Shorty Allen had spun.

"Good luck to you, my boy!" said the official affably; and Conant nodded blithely and then ducked behind cases of ammunition destined for France, as he saw the captain of the Rose of Ispahan crossing the dock.

He emerged two minutes later, went to the dock gate; and, with the air of a man doing a favor, he muttered again the mysterious countersign.

"Good lad!" the guard said, slapped him on the back with brotherly approval, and let him pass.

Exulting, he walked away alertly, with shoulders squared and springs in his heels, to get clean, to get food; what luxury to dream of a bath and a dinner; the thought of a square meal made him drool like a baby. He came to a standstill as he perceived that he was in a village. No one had told him about that; and he had thought to step out into a town, where an insignificant muleteer could easily lose himself. He looked down the wide bustling street, surprised to see that it ended in open grass country; that there were miles of velvet green beyond, and soft little hills crowned by trees in full leaf. Unconsciously he drew in deep draughts of fresh land air as he wondered why anybody had scooped a great dock out of a countryside like this.

A friendly tap on the arm caused him to turn. An elderly man, with a blue helmet and a fatherly smile, pointed down the street and said:

"It's there, my lad."

Conant looked down at his high boots, caked to the knees. This movement hid his disconcerted expression. He was not free yet; and a signal had been passed along about him.

"I know, Mr. Policeman," he answered. "I thought I'd get a hoe first and scrape myself."

"You ain't going to a party," the policeman said. "You do your cleaning up afterward."

Conant now adopted the walk of the typical horse tender. He went on slowly, with hunched shoulders and dragging steps. His fatigue at having to live and breathe compelled him to pause at intervals. He stared about in apparently indolent curiosity, his mouth open, his eyes lifted almost furtively; but they saw no way of escape.

He stopped at length in front of what had once been a small grocer's store, and he pretended to study a brilliant poster portraying a happy youth in khaki, who beckoned with persuasive finger. "You come, too!" was printed underneath.

He turned and glanced down the street. The elderly policeman was sauntering toward him. He dared not pass that door; he dared not linger; so he went in. The recruiting office was thronged. Among the crowd were mates from his ship, British subjects, who had come home to enlist. They gave him a rousing welcome; he had not told them that he was going to join. He laughed and joked with them for ten minutes, and then was pushed to the front. The others stood aside for him. The sergeant at the table received him with that cheerful welcoming grin which had become familiar to him within the last hour, and which he had heard about on the voyage.

"A horse tender," Shorty Allen had said, "is just natchully dirt anywhere, anyhow—specially in England; but you give 'em the office that you're for the army, and then you're some hero right off."

Conant had penetrated these few hundred yards into England by winking and saying, with an exaggerated

The Sergeant Received Him With a Cheerful Welcoming Grin

American accent: "I am a Canadian." But now he discarded this password. When the sergeant asked his birthplace, he said "Ohio."

The N. C. O. chuckled and wrote.

"You mean Ontario," he said.

He handed a very bad pen to an apparently very dull young man.

"Oh, no," this recruit answered; "Ohio, U. S. A."

And he stupidly stuck to this, notwithstanding hints from all sides. He glanced about him, puzzled, and repeated U. S. A. when his comrades, with free profanity, called out "Ontario."

"We can't take you," the sergeant snapped; but he laughed when the young man indignantly asked why. The sergeant grasped his shoulder, drew him down and whispered in his ear: "You blasted fool, come back in an hour and say you're a Canadian."

"Oh, I see!" Conant grinned sheepishly. "I'm—I'm sorry," he stammered.

He backed away and sidled out amid good-natured laughter. The fatherly policeman was waiting. "A bob better off?" he asked. "The King's shilling, heigh?"

Conant told him precisely what had happened.

"How was you to know?" said the policeman sympathetically. "Orders is to take no Yankee knowingly."

"But," said the disappointed recruit, "the sergeant won't forget in an hour!"

"Oh, won't he?" The policeman grinned and explained, with elaborate detail, the workings of a noncom's mind on the delicate subject of the enlistment of neutrals. "You won't lose your chance," he guaranteed. Ruminating, he watched the disappointed warrior stroll on.

"Them Yankees," he reflected, "fancy theirselves; but a tidy few of 'em wants a deal of telling."

Conant surprised at his temporary freedom, hoped now that, disguised as himself, he might get away. He could see the little railroad station just at the end of the village, where the green meadows began. He would try to bluff his way into a train. Where it took him made no difference. He looked about for a place to change; the inn was not for such as he. He paused in front of a big galvanized-iron room, labeled "Canteen," to look at a standing automobile. It was large and deep blue and American, and he had its brother at home; and so he gave the bonnet a friendly pat and felt less lonely.

He saw a shoe projected, toe downward, into the air, a solid, useful shoe, of graceful lines; he saw, too, that a small-boned ankle projected from it. The rest of the owner was lost in the auto, into which she appeared to have dived headfirst. As he passed he saw that she struggled with a heavy box.

"Please let me," he said.

"Thanks awfully!" came, muffled, and she scuttled backward and stood up. "I——" She paused, for one almost imperceptible instant of surprise, at the contrast between his appearance and his voice. "I shall be so much obliged to you. I'll take this end."

He swung the box to his shoulder. She glanced again at him, approving his clean quick movement. The box had no cover, contained butter in crocks, weighed sixty pounds, and demanded gentle handling. She led the way round the Canteen, saying, over her shoulder:

"Horseman?"

Her manner held no touch of patronage, and her voice was like distant sleigh bells.

"My clothes answer yes," he said, thinking how brilliantly clean girls can be.

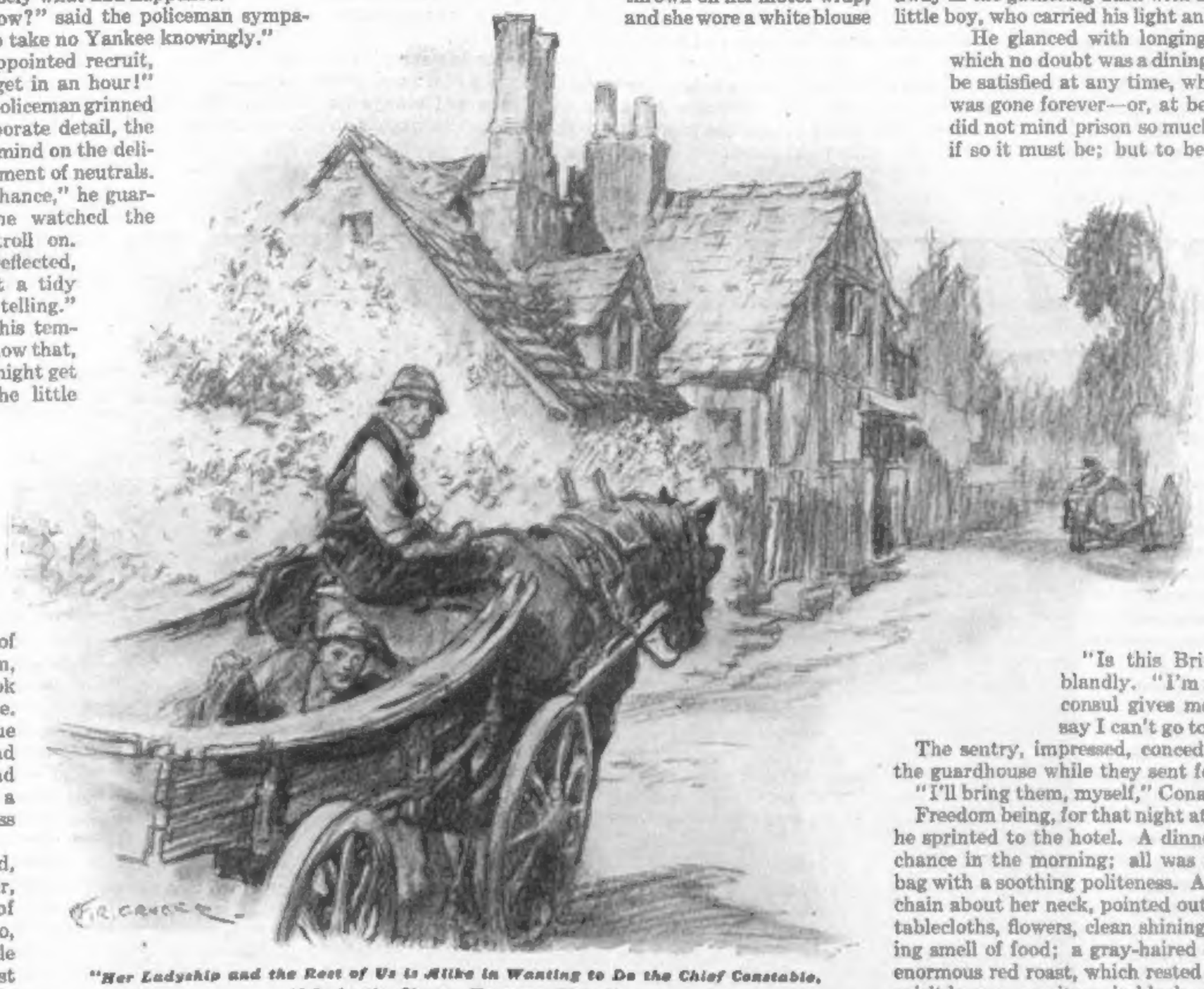
She checked and glanced at him.

"Nobody minds dirt these days," she said with smiling encouragement.

He nearly stumbled, because his eyes were always on her. She was so pleasant to look at, her voice so blithely musical, that he absorbed her with eyes and ears. She was a brilliant momentary intermission between a filthy floating stable and a probable prison cell.

"An American?" she asked.

"The recruiting sergeant," he answered, "said I was born in Ontario."



"Her Ladyship and the Rest of Us is Alike in Wanting to Do the Chief Constable, if So be the Chance Happens Along"

She laughed, and her laugh was as merry as the sleigh bells come nearer. "You have enlisted, then?"

"Not yet."

She darted a side glance and slipped through an open door.

He heard cries of relief in staccato notes from youthful cultivated voices: "In the nick of time! . . . Butter all gone! . . . A perfect mob to-day! . . . Another transport going out to-night! . . . Two hundred men——"

He saw a crowd of young ladies opening canned meats, cutting bread, carving young roasts, unpacking pork pies. Beyond, outside long counters, soldiers in khaki, longshoremen, horsemen, were eating. He put the box on a chair by the door and cleared the car in three journeys. He turned to bolt, wishing to remove his unkempt person from contrasts that seemed almost literally to rub the dirt in; but it was as though the young lady expected him to do this, for she came out and called:

"Oh, please!"

He turned unwillingly. The impossible occurred, for she seemed even more spick and span than before. She had thrown off her motor wrap, and she wore a white blouse beneath a fawn-colored coat. The sun was setting over his shoulder and its rays made gold of her brown hair, and showed little gold points in her gray eyes and the vital texture of her clear skin.

"Have you been paid off?" she asked.

She hesitated ever so little on the question, and she bent forward in charming appeal that she be not thought too direct.

"I'm sorry—yes."

"Sorry! Why?"

"Because if I was stony broke you would tip me; and then I could frame the sixpence."

She drew herself up a little; then glanced involuntarily at clothes which pleaded for extenuation of an exaggerated independence.

"Your hint was not needed," she condescended to explain with just a touch of dignity. "I never thought of offering you money."

"I ask your pardon," Conant said humbly. "I thought everybody tipped in England."

She smiled again, appeased by his ingenuousness.

"We use some discrimination in showering small coins," she answered. "What I wished to say was that I hope you will be my guest at the Canteen. I shall come and wait on you myself. Please go round."

She turned, without waiting for an answer, apparently taking his acceptance as a matter of course; but he went away with his suitcase. He was buoyantly cheered by this little meeting, though cynical concerning the reason for her blithe courtesy. "It's the bright smile from everybody," he thought, "so long as they think you're going to enlist. A thoroughbred to her finger tips; so haughty that she can afford to be friendly." He stepped into a garage and offered all that he stood up in for five minutes' hose play.

An instant later he was scrubbing himself pink with a brush, whose bristles were bitten to the bone, while the holder of the hose appraised with judicious eye the white, fine skin, the well-marked slats of ribs, the silky undulations of the arm muscles, the lean thigh. When Conant appeared, dressed, from the shed, the garage keeper touched his hat and stammered an apology for freedoms. This homage was sweet to a young man who had been despised for eighteen days by sailors; but he said "Cut it out!" He was not understood.

He found a barber's shop. When he came out, he arrogantly stopped the passing second mate of the Rose of Ispahan and asked for a light.

"With pleasure, sir," said the second mate, who had, three hours before, when he was unloading mules, cursed him with murderous threats.

"Thanks awfully!" Conant drawled, and swaggered away in the gathering dusk with a lordly air, followed by a little boy, who carried his light and almost empty suitcase.

He glanced with longing at the inviting inn, in which no doubt was a dining room; but hunger could be satisfied at any time, whereas freedom, once lost, was gone forever—or, at best, for some weeks. He did not mind prison so much. That could be endured if so it must be; but to be bundled back into that ship was a horror. If he was to be captured—this helpless neutral, without a credential about him—he wished to postpone capture until that vessel had left the port.

Near the railroad he lighted another cigarette and prepared to argue pleasantly with the sentry, whom he saw marching to and fro. To the challenge he gave the approved answer: "A friend!"

"Permit?"

"I'm sent to my consul, at Bath, to get it."

"We don't know nothing of that."

"Is this British justice?" he asked blandly. "I'm refused a permit until my consul gives me my papers. Now you say I can't go to him, to get them."

The sentry, impressed, conceded a friendly sojourn in the guardhouse while they sent for the police.

"I'll bring them, myself," Conant said, and retreated.

Freedom being, for that night at all events, unattainable, he sprinted to the hotel. A dinner, a bed, and perhaps a chance in the morning; all was not lost. They took his bag with a soothing politeness. A pleasant girl with a gold chain about her neck, pointed out the coffee room. White tablecloths, flowers, clean shining plated ware, a comforting smell of food; a gray-haired old waiter carving at an enormous red roast, which rested in a great platter over a spirit lamp; a waitress in black, with a white apron and a cap with starched wings—just the perfect little dining room he had read about in English novels. He dropped into a vacant seat and eyed the roast with a fond anticipation. He pointed to it. "Tell him to cut it thick," he said, with a cheery eagerness that brought a repressed smile to the lips of the waitress.

He watched the succulent red slices fall beneath the expert knife; saw the red gravy ladled from a deep depression artfully sunk in the dish. At last the laden plate was in front of him. He grasped his knife and fork. But the young lady with the gold chain came in and handed him a paper.

"You were in such a hurry," she said, smiling into his merry protesting eyes. "The usual thing. It must be filled in."

The plate of beef was removed to one side while he hastily filled in blanks, giving particulars of himself.

"Oh," she said; "you're not British, I see! Please let me have your identity book."

"Identity book?" he repeated. "What's that?" He grasped the plate of beef in front of him and began to eat. "I'll get that after dinner. I'm starving!"

"We're not supposed to serve you," she said, hesitating.

"Are you going to take it away by force?" he asked, cheerfully defiant and cramming his mouth.

"There won't be much to take," she said, smiling; and she went away.

"Some more, please."

"I'm very sorry, sir," the waitress whispered. "I've orders not to."

He looked with longing at the roast, so near, yet divided from him now by so great a gulf. They had him fast; and so quietly, too; without any fuss. He went out and made a heartrending appeal to the manageress. She was sympathetic, but not to be moved.

"I dare not take any risks," she said. "I've telephoned for the police. Settle it with the sergeant. They fine us ——"

"Oh, if you've done that," Conant said, "I'd better go to the station myself."

He fled into the night, sacrificing his suitcase. Beneath a street lamp he saw the master of his steamer approaching.

"When are you sailing, captain?" he demanded haughtily.

"To-night's tide, Mr. ——" The captain's demeanor was respectful.

"Ah; thanks awfully!"

Conant sallied on, repeating the phrase. He liked it.

Now if he could only hide for a few hours—with great luck, freedom; with moderate luck, prison. He went straight toward the Canteen, for the roast beef was only a small payment on account of heavy arrears due to his stomach.

He was clean now and not ashamed to accept invitations. She was still there, for the car was waiting. He heard footsteps that already he had come to know. Policemen's boots in England are made on purpose to comfort householders listening in bed; and incidentally they warn evildoers and fugitives.

Conant impulsively entered the car and sleepily bent over the wheel. The same fatherly old unwelcome policeman who had given him the glad smile, and followed him up and watched over him, leaned down and glanced at him through the darkness, and passed on—but only to the door of the Canteen, ten feet away. There he took root. And then, of course, the girl must come. The interloper in the car knew her by her voice. She said: "Good night, constable!" The policeman answered: "Good night, my lady!"

The cover was up and so she did not see that she had gained a chauffeur; but she heard a voice.

"Is it home, my lady?" the voice asked.

She bent and peered in.

"I'll be your guest for a drive, not for a bun—may I?" he whispered.

Then he waited for her to call the policeman.

"Yes; home, please."

She got in beside him; not behind. He touched the starting button and she touched the button for the side lights; and as the car moved she began to chant a subdued litany.

"Keep to the left—always to the left," she murmured over and over again. The only break in this monotonous strain was now and again a gurgle of laughter.

He thought her wonderful, not only for her acceptance of the situation but for her immediate grasp of it; and how could she remember instantly that he would always be trying to pass the procession of army transport wagons on the right hand?

"Slow!" she said as they approached the station. "Don't stop unless the sentry orders. Most of them know the car."

To the surprise of Conant, unaccustomed to ten-o'clock June twilights, it was getting lighter. Heavy clouds cleared away, and a delicate and penetrable gray veil idealized but left clear to the eye all near-by objects. The sentry signaled that they were free to go on, and "my lady" switched off the lights. The winding road gleamed ahead like the wake of a ship in smooth green waters, and the air was heavy with the scent of fresh-cut clover hay.

Conant had slipped from gross and filthy surroundings into a world of romance. The gracious twilight, the sweet odors, the kindly country, the smooth-rolling car, the friendly hoot of a distant owl—he was supersensitive to innumerable fresh impressions and every nerve was pleasantly tingling. But these impressions were registered subconsciously, for he was thinking only of this wonderful silent girl by his side. She had presented him with the freedom of the British Isles, but the manner of the splendid gift was its golden glory to him. She trusted him.

"Please stop."

He checked the car as a soldier stops at Halt! Her voice sounded a little cool, and he instantly guessed that she wished to be rid of him. When she stepped into the road he followed.

"Thank you very much, my lady," he said very earnestly, very softly. He wished to raise his hat; but he had bought a cloth cap in the village and so his fingers clutched

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OBEY THE LAW; KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT—By Edward G. Lowry

CONSIDER attentively for a moment the timely spectacle of Ab Manschrick, who made an ass of himself. It has a present value. I choose to tell Ab's story out of a hundred thousand, because it is so absolutely typical. He talked too much and got into trouble. It is duly recorded that "on or about the seventeenth day of July, in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and sixteen, when referring to the Germans' passing through Belgium in the present war, the said Albert R. Manschrick said of the Belgians: 'It serves them right! Let them suffer. If they had let the Germans come through, there would have been none of them hurt.' And when one Robert Franklin said to the said Albert R. Manschrick of the Germans in reply: 'Then probably they would have driven the French into the sea and been here to-day, taxed us fifty per cent, and taken our farms,' the said Albert R. Manschrick said: 'Well, even so, let them come. It would be all right!'"

German Officers are Allowed to Grow Their Own Flowers in the English Detention Camps

Not content with this, Ab cinched his bad luck "on or about the twenty-ninth day of July, in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and sixteen, at the rural municipality of Winchester, in the Southern Judicial District, in the Province of Manitoba," when he spoke more "seditious words, to wit: When referring to the Canadian soldiers who had gone to the present war, and of which Edward Briggs said to the said Albert R. Manschrick, 'You know, Ab, a good many of those boys will never come back,' the said Albert R. Manschrick spoke as follows: 'I hope to God none of them comes back!'"

That spilled the beans. Ab had to be taught that that sort of talk was a sure sign of bad luck.

The Honorable Thomas Watt Gregory, of Texas, Attorney-General of the United States, has invented a sure preventive for Ab's trouble. He has compressed into seven words the whole duty of an alien enemy in a belligerent country: "Obey the law; keep your mouth shut." That is all the German within our borders has to do to keep the home bright and happy. If he will commit this injunction to memory, and pay the strictest heed to it, he will never know that we are at war with the Imperial German Government and all those who support and defend it. The law he is instructed to obey is equally simple: He may not have in his possession any firearm or implement of war; any aircraft or wireless apparatus; or any form of signaling device or of cipher code, or any paper, document or book in cipher, or invisible writing. He may not approach within half a mile of any military camp, arsenal, armory, aircraft station, naval vessel, navy yard or munitions plant. He may not reside in any prohibited area that may be designated by the President. He shall not make any attack or threats against the Government or its measures and policies. If he but follow these simple instructions he will be secure from any interruption of his daily life.

In Great Britain aliens who were not interned were not allowed to go more than five miles from their homes without a special permit from the police and were not allowed to reside in certain prohibited areas along the coast at all. The slight restrictions that have been placed upon Germans in this country will affect only a few persons living in some of the larger cities. It has been determined by the Department of Justice that the prohibition relating to camps, arsenals and forts applies to National Guard armories. Under this ruling it became illegal after June first for any German or Austrian to enter the Plaza, the Waldorf, the Astor, the Knickerbocker or the Vanderbilt. Some of the larger restaurants also came within the prohibited area.

This state of affairs caused so much perturbation among the Germans and Austrians in New York that the United States marshal asked for fifty additional deputies to handle the thousands of requests for special exemption that came to him. He intimated that permits to enemy aliens to visit within the restricted area would be granted only in case of necessity, and that a desire to dine at a hotel, see a play, or dance would not be regarded as a necessity. Several of the larger German clubs in New York are within the Seventh Regiment armory area. Apartment houses and hotels in these restricted areas house many enemy aliens. If the law is to be strictly enforced they will have to move out.

An alien enemy in a belligerent state has only such civil and political rights as may be granted him. His liberty is forfeit if he attempts to commit hostile action, and his property is subject to confiscation. Any move he may make against the government under which he temporarily resides subjects him and his family to the possibility of complete, utter and absolute ruin. He has everything to lose and nothing to gain.

In round numbers there are about three million Germans in the United States. Of those about one million are males, and approximately six hundred thousand of these males are of military age. They have their own fate absolutely in their own hands. The National Government intends to leave them alone unless they try to make trouble. They will not be interned unless they bring it upon themselves by their own actions. They will not even be registered as alien enemies unless their conduct is such as to warrant making a list of them and keeping supervision over their movements and activities. Just so long as they do not attempt offensive hostile acts they will be left in full possession of their liberty. They may travel freely about the

United States; they may continue to transact business; they may have the use of telegraph and telephone lines; they may use the mails for their communications; they will, in effect, be treated in all particulars as they were treated before war was declared.

It has been decided to let the alien enemy determine for himself whether or not he shall be put under restraint. If he chooses to behave himself he will be allowed more freedom than he would have in Germany. If he chooses to try to give aid to his own country by committing acts hostile to the United States, even by talking foolishly, he will be dealt with rigorously.

Complete plans for the internment of all alien enemies in the United States will enable the Government, in case of necessity, to deal with any emergency that may force it to intern alien enemies. It is prepared and equipped to intern every German of military age in a remarkably brief space of time. The enemy within our gates is free; but free on probation, and only so long as he does not act or talk as an enemy.

In the face of its desire not to intern any alien enemies the Administration found itself, soon after the declaration of war, by force of circumstances compelled to intern and provide for about four thousand German subjects. All except about one hundred and twenty-five of these were enemies who had no habitation in this country. The crews of the interned German merchant ships at New York and other ports numbered between two thousand and three thousand. About eleven hundred of these were at New York. They are now held as "detained aliens" and are under the care of the Department of Labor. When the German ships were taken over by the Federal Government their crews were left in the status of immigrants who had not been admitted to the United States; and they were, therefore, held just as other detained aliens are held, to be sent back to Germany after the war.

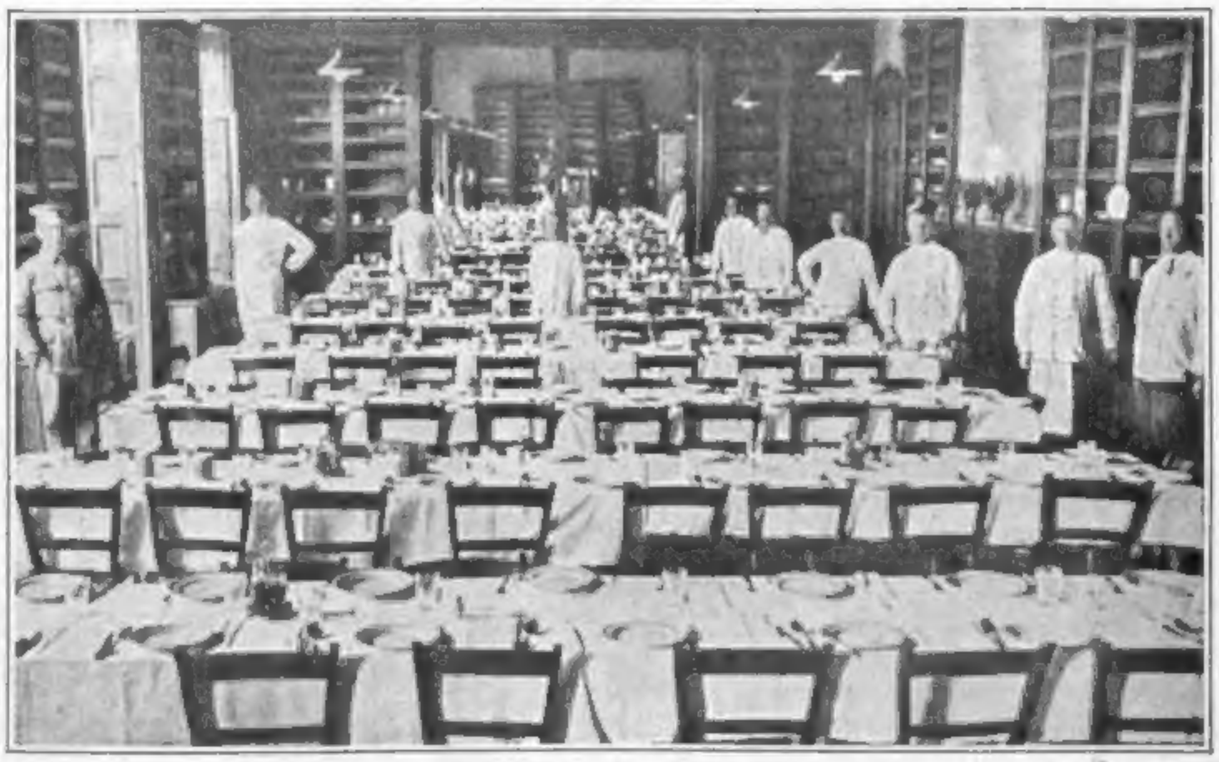
For the present these German sailors are cared for at the various immigrant stations, but the Department of Labor is looking for a tract of farming land on which to put them and give them agricultural work to do.

Interned Sailors

THE interned German auxiliary cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm had four hundred and seventeen officers and crew aboard her. These men are now interned at the military post at Fort McPherson, Georgia. They are in the barracks formerly used by the regular troops of the army. About four hundred officers and men from the German cruiser Eitel Friedrich are interned at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Fort Douglas, Utah, has been set aside for the internment of aliens, and between five hundred and nine hundred German sailors interned at Pacific Coast ports, at Guam and at Honolulu, are to be interned there. All three of these places of internment are intended exclusively for military prisoners and are under the control of the War Department.

In addition to these prisoners the Department of Justice has arrested about a hundred and twenty-five Germans, residing in the United States, who had not obeyed the law and kept their mouths shut. It was the surprisingly small number of Germans, out of the great number living among us, who had given offense that determined the policy of noninterference. The Secret Service and agents of the Department of Justice have had German activities in the United States under close observation for two years. They know all the possible or probable trouble makers. They are prepared to act instantly. They have had occasion to arrest only a mere handful of men since war was declared.

They do not believe now that it will be necessary to arrest any more. Their reports determined the Administration not to begin any wholesale internment of Germans, so long as the great body of them showed a disposition to keep quiet and not interfere with the prosecution of the war against their countrymen and their government.



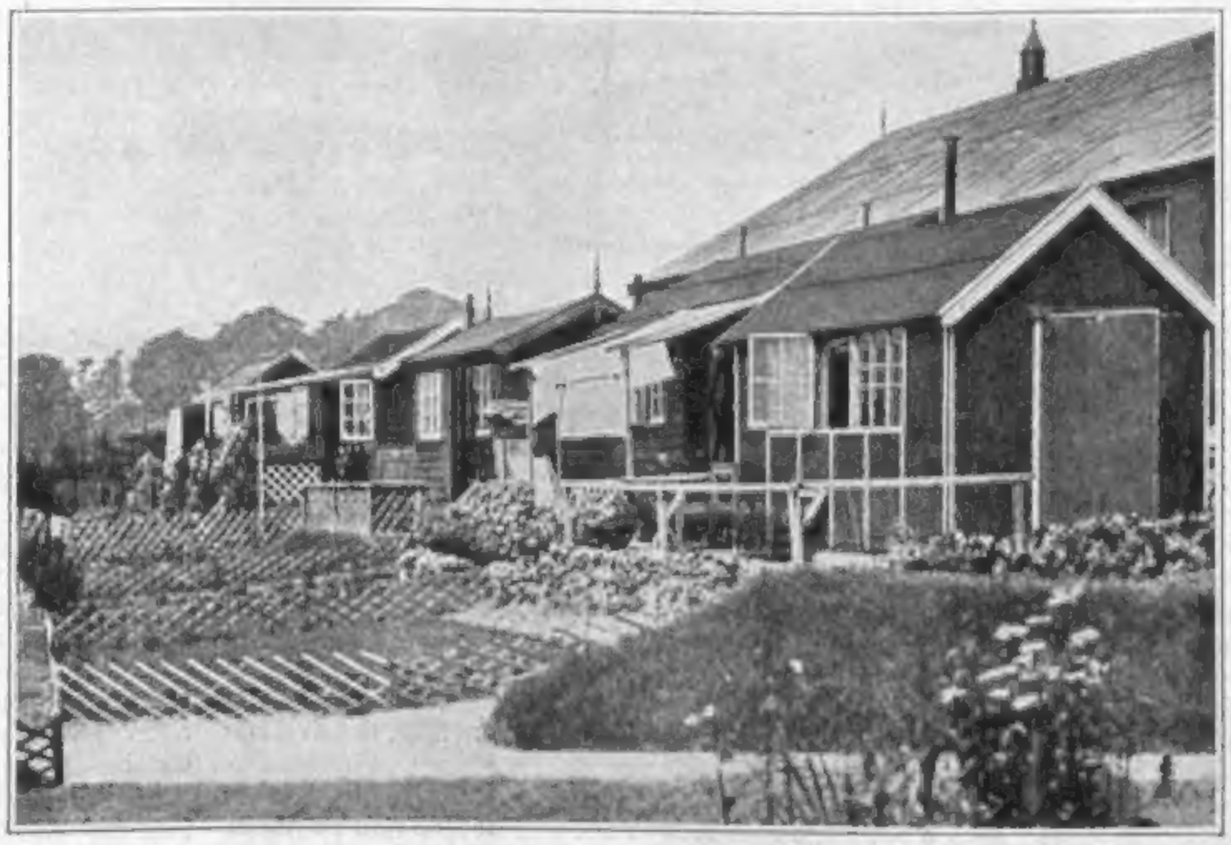
The German Officers' Dining Room in an English Camp

But the German in the United States should know that he is living in a great whispering gallery. Virtually every word he says is noted. There is somebody listening to him in every social center. He is under observation. This order was recently issued from Washington to all postmasters:

> The Department of Justice is desirous of being informed as to suspicious characters, disloyal and treasonable acts and utterances, and anything which might be important during the existence of the present state of war; and, to assist it in doing so, has asked that postmasters and all persons connected with the postal service keep on the lookout for individuals and acts referred to above, which you are requested to do. Any information which you believe should be forwarded in accordance with this request should be sent to the inspector in charge of the division in which your office is located.

If an alien enemy seeks to discover definitely and precisely what he may do and what he may not do and how to keep out of trouble, he has only to go to the nearest United States marshal. These officers have been given full instructions from Washington. Since war was declared many Germans have been coming from distant parts of the country to Washington to seek information which they might have got from the United States marshal at their homes.

The courts of the United States have stated the following acts to be treasonable: The use or attempted use of any force or violence against the Government of the United States or its military or naval forces; the acquisition, use or disposal of any property with knowledge that it is to be, or with intent that it shall be, of assistance to the enemy in their hostilities against the United States; the performance of any act or the publication of any statements or information which will give, or supply in any way, aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States; the direction, aiding, counseling or countenancing of any of the foregoing acts. Such acts are held to be treasonable, whether committed within the United States or elsewhere; whether committed by a citizen of the United States or by an alien domiciled or residing in the United States, inasmuch as resident aliens, as well as citizens, owe allegiance to the United States and its laws.



An English Internment Camp for German Professional Men and Merchants

Registration

THE Dominion of Canada, with territory similar to that of the United States, has interned large numbers of alien enemies. The majority of these prisoners have been placed on public works making for the improvement of the Dominion. After prisoners have been held in internment for a certain period, and after the general hostility of the citizens has diminished, opportunities have been found for employing these aliens, with employers who would supervise them to a certain extent. Through this parole system the Dominion has been relieved of a great financial burden and the prisoners have been able to earn sufficient livelihoods to support themselves and their families. Great care has been exercised in placing these aliens at long distances from any possible scene of military operations.

Through its two and a half years of experience the Dominion has built up a system of internment that, though caring for these people in a humane manner, has prevented them both from committing hostile acts and from being a total economic burden.

The policy of this Government not to intern enemy aliens unless and until they have committed some overt act is undeniably a wise one. The care of interned aliens, as distinguished from true prisoners of war taken on the field of battle, has proved one of the most troublesome problems the European governments have had to attempt to solve. No matter how well and how humanely they are run, the internment camps are always a source of trouble and annoyance. They have made in Europe for bitterness of feeling that will continue to exist long after the war is over.

Persons most familiar with the problem of the treatment of alien enemies in belligerent countries, and who have had the advantage of European experience and observation, do feel, however, that we are making a mistake in not taking an exact registration of the Germans in the United States. The officers of the Government charged with the general supervision of the alien enemies now at large, and who would be responsible for taking them up in the event that internment was found necessary, would have their work vastly simplified if they could know definitely and precisely

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One of the Bedrooms Provided for German Interned Officers

THE YELLOW KID

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE first thing we found out about Crosby was that he couldn't read. The next thing was that he was scared to death o' women and girls. It was Buck Means that give us the info., and he done it out o' spite.

You see, Buck and Crosby was with the Dallas Club together year before last, and Buck was sore because Crosby got drafted, while Buck was overlooked. And Buck didn't like to see a kid with only one year's experience go up, when Buck himself had been in the sticks four or five seasons and nobody'd paid any attention to him.

Crosby was recommended to us by Jake Atz. Jake wrote up along in July and ast if we could use the fastest young left-hander he ever seen. So the old man put in a draft and we got him.

Well, Jake was right about the kid's speed. I've faced 'em all, from Rube Waddell down, but I never hit against nobody that could zip 'em through there like Crosby. If he ever beaned a man they'd have to get along afterwards without no head. O' course that wouldn't be no hardship to most o' them. It wouldn't affect the work o' nobody on our club.

Our first exhibition game last spring was in Dallas. Buck Means was talkin' to Gilbert and I before the practice.

"How's Crosby comin'?" he ast us.

"I'm glad he's on our club," I says, "so I don't have to hit against him all season."

"He's faster'n Johnson," says Gilbert. "If he was only a little wild with it they'd all be swingin' from the bench."

"They's no doubt about his smoke," says Buck; "but he's got nothin' besides, not even a noodle. He can't even read."

"Can't read!" I says. "Why, he looks brighter'n that."

"Sure!" says Means. "He's a good-lookin' kid. But, from the shoulders up, he's unimproved property."

"Not bein' able to read won't hurt him," I says. "He won't be bothered if the newspaper boys handle him a little rough once in a while."

"But if you got a joker on your club," says Buck, "Crosby'll be pie for him. McGowan, one of our outfielders, made a monkey of him all last year. He'd buy a paper and come and set down somewheres near Crosby and make up stuff that was supposed to be in there, and read it out loud. And he didn't 'read' no compliments, neither, except when it come to Crosby's looks. You see, that's another thing about the poor simp: He's afraid o' skirts. He's so bashful that if they's a girl under ninety stoppin' at the same hotel he'll duck out and buy a meal at his own expense rather'n take a chance o' havin' her look at him in the dinin' room. And McGowan, while pretendin' that the papers was knockin' him as a pitcher, pretended, besides, that they were always printin' how handsome he was and how all the girls was wild about him. And, to make it good, Mac'd write fake love letters to him and he'd get somebody to read 'em, and then good night! He'd lock himself up in his room for a week and never come out, only to get to the ball park. We had him believin' they was a girl in Austin that was crazy to marry him, and he was weak and sick all the times we was there, for the fear she'd call him up or he'd run into her on the street."

"Well, Boys," He Says, "It Wasn't Bad"

Well, when I and Gilbert was alone, I says that maybe we'd better keep this dope to ourself, or somebody might take advantage o' the kid and maybe spoil him as a pitcher. Gilbert was agreeable—that is, he told me he was. But he didn't lose no time spillin' the whole thing to Harry Childs, and he couldn't of picked out a worse one to tell it to.

Harry'd rather kid somebody than hit one on the pick, and him and Joe Jackson hates their base hits just alike.

So as soon as he got a chance he went after Crosby.

We was ridin' to Fort Worth and Childs had a Chicago paper. He flopped down in the seat beside Crosby.

"Well, kid," he says, "do you want to read what the reporters has sent up about you?"

"No," says Crosby. "I ain't interested in no newspaper talk. As long as I give the club the best I got, they can write anything they please."

"I Don't Feel Like Eatin' No More Lunch," Says Crosby

"Yes," says Childs; "but this is a nice little boost and they's no man can tell me he don't like encouragement."

"But readin' papers on the train always puts my eyes on the bum," says the kid.

"I'll read it to you," says Harry. "I don't think your ears'll be hurt."

So Childs pulled somethin' about like this:

"One o' the most promisin' recruits is Lefty Crosby, that was drafted from the Texas League last fall. Though this boy only had one year's experience in the minors, he already handles himself like a veteran. His speed is terrific and his control a whole lot better than the average young left-hander's.

"Manager Cahill's only fear about him is that the female fans o' Chicago and New York will bother him to death with telephone calls and sweet notes. In appearance, Crosby is a great deal like Francis X. Bushman. It is a certainty that he will take the fair sex by storm, provided he gives them the slightest encouragement."

Crosby was redder'n an undershirt.

"That's bunk!" he says. "Who wrote that?"

"The guy didn't sign his name," says Childs.

"I shouldn't think he would," says Crosby.

"I don't know why not," says Childs. "He was tellin' the truth. A fella as handsome and young-lookin' as you can just about take his pick of any dame in New York or Chi."

"I wasn't thinkin' about gettin' married," says Crosby. "I'm satisfied the way I am."

"Cahill'd rather have you married, though," says Harry. "He figures a man's liable to behave himself better if he's tied down."

"I'll behave all right," says the kid. "I got no bad habits."

"But if they's a beautiful bride for you to support, you'll work harder and improve faster," Childs says.

"I always work as hard as I can," says the kid.

"Maybe you already got a girl here in Texas," says Harry. "Maybe it's some little black-eyed peacherita from acrost the Border."

"I haven't no girl at all, and don't want none," says Crosby. "I don't see why a man can't get along without thinkin' about girls all the while."

"But," says Harry, "the Lord wouldn't of made you so beautiful if he thought you was goin' to be a woman hater."

"I ain't beautiful or nothin' o' the kind," says Crosby, blushin' harder'n ever.

Childs started to tell him he was too modest; but the kid got up and moved away.

In the hotel at Fort Worth, Harry got one o' the telephone girls to call up Crosby's room and tell him she'd love to meet him. He hung up on her. In Oklahoma City, Childs had one o' the local papers print a picture o' Crosby in action. He brought the paper into the dinin' room and flopped down at the same table with the kid.

"Did you see this?" he ast him. "It's pretty fair; but it don't hardly do you justice."

"What do I care!" says Crosby.

"I'd care a whole lot if I was you," says Harry. "If I had your looks I wouldn't allow no picture to be printed that didn't give me a square deal. And you ought to read what it says under it. But maybe it affects your stomach to read while you're eatin'. I'll read it to you."

"I don't care what it says," says Crosby.

"It's only a few words," says Childs. "I don't mind readin' it at all." And he handed him this kind o' stuff: "Above is showed a likeness o' Lefty Crosby, one o' Manager Cahill's recruits from Texas. They expect him to not only break a few strike-out records in the big circuit, but also the hearts of all the girls that gets a good look at him. Crosby promises to be the Adonis o' baseball."

I guess the kid didn't know Adonis from Silk O'Loughlin; but that didn't keep him from blushin' like a beet. Childs leaned over and whispered to him.

"They's a queen over there by the window," he says, "and she's done nothin' only look at you for five minutes. Maybe if I leave you alone she'll come over and introduce herself."

"I don't feel like eatin' no more lunch," says Crosby; and he beat it out o' the room. He hadn't hardly gargled half his soup.

From then on the kid tried to duck Harry all he could. But he didn't have the nerve to offend nobody, and lots o' times Childs'd corner him where he couldn't escape without makin' it too raw.

Crosby's best pal on the club was Joe Martin. Joe's always the bushers' friend because he don't believe in ridin' 'em. Crosby tried to set with Joe at the same table on the diners and in the hotels, because Martin'd read pretty near the whole bill o' fare out loud and Crosby could pick out what he really wanted to eat. Martin, o' course, done this on purpose, knowin' Crosby couldn't read and was generally always hungry.

It's pretty tough on a kid with a good appetite to not be able to tell what's listed unless somebody reads it off to him.

But Joe couldn't spend all his time makin' things easy for Crosby, and whenever Childs could manage to set with the kid he was meaner to him than a snake. For instance, after we'd had a tough work-out and everybody was starvin', Childs'd pick up the bill and begin crabbin' about how many things had been scratched offen it.

"We're gettin' a fine deal," he'd say. "They's nothin' left only salad and ice cream." Then he'd say to the waiter: "Bring me salad and ice cream."

And Crosby'd have to say that he'd take the same. Childs was willin' to go hungry himself for the sake o' puttin' it over.

The last day we was on the spring trip, Harry bought a rule book and brought it on the train.

"They've certainly made some radical changes this year," he says to Crosby. "A left-handed pitcher can't throw to first base without turnin' round twice before he pegs. And a left-handed pitcher can't throw more'n two curve balls to the same left-handed hitter durin' one time at bat. They're tryin' to increase the hittin'. And only the first foul counts a strike. And the pitcher and catcher ain't goin' to be allowed to work with signs. And when it's a pitcher's first year in the Big League, he ain't only allowed two strikes up there at bat. That's to hurry the game. And you got to get four men out instead o' three. And you can't pitch nothin' only new balls. The minute a ball's even tipped by a bat, the umps throws it away and gives you a brand-new one. And a pitcher ain't allowed to warm up the day he's goin' to pitch. And a pitcher can't wear a glove. And a pitcher can't wind up unless they's a runner on first or second base. Then he's got to. And if a pitcher's taken out three times in three months,

he's automatically released, and either he's got to go to a Class E league or quit playin' baseball."

I don't know if Crosby fell for all o' that or not; but, anyway, I got him alone a while later and told him Childs was just kiddin' and the rules was the same as ever. It'd probably been hard enough for him to learn 'em in the first place without ringin' in no long list o' changes for him to try and master.

The train was late pullin' into Chi next mornin' and Harry got one more crack at the kid before we come to Englewood.

"Well, Lefty," he says, "you're goin' to have a real try-out right away. I was talkin' to Cahill and he says he's goin' to start you Friday o' this week."

Crosby looked tickled to death.

"The reason for it," says Childs, "is because Friday is Lady's Day at our park. The womenfolks all comes in free and the boxes and stand is always full o' them. And the old man wants to get 'em well pleased with the club right from the jump. He figures that if they see you once, they'll make their husbands and sweethearts bring 'em every time you pitch."

You Never Seen Such a Change in a Pitcher

"I don't know if I'm goin' to be right to pitch Friday or not," says the poor boob. "The old souper felt kind o' numb when I worked yesterday."

"On Fridays," says Childs, "the boxes right back of our bench is always saved for showgirls. And the ball players that looks good to them, they always talk to."

"If Friday ain't a nice hot day," says Crosby, "I'm goin' to ask him not to work me. My arm feels rotten."

II

WELL, Cahill didn't ask the kid to pitch Friday's game; never had no intention o' doin' it, o' course. But he did start him the followin' Monday, against the Cleveland gang.

For five innin's he pitched as pretty a game o' ball as I ever seen and we had 'em licked 3 to 0. Then Childs, who was warmin' the bench, got after him, either because he was sore on havin' been took out o' the outfield or just naturally couldn't resist a chance to pull somethin'.

While Cahill was coachin' at first base, Childs called Crosby up to one side o' the shed.

"Did you see her yet?" he ast him.

"See who?" says the kid.

"I guess you know who," says Childs. "They's a peach right behind the middle o' this bench. I noticed her lookin' at you ever since you warmed up. And while you was out there pitchin' last innin', she ast me your name. I told her and she says you was the handsomest man she ever looked at. So then she ast me would I introduce her to you when the game's over."

"I won't have no time," says Crosby.

"But, man," says Harry, "I promised I'd do it."

Just then the innin' was over and we went out. You never seen such a change in a pitcher. He couldn't get one near the plate. He acted like he was scared stiff. He was so wild that he had the ushers duckin'.

Cahill left him in there a few minutes to give him a chance to steady himself. But they wasn't nothin' to do but take him out after he'd walked four o' them without pitchin' a strike. Cahill was ravin' mad.

"Another yellow dog!" he says. "The next time Jake Atz recommends a man to me, I'll wire him at his own expense to take a dose o' bichloride. What do you think o' this stiff? We give him a three-run lead and they can't hit him with a board, and he's only got four innin's to go! And he blows higher'n a kite! Sixteen balls without a strike! And once he pretty near missed the whole grand stand! Go climb in the shower so you'll be clean when you start back for Texas."

Crosby was glad to sneak to the clubhouse and get out o' the park. But I and Martin was suspicious that somethin' had come off, and next time we come in we ast Childs.

"Yes," says Harry, "I suppose it's my fault. But if the poor boob is as simple as that, he'd ought to lose out."

"What did you pull on him?" ast Joe.

"I just told him," says Harry, "that they was a pretty girl settin' right back of our bench that ast to meet him after the game."

"That ain't right, Harry," says Martin. "He looks as good as any left-hander in the league, and we can't afford to spoil him. Just lay offen him. You know he's scared o' women; but that ain't the worst fault in the world, and you got to admit that he didn't look scared o' them Cleveland boys till he blowed up. Leave him alone and he'll win a lot o' ball games for us."

"Why should I leave him alone?" says Harry. "Since they got me settin' on the bench, they's nothin' left for me to do only kid somebody."

"All right," says Joe, "if you won't do it for me I'll put it up to Cahill."

And sure enough, in the clubhouse after the game, Martin told the M. G. R. just what had come off.

"Look here, Childs!" says Cahill. "That'll be enough o' that. I don't care how much fun you have with him offen the field, but when we're playin' a game, lay off! If you don't think I'm in earnest you may soon be takin' a trip to Texas yourself!"

So Childs laid offen him entirely for a while, not even tryin' to pester him when we went on our first trip. But I knew it wouldn't never last. While it did last, though, Crosby done better work than any o' the rest of our pitchers and had the whole league stood on their heads with that fast one o' his.

III

WE LEFT Cleveland one evenin', goin' to St. Louis, and the boys started a game o' cards. Childs was in it and Crosby was leanin' over the back of a seat, watchin'. I was settin' in the game, too, right where I could look at Crosby.

Well, Gilbert win three pots in a row, with aces one time, aces up the next time, and the third time he beat Childs with three o' the big bulls.

"Come on, Gil!" says Harry. "Give the aces a chance to roam round the deck once in a while."

"I can't spare 'em, Harry," says Gilbert.

"You put 'em in the deck!" says Childs, just kiddin'.

"You make me put 'em in the deck!" says Gil.

Well, Harry had a gun on his hip, with nothin' in it but blanks, and he pulled it out and laid it on the table in front of him, just for a joke.

But Crosby didn't see the joke. I happened to be lookin' at him when Childs showed the gun. He turned white as a sheet and I thought for a minute he was goin' to keel over. Then he grabbed the top o' the seat to steady up, and the next thing we knew he was beatin' it for the other end o' the car as fast as he could navigate.

"What's the matter with him now?" says Harry.

"Looks like he objected to the firearms," says Gilbert.

"What the hell ain't he scared of?" says Childs.

"Well," I says, "Ty Cobb for one thing and Bob Veach for another."

"Did he think I'd be monkeyin' with a loaded gat?" says Harry. "I'll have to try him out and see which he likes best, women or artillery."

"Oh, leave him alone!" says I. "As long as he keeps winnin' ball games for us, what's the difference if he's scared o' wild cats or fishworms?"

But Harry'd been good long enough. The next mornin', when we was crossin' the bridge into St. Louis, he finds Crosby in the washroom. Without sayin' nothin', he just simply laid his gun on one o' the sills, pointin' it straight at the kid. And Crosby begin shakin' like a leaf and staggered out o' the room without even waitin' to grab his collar.

Childs told us about it and seemed to think it was the funniest thing ever pulled off. But some o' the rest of us didn't think it was so funny, especially when we had to put Crosby to bed the minute we got to the hotel, and then get along without him all through the series with the Browns.

And Cahill made the remark, so as Childs could hear him, that the next guy that pulled a gun where Crosby was, or left one where he would see it, was through with our ball club for life.

IV

FOR a while after that, Harry was satisfied to just pull the girl stuff on his victim. He begin writin' fake love letters, like the guy'd done down in the Texas League. Some o' them was wonders. I know, because I read 'em to Crosby myself, he tellin' me that the different handwritin's was so funny that he couldn't make 'em out. But this wasn't much joy for Childs, because you can bet he wasn't never ast to read 'em.

Crosby wouldn't only let me get so far when he'd make me stop, and then he'd take the letters and tear 'em up.

He Couldn't Get One Near the Plate

"I wisht all girls would leave me alone," he'd say.

"What have you got against 'em?" I'd say to him.

"Bill," he'd say, "I'd just as lief own up to you. I don't feel comfortable round 'em. I'm just plain bashful. That's what my sister used to tell me. She was the only one I could ever talk to without pretty near faintin'."

"You'd get over that soon enough, if you'd try," I'd tell him. "You won't never know what livin' is till you get married and have a home o' your own. And they's nothin' about girls to be scared of, especially for as nice a lookin' guy as you are. They wouldn't never make fun o' you."

"I ain't afraid o' that," he'd say to me. "I wouldn't mind talkin' to 'em if I thought they'd just laugh and joke with me or talk baseball. But girls is liable to get personal and begin makin' eyes; and if they done that with me, I'd run a mile."

"Wasn't they no girls in the town you come from?"

"Too many o' them," he says. "They was only about two hundred people in the town and half o' them was girls, seemed like to me."

"How'd you get away from 'em?" I says.

"Just by runnin'," he says. "I beat it from home when I was twelve years old and that's why I didn't get no schoolin' to speak of. I joined in with a minin' gang up North, where I was sure they wouldn't be no skirts to bother me."

"You was young to be mixed up with a crowd like that," says I.

"Yes; but they treated me fine," says Crosby. "I'd of been in that game yet only for somethin' happenin'."

"What happened?" I ast.

"Oh, you'd think I was crazy if I told you," he says. "They was too rough for me. I can fight as good as the next guy when it's just usin' your fists. But I can't stand guns. Between you and I, I'm scareder o' them than I am o' girls. It started, I guess, one night when they was a scrap in a saloon. Everybody was lit up and, first thing you know, they had their gats out and was pluggin' away. And the guy that had took care o' me, when I first come to the camp, was shot dead right in front o' my eyes. I got sick at the time, watchin' it, and ever since then I get sick every time I see one o' the damn things."

"You're gunshy and girlshy," I says. "Anything else you're scared of?"

"Yes," he says; "a fast ball that's comin' at my bean. But I guess I got plenty o' company there."

"Well, Lefty," I says, "I can say one thing for you: You're brave enough when it comes to pitchin' against a .400 hitter in a pinch. And that's more than can be said for some o' the rest of our beautiful pitchers."

V

ONE o' the prettiest girls I ever seen was a telegraph operator at the hotel where we stop at in Detroit. Her name was Mary Lloyd. All the single guys on the ball club was more'n half crazy about her, and even the married ones was never heard objectin' when she give 'em a smile. To see us in that hotel, you'd of thought we was the greatest bunch o' telegram senders in the world.

Harry Childs had probably fell for her stronger than any o' the rest. When he wasn't busy talkin' base hits or kiddin' Crosby, he was tellin' somebody what a pippin she was, like nobody else had suspected it. And I guess he'd sent her enough cards from round the circuit to start a pinochle deck.

"Bill," he'd say to me, "she's the only one I ever met that I felt like I wanted to marry her."

"Go ahead!" I'd tell him. "I'd want to marry her, too, only I kind o' feel my own Missus might make a holler."

"Go ahead!" he'd say. "It's all right to say 'Go ahead'; but every time I start she says 'Back up!' She's worse'n a traffic cop."

"Keep tryin', Harry," I'd say to him. "Maybe she's heard about you bein' the world's champion joker and thinks you're just triflin' with her."

"She does all the jokin' when I'm round," he says. "She makes a regular monkey out o' me."

"Oh, I wouldn't blame that on her!" I says.

Now Mary wasn't no flirt, but she didn't mind bein' admired. She never give one guy more encouragement than another; she didn't play no favorites, or she didn't never let nobody on the club get the idear that she was to be had for the astin'. But she wasn't never too busy to talk to any of us, or to smile back when we smiled at her.

I and Gilbert was standin' there kiddin' with her the first time she seen Crosby. We'd just got in that mornin', and when he come out from breakfast he beat it through the lobby past her desk and out on the front walk.

"Who's that handsome wretch?" she ast us.

"That's the guy that made a sucker out o' Cobb and Veach over home," says Gilbert.

"Maybe if I ast him not to," she says, "he'll leave our team win a game or two this series."

"You got a sweet chance of astin' him anything," says I, "unless you got a megaphone."

"Is he deef?" says Mary.

"When they's girls round he's deef and dumb and blind," I says.

"He must of been disappointed in love," she says.

"Not him," says Gil. "The only time he was ever disappointed was when they postponed the game he was goin' to pitch."

"What's the trouble between him and girls?" says Mary.

"He just naturally don't like 'em—that's all," I says.

"Well," says Mary, "I don't think that's hardly fair to our sex. They ain't so many handsome men in the world that we can afford to have 'em woman haters."

"No," I says; "and they ain't so many good pitchers on our ball club that we can have him scared to death by gettin' a smile from you. So when you happen to run into him, face to face, kindly act like you didn't see him."

"I'm much obliged," she says, "for bein' told that my smile is terrifyin'. I'll keep it to myself after this."

"Not at all," says I. "I'd pretty near rather miss a hit-and-run sign than that smile o' yours. But this kid is just plain bashful; he ain't no woman hater; he's too backward to hate anything. He wants to be left alone—that's all. If a girl looks at him cross-eyed it takes him a week to get so's he can pitch again."

"I believe I'll go right out now," says Mary, "and look at him cross-eyed. You know I ought to be loyal to the Tigers."

"You ought to be loyal to this here beanery," says I; "and if you put him out o' commission, why, we'll just pass up this hotel."

"All right," she says. "I won't pay no attention to him, because I know I'd simply die if you boys stopped somewheres else and gave me a chance to do a little work."

"Has Childs been round yet?" says Gilbert.

"Foolish Question 795!" I says. "He was here even before he went in for his prunes."

"What's the matter with Harry Childs?" she ast us. "Why ain't he playin'?"

"We like to win once in a while," says Gilbert.

"The reason Harry ain't playin'," I says, "is a young outfielder from the Coast, named Patrick."

"Why," says Mary, "Harry told me he was out of it with a Charley Horse."

"Yes," I says; "and a battin' average last year o' .298."

Crosby pitched the first game for us and win 2 to 1 in eleven innin's. He was goin' to wind up the series, but it begin to pour rain at noon o' the last day and the battle was off before we went out to the park. We wasn't startin' home till nine o'clock that night; so we had a lot o' time to kill. Naturally they was a reception all afternoon round Mary's desk. I and Joe Martin happened to be left there alone with her while Childs was gettin' shaved and some o' the others was celebratin'.

"Well," says Mary, "now that they ain't no more chance o' me spoilin' your trip, I think you might bring Mr. Shy round."

"She means the kid," I says to Joe. "I told her all about him."

"Have you seen him?" Joe ast her.

"O' course I seen him," she says.

"What do you think of him?" says Joe.

"Well, gentlemen," she says, "I don't want to hurt the feelin's o' the present company, so I'll just keep still."

"He is a pretty kid," says Martin, "and he's a whole lot better-lookin' since I coaxed him into some decent clothes. But he don't want to meet no girls."

"They's no sense to it," I says. "It wouldn't hurt him a bit to mingle a little with the dames. It'd do him good. And he'd get along O. K. when he found out they wasn't all tryin' to steal him."

"I'll promise not to steal him," says Mary.

"Well, it's up to Joe, here," I says. "He's his best pal."

"I guess he'd come if I ast him," says Martin. "But I don't know if I want to take a chance."

"Oh, come on!" says Mary. "I don't feel comfortable when they's one o' your boys I ain't acquainted with."

"Well," says Joe, "maybe he's up in his room takin' a nap."

"If he is in his room," says I, "that's probably what he's doin'. It's a cinch he ain't readin'."

"Why not?" says Mary.

Joe give me the wink.

"He hates books," I says.

It was just then that the kid come across the lobby, toward the front windows. He looked like he was goin' to cry.

"My! He needs cheerin' up," says Mary. "Do you suppose he's sick?"

"You bet he's sick," says Martin. "He was goin' to give your Tigers another lickin' to-day, and the rain beat him out of it."

"Well, how about callin' him over?" I says.

So Martin went up to him and made the proposition. I could see the poor kid blush and then start like he was goin' to run out in the rain. Then Joe grabbed ahold of his arm and begin arguin' with him. And finally the pair o' them come toward us. Nobody only Joe could of done it.

"Miss Lloyd," says Martin, "this is another o' the boys, Mr. Crosby. He's disappointed about the rain and I thought maybe you could cheer him up."

Mary give him her best smile.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Crosby," she says. "You're the first ball player I ever seen that was disappointed about the rain."

"Except when it didn't fall," I says.

The kid didn't say nothin'; didn't even look at her. I caught him moistenin' his lips, tryin' to get a word out. But he couldn't. He seen her put her hand out to shake, and he finally managed to meet it. But he done it with the one he uses in pitchin'. And then, the minute Martin left go his arm, he backed away, pivoted on a pillar and dashed for the elevator.

"Good night!" says Mary. "Well, of all the rummies!"

"We warned you," says Martin.

"You certainly cheered him up," I says—"all the way up to his room."

"He can stay there, for all o' me," she says. "I won't never try to force my acquaintance on nobody again."

"I bet he's offen me for life," says Joe.

"You ought to be glad if he is," she says.

"But you got to admit he's a handsome brute," says I.

"Yes," says Mary; "and I'd like to scratch his handsome face to pieces."

When we got on the train that night Harry Childs come up to me.

"Bill," he says, "I believe I'm goin' to win out."

"Win out what?" I ast him.

"With Mary," he says. "I took her out to supper. It was the first time she ever let me do it. And she acted like she really was fond o' me."

"Here's luck, Harry!" I says.

I didn't tell him the reason she was so friendly. It was because she'd been stung. And Harry's attentions was salve.

We was in Detroit again the first week in July. Harry took her out to supper or a picture show, or somethin', every night. I never heard her mention Crosby, and I was scared to mention him in front of her.

I did see her try to get even though. She come out from behind her desk one mornin', just as he was walkin' in from outside. She got right in his way, so as he either had to run into her or dodge. And he couldn't help lookin' at her. She looked him right in the eye and didn't speak.

And the kid looked like he was mighty glad of it.

VI

YOUNG PATRICK got hurt and Childs was back in the game when we went East in August. Harry was full o' pep.

"I'll show 'em I can hit," he says to me. "I never felt luckier in my life."

"You don't need no luck to hit if you take care o' yourself," I says.

"Don't worry about that," he says. "I got to keep in shape. I'm tryin' to save the coin."

"What for?" I ast him.

"Well, Bill," he says, "I'm kind o' figurin' on gettin' married."

"Nice work, Harry!" I says. "I didn't know you'd gone as far as that."

"They's nothin' settled," he says. "But she's writin' to me, and when we strike Detroit next month I'll make her say yes."

Harry started to paste that pill in Philly. He broke up two games for us there and got seven blows in three days. He was the pepper kid when we got to Washington and he couldn't resist takin' some of it out on Crosby.

They set at lunch together the second day.

"Lefty," he says, "looks like we're goin' to fight Germany. I was down to the White House this mornin' to call on a friend o' mine, a Mr. Wilson, and he says he don't think we can hold out much longer."

"Well," says Crosby, "let 'em fight, as long as they leave us guys out of it."

"Who says they'd leave us out of it?" Harry ast him.

"They'll leave me out of it, all right," says Crosby. "I never shot a gun in my life."

"It ain't guns they want you to shoot. It's Germans," says Childs. "And if the President called for volunteers I bet you'd be one o' the first to go."

"You'd lose your bet," says the kid. "I can't take no chance o' gettin' my left arm shot off."

"Good Lord! That reminds me o' somethin'," says Harry. "I seen in the papers this mornin' that most o' the guns this country's got is left-handed guns. And they'll probably call for all the left-handed men in the United States to handle 'em."

Crosby didn't wait for no desert.

In New York, a couple o' days later, Childs was at him again.

"War's gettin' closer every minute," he says to Crosby.

"The Germans torpedoed the City o' Benton Harbor yesterday and sunk eleven bootblacks without even givin' 'em a chance to take their stands with 'em. And the Kaiser went fishin' in the mornin' and caught an American sturgeon. The President says if that kind o' thing keeps up he's offen the Kaiser and we'll all have to enlist—that is, all the able-bodied guys."

"That lets me out," says the kid. "My ankles wouldn't hold up a minute if I was to try and march."

(Concluded on Page 69)

Joe's Always the Bushers' Friend Because He Don't Believe in Ridin' 'Em

THE GRAY MAILED FIST

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

FROM all over this wide land to-day boys are traveling toward the coast, to be swallowed up in that great American mystery, the navy.

Where do they go, these boys? What are they doing? How do they live? True, they send home hastily scrawled post cards, without a postmark, generally consisting of a single line, such as "The eats are fine on this ship"; or "Last night I fell out of my hammock twice. Gee, the deck was hard!"

On such crusts must the home people live. For the boy has entered on a new life. Always inarticulate, he is more so now than ever. He is getting impressions, not giving them. He is struggling with discipline, form, order. He is learning a new tongue, the language of the sea; but he cannot yet speak it.

A certain large percentage of these boys is sent to the great Atlantic Fleet. The fleet takes them—raw, unseaworthy boys who have sailed the high seas only in a pirate bark on some inland pond; boys who have traveled round the world only in the public library; big boys and lesser boys; sunburned boys and pale boys; freckled boys, farmer boys and college boys. The fleet takes them and makes them into men.

Through the courtesy of the Secretary of the Navy I have recently been permitted to spend a few days with the Atlantic Fleet. Out of that unusual experience have come many impressions; much information of varied and chaotic sorts; and some sturdy convictions. Which are that this country has put her affairs on the high seas into fine and capable hands, that the ancient pride of our seagoing ancestors may still survive in us, and that a boy who joins the navy is doing not only a fine thing for his country but a splendid thing for himself.

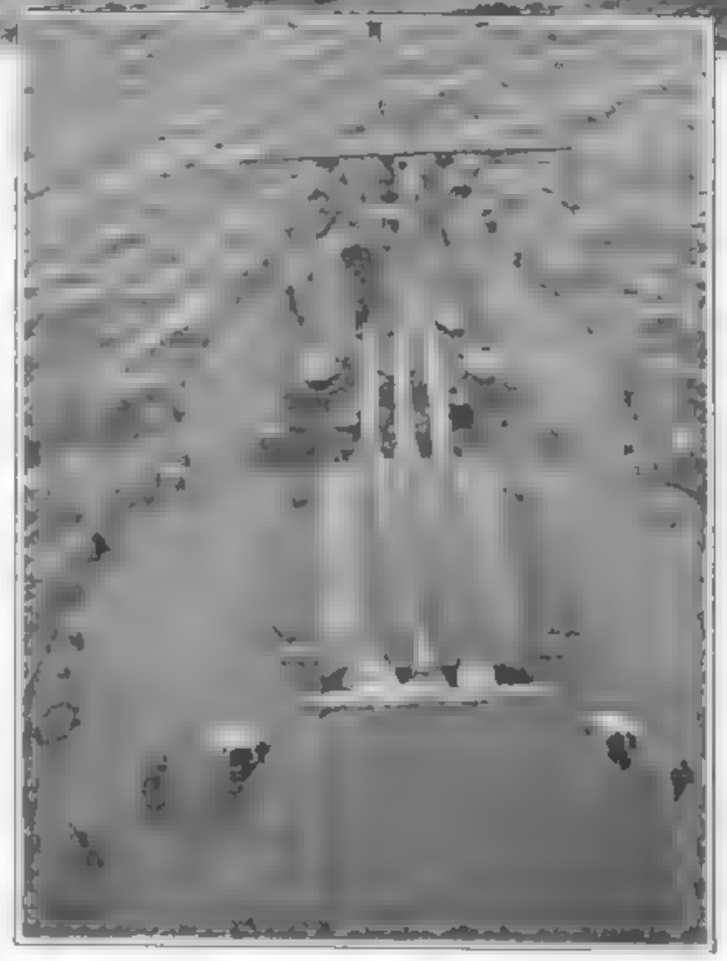
We have not always been true to the navy, but it has always been true to itself. It has survived and grown in spite of our national apathy; and neither neglect, nor ignorance of true conditions, nor our national habit of fault-finding can alter the essential fact of its quality. We have ignored it, refused it when we could, given to it grudgingly out of our abysmal ignorance. It has been a dim gray silhouette on our national horizon. Yet, owing to the faith and understanding of its splendid personnel, it has kept alive and in fighting trim. And now we are on our knees to it, begging the protection we have failed to give it; asking it to go forth and battle for us, to protect our cities and our commerce, to save the honor of the country, to die for us if necessary.

Some Unpleasant Truths

WE MIGHT as well face the truth. We have haggled and protested and legislated against it. We have held up its appropriations and wailed at its cost. Now we ask it, not only to protect our twenty-one thousand miles of coast line but to cross the ocean and fight a new warfare for which we have refused to prepare it in any adequate manner. We invented the submarine and then allowed that valuable arm of the service to be developed abroad, while we still regarded it here as a sort of naval circus stunt. We have criticized the Secretary of the Navy—first because he asked too much, and now because he has asked too little.

In a word, we have shown lack of intelligent interest in our great navy, while insisting that it retain its interest in us. For years getting battleships and other war craft has been like selling a life-insurance policy to a man who thinks he is going to defy the laws of Nature and live forever.

It is time, then, to realize this fleet of ours and what it means to us. It is our first line of defense. It is, in this war we are to fight across the sea, our only security that we may get our new army across, and thus becomes a great weapon of offense. Whatever our sins, active and passive, against it have been in the past, our duty now is plain, to urge for it whatever it needs in men and ships and armament; to lay aside the distrust of ignorance, and give in return for what we ask in protection.



Forward Deck of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania Abaft, The U. S. S. Wainwright—Showing the New Concave Wind Shield on the Bridge

Little and big coast cities, clamoring now for a battleship to guard your harbors, what you have done or failed to do, you know. What you must do now you know also. And not only cities, but individuals. Patriotism is an active condition. It is not only a state of mind. So patriotism is heard and makes a great sound. But there are many still who are quiet; and in our coast cities to-day, clamoring for protection, are men who hoist the flag in the morning and take it down at sunset, and in between are spending the daylight hours trying to sell their badly needed small craft, pleasure launches and what not to the Government at prohibitive prices.

So we quibble and barter and criticize and delay, and the fleet insures us immunity to do all these things. But it insures us much more: It gives us the right to live on, pursuing the daily round; the privilege of trying to think nationally after years of selfish individualism; and it gives us time and opportunity to assemble our forces for the war. It is quiet with the stillness of great strength. It is potential, dangerous, enormous. It casts a shadow of protection that covers the nation. It is intelligent with the best intelligence of the most technical profession in the world, dignified with traditions that have not retarded its progress, and honorable. For honor is the keynote of the navy—personal honor, war honor, national honor. Let us honor the navy.

In spite of our attitude toward it, a few weeks ago our navy had reached the highest efficiency in its history. Quietly, while the country was thinking in terms of peace, the navy was preparing for war. Because the country could not see the inevitability of the struggle, the navy could not get the things it needed. The navy has no local interests, no gifts of patronage; it has nothing to barter—except protection. Far from getting anything from Congress, obstructive legislation has been the rule. Where Great Britain had, at the beginning of the war, a magnificent merchant marine to fall back upon, so that on the very declaration of war she was able to call out from the merchant marine, for instance, some five thousand expert wireless operators, we have had no merchant marine to reënforce the navy.

The Navy Without a Voice

THE navy, like the army, has had no voice. Yet, in spite of these things, the navy has survived and kept itself in fighting trim. It knew. It looked back over our history, and it knew. It looked across the sea, and it knew. It saw the German battle fleet only kept at bay by England's warships, and that which would happen if England collapsed from exhaustion or her battle fleet was destroyed—that, also, it knew.

Is it not time we also should know that, if England fails us before we are ready, Germany will inevitably dominate the world?

There are other matters, too, that the navy thinks of while we lose time in endless bickerings in our national legislature. The navy knows—and the Government—the frightful exhaustion abroad, the loss of man power, the destruction of ships, the food situation. Knows, also, that no submarine cure-all has yet been found. So that things may be greatly worse before they are better. Time is passing and things are moving fast across the sea.

Ancient Russia fell in one day. Only here are things moving slowly. We were forty-four days in passing our army bill. An expectant and patriotic people, eager to get to work, had to sit back and feed on the husks of Congressional oratory for forty-four days. During all that time, as now, only the navy stood between us and our enemy. What of the first forty-four days of the war abroad?

On August 3, 1914, Germany declared war against France, and German troops crossed the frontier at Dalhain, Francochamps and Stavelot. In eighteen days the Germans were in possession of Brussels. Liège had fallen. Louvain was burning. Nine cities of a fertile land had been reduced to ruins. Seven hundred thousand Germans ravaged the Belgian plain. Twenty-four days after war was declared the word frightfulness entered into the vocabulary of modern warfare in this declaration from Berlin, dated August twenty-seventh:

"The only means of preventing surprise attacks from the civil [Belgian] population has been to interfere with unrelenting severity and to create examples which, by their frightfulness, would be a warning to the whole country."

That was in twenty-four days. In twenty days England, whose part in an anticipated war against the Allies had been expected to be largely naval, had landed three army

corps and a cavalry division, and was lining up with the French under Joffre. The retreat from Mons, the threatening of Paris by the Germans, the Battle of the Marne, the retreat of the invading hordes—all took place within thirty-four days.

All this means but one thing: Our legislative methods and our size are alike unwieldy. Therefore, from now on, realizing this, we must have ready that one arm of defense which is always on a war footing and can be almost instantly mobilized—the navy. More than that, we can give it something of intelligent understanding. For this is true, a solid fact to realize: our Monroe Doctrine, in the absence of interrailroad communication with Central and South America, lives by the navy, and by nothing else.

Some of our failings toward the navy we can now rectify, though it will take time. Some—the fault of many years of indifferent handling, changing Administrations, and no definite naval policy—it is forever too late to mend.

This morning I received a folder from the Navy League. One of the things the league is asked to do is to obtain the names and addresses of ex-navy men. Think of that for a moment! For years we have been enlisting raw recruits in the navy and giving them highly specialized training. Then we have let them go. They did not pass automatically into a reserve, to be called on in time of war. They were trained men, thousands on thousands of them. They were not even required to register annually, so that we could keep track of them. They left the navy, and big and little business swallowed them up. To-day the efficiency of the navy is threatened because its trained men must be taken off to be placed as gun crews on merchantmen, or to man reserve ships, which are being put into commission. New recruits, mainly boys from the interior, attracted to the sea but with no knowledge of it, have enlisted in our navy and must be taught the very rudiments of their new profession. To offset this, we have no system for recalling those men who, after their naval service expired, have gone into commercial enterprises of various sorts.

Ships the Navy Lacks

THE navy for years has been a great school, turning out engineers, radio officers, and trained men of all sorts. We should be able to call these men now; to place their trained knowledge at the command of the Government that gave it to them. But we have let them go—we, the people, who make the laws; not the navy. And to-day, if anything goes wrong, we shall blame it on the Secretary of the Navy and the navy itself. Never, oh, never, on our past indifference and lack of foresight or of ordinary national business methods!

Yet, considering all these things, the navy has maintained astonishing efficiency. It has made the very best of the ill-balanced building programs of the past—for the first time in its history the present Secretary of the Navy has presented a comprehensive building program to cover a period of years; and it has, thanks to Admiral Fletcher's

An Aeroplane Being Shot by the New American Catapult From the Deck of a Battleship

reorganization of it—its division into forces—been capable of its new forced expansion without confusion.

The Atlantic Fleet, which we are presently to visit, is now divided into the battleship force, the cruiser force, the destroyer force, the submarine force, the mine force, and a train. To these has been added since the beginning of war a patrol force.

There was formerly an aviation section, but it is now consolidated under the commander of the destroyer force, which includes both destroyers and air craft. The mine force is for mines and antimines—that is, it includes mine layers, net layers and mine sweepers.

The train consists of colliers and oil carriers, supply ships, repair or floating machine ships, and hospital ships. The train carries, often in the repair ships, all target material. And these repair ships not only repair machinery but the complicated and technical instruments of warfare, from a stop watch to a range finder.

Yet the fleet, splendid as this sounds and is, has certain fundamental lacks that the navy has never been able to impress upon the people of the country. Now and then, as has happened recently, Congress has been in a generous mood and has given more than was anticipated. Again it has assumed the attitude of the grudging giver. But very seldom, if ever, has it been an intelligent giver. Thus we find ourselves to-day, the result of our own attitude and the lack of publicity methods by the navy, in the position of having a splendid fleet that is ill-balanced. And this fault it is our privilege, a trifle late, to rectify.

These things are not hearsay. I was allowed to take this trip by the Secretary of the Navy, with full permission to tell the people whatever I found, good or bad; I saw the men highest in all the branches of the navy—men who have been thinking and watching and learning during the years while we have played; men who have put their cause, which was the cause of the country, before us, only to see us ignoring it for vast building schedules, for appropriations here, there and everywhere, for expensive and frequently unnecessary river and harbor work, for monuments for dead naval heroes, while neglecting our living ones and their demands.

According, then, to these authorities, every maneuver for years has shown the need of fast light cruisers and scouts. Yet we have not provided them. Destroyers are not capable of prolonged efforts as scouts. They rack their machinery in heavy weather, which also affects their speed; they are too delicately built for prolonged effort. It has always been the function of the destroyer to be retained for the supreme effort. To expect a destroyer to do the work of a fast cruiser is like putting a boy to do a man's work. It will eventually feel the strain.

Remaining with the fleet, it is the belief of naval authorities all over the world that there should be four destroyers for each battleship. No battleship or armored cruiser ever leaves the English coast now without at least two destroyers accompanying it. We are building destroyers now. Some, as is now publicly known, we have sent abroad to our Allies. But it will take a long time to get our new destroyer flotilla into commission. Merchant ships may be improvised into cruisers. But there is no form of ship that may be improvised into a destroyer.

Our general attitude toward the navy reminds me of the story of the bluejacket who had been taught to sweep the deck every morning in a certain direction. One day the wind changed, but he continued to sweep as he had before, the dust flying back as fast as he removed it. An old bosun's mate stood near him, regarding him from under scowling eyebrows. "Look at you," he said—"sweepin' agin' the will o' God!"

Paper Naval Bases

CERTAIN lacks in the navy can be quickly and easily overcome. The Naval Air Service, in very bad condition now, has at last received the money it needs and can be quickly put on a war footing. Hospital ships can be improvised from merchantmen in as little as three weeks. Great Britain utilized her cross-Channel steamers for that purpose, as they were very fast.

But our lack of naval bases is to-day a real weakness, and one we should know and proceed to rectify. We need a Helgoland. There is no quicker way of raising trouble in England to-day than to ask the British what they now think of the cession of Helgoland to Germany!

We have a lot of paper bases, well located and capable of being made into real bases when we so decide. A base is to a fleet what a garage, with gasoline and extra tires, is to the touring motorist. Yet our bases are largely paper bases. Block Island can be made a second Helgoland—will be, probably, when we realize that this is a real war and that we are in it to stay.

But there is nothing to be gained by deceiving ourselves at the beginning. Manila, Pearl Harbor, Samoa, Colon and Guantanamo have been naval bases only in name. The enemy knows this—much better than we do.

The U. S. S. Reid, 1910

There are other dangers too. In our first realization of how we have failed in our duty toward the navy ever since the Spanish War—which we have appeared to consider was to be our last war—we have gone to the other extreme. We have formed board after board, some of them with rather vaguely defined limitations; some of them overlapping. The difficulty is now to coördinate the work of these boards, invaluable as it assuredly is.

Great Britain did this at the beginning. She had a great number of sea lords and civil lords in the Admiralty—something like twenty-eight. Which reminds me that someone said the civil lords of the Admiralty were so called because they were seldom lords and were never civil. Now they have only five members, and it is possible to coördinate their efforts.

It is a wise housewife who has learned that multiplication of servants in time of stress means chaos.

Naval bases, destroyers, battle cruisers, fast light cruisers, hundreds of supply ships, seaplanes, hospital ships, small craft for coast patrol work, no overlapping of boards, the removal of the many laws that to-day smother our merchant marine—these are the pressing needs of our sea situation to-day. And we can have all these things. We can, if we so determine, make the United States the second naval power on the Atlantic and the first on the Pacific. We are not weaklings. What the American people really want they get. We are not in the hands of our Government representatives. They are our hands! Our servants—not our masters! They but do the national will. The failures are our failures, as surely as we shall claim the successes.

The U. S. S. Pennsylvania, Flagship of the Atlantic Fleet—the Most Modern Type of Dreadnought in the Navy

But one thing more we need to contribute toward the present situation. Not only destroyers, and the rest of that long and rather appalling list.

Lord Bryce once said that we needed poets. So we will add poets to the list. By that he meant vision. And vision we sadly need to-day—vision to look ahead to what is before us; vision to prepare for the future, not only for this war but for the wars the next generation may—nay, surely will—be called upon to fight; vision to give to our country not only men and money but skill, infinite care, intelligent preparation, and the best the world can provide for our fighting forces on sea and land; and vision to see our navy for what it is—the mailed fist which to-day, while our army is preparing, holds our national safety in its steel fingers.

There is not an officer in the navy who is there for what he gets out of it. He is there for what he can put into it, of labor, of loyalty, of skill, of high endeavor. For honor is the keynote of the navy—personal honor, war honor, national honor.

Two Hooks and a Ditty-Box

QUITE suddenly, in our coast cities, we begin to see, in groups and alone, boys in the round cap and blue uniform of the navy, but without the rolling gait of the sailor. Big boys, with often a bit too much wrist showing below the sleeves of their blouses; fair boys, not yet tanned by the sea; tall boys and thin boys, and very, very young boys—all a trifle self-conscious, but eager and expectant.

All their lives they have done certain things in certain accustomed ways. Now they have turned a corner, started along a new path. They have loved disorder as only a boy can love it; have hated discipline as only a boy can hate it; have worked and played and fought and eaten and slept as only a boy can do all those things. Now they must learn order and discipline, and that strangest thing of all to the American mind—form.

Boys who have lived all over the house at home, who have accumulated such things as boys gather—old bicycles, and the insides of clocks, and scarfpins, and tattered books, and footballs, and post cards, and rabbits—these boys now belong to the country; and they possess, for their very own, two hooks on which to swing their hammocks, and a ditty-box approximately one foot by two.

For a home they have now a ship—sometimes a small patrol boat, but for the great majority a floating steel monster, given to strange terms and strange customs, such as order, neatness, politeness, regular hours, early rising and—fighting.

Because of this last, the boy does not mind the rest. He is now a fighting man. Hour after hour, on the deck, he practices on a dummy gun, the white deck well protected lest something slip and scar it. In his leisure he watches over the rail, for there is always a chance of a submarine; or gazes at the signal men, so expertly waving their tiny flags; or eyes with frank envy the ship's gunners. Or, still struggling with the windings of his new path, he sits cross-legged on the deck, one of a circle round a division officer with a book, and learns the A-B-C of his new calling.

The ship is a part of the great Atlantic Fleet.

To give to those whose lads have gone to the fleet some idea of what this fleet is; to tell the average citizen how the fleet appears to another citizen—for I take it a woman is a citizen; to attempt, in unnautical language, to draw a picture of the great Atlantic Squadron for those who have so far been nourished on naval statistics and starved on turbine engines, horse power, displacement, oscillation, and congressional appropriations—I was permitted to visit the fleet during wartime.

It was felt, and properly, that the people who are now giving their best—their sons—to the fleet have the right to know, within such limits as convey no information to the enemy, what the navy means; its organization; its daily routine. And such things as I have learned I shall write fully, secure in the knowledge that, where I overstep the bounds of wartime discretion, a gentleman in Washington, with a firm jaw and no favorites, is going to use his censor's privilege and cut what are probably my best bits.

It is not easy to give an impression of the great Atlantic Fleet. To the novice the way is beset with pitfalls. The navy man presupposes a foundation of understanding. But there is a great gap between the higher education on land and the primer class on a battleship.

I dare say I represent the average observer; but I was lost in the first half hour. I am always a trifle uncertain as to starboard and port, and once I wrote a sea story about a sailing yacht and placed the bridge on that yacht so that every time the ship came round in the wind it would be inevitably swept off into the sea. But the average citizen, for whom this article is written, will never know when my nautical terms go astray, because he read that book, thousands of him; and the only one who noticed the error was a nerve specialist in the city of New York.

After my first hour on a battleship, therefore, I gave up pretending that I understood the principle of the gyroscope compass, and that azimuth is not a goddess in Greek mythology, and that, of course, a scuttle-butt is a place where the sailors drink. Some few flashes of intelligence I had, however, though I had lived to my present period in life with the conviction that the fighting tops were conning towers, and vice versa. Which, indeed, I still think much more rational than the fact as it is.

In anticipation of the visit I had for some days been reading up the fleet. I knew amazingly little about it. But the total result of my reading was discouraging. So I gave it up in the end; and this article is a landman's impression, in a landman's tongue, of one of the most impressive experiences of my life.

The Fleet

I HAVE seen battleships before—our own, ranged in majesty in the Hudson; the British Fleet, a gunboat which convoyed me—with others—across the British Channel; destroyers in harbors recoaling for fresh search after German submarines; three battleships patrolling the coast off a fishing hamlet in the North Sea, so that I slept at last with a feeling of security that only a battleship can bring; submarines and a tender in Panama; mine-sweepers pursuing their deadly work abroad—those I had seen.

But that was all. Never before had I seen an entire battle fleet, stripped for war and waiting for its moment.

Now the whereabouts of the fleet is a profound naval secret, and shall not be divulged. Only about a hundred thousand people know where it is; though, of course, a battle fleet of varying size, but averaging generally about twenty-two fighting vessels, plus a train, cannot be hidden under a bushel.

My first sight of the fleet was on a sunny morning. I had traveled far. I had expected much. But there was something breath-taking about that first view. It was as though all the things we had been thinking about for so long—our entrance into the war, our responsibilities, our grim determination and our certain suffering—had been crystallized into that gray mailed fist before me. The silent guns were only waiting. The officers on the decks, the marines, the bluejackets, were waiting. Conning towers, turrets and fighting tops were waiting. Flags and searchlights and engines were waiting.

I had been consigned to the Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Mayo. Courteous officer and genial gentleman that he is, I am sure I offered him a greater problem than any ever set by the Naval War College. For a great fleet has almost everything that a city has—foundries, and butcher shops, and post offices, and tailors, and cobbler shops, and laundries, and hospitals, and bakeries, and a general store, and everything else in the world except a place for a woman.

I was rather uneasy. I had met one king and two queens, but I had never met an admiral on his own deck. And the dignity and isolation of a king is riotous society to the dignity and splendid isolation of the Admiral of the

(Continued on Page 44)

THE USURPER

By R. N. WALL

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

THOMAS DENT, sales manager of the Peters Plow Works, leaned forward and pushed a button on his desk. As he waited his long fingers beat a nervous tattoo upon the desk top. A frown formed upon his thin, rather austere face, with its close-lipped mouth and graying temples.

The staccato click of high heels sounded upon the hardwood floor of the corridor and Miss Case, his personal stenographer, entered. In a kindly light she might have passed for a young girl, so perfectly did her slender figure, her bright hair and her delicate complexion simulate youth. Now the crude sunlight, streaming through the windows behind Dent, betrayed her age cruelly.

The manager shuffled uncertainly the papers before him, and thrust into his mouth a long black cigar that he did not light. He was conscious that his movements were jerky and uncontrolled. He picked up a letter and discarded it to study a sheet of figures. With an exclamation of impatience he pushed another button of the battery before him.

As Dent waited, nervously chewing his cigar, Miss Case watched him, both puzzled and anxious.

In response to the bell the assistant sales manager entered. He was a tall young man, with the figure of an athlete and a calm, complacent face. His smart clothes contrasted sharply with Dent's neat but old-fashioned garb.

Dent extended the sheet of figures, his steel-gray eyes flashing behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"There's an error in this quotation," the manager declared. "Correct it, please!"

"Where, sir?" Aubrey Belden languidly caressed the little mustache that clung to his upper lip like a bit of golden braid.

"Look for it!" Dent's tone was incisive, if not exactly unkind. "That's the best way to teach yourself not to make mistakes."

Miss Case stared at him in surprise. This was unlike the manager's usual placidity.

"All right," drawled Belden in his easy, unruffled way. He strolled out, a smile hovering about his lips. Dent caught it and his thin face flushed. "That boy gets on my nerves," he growled with a jerk of his head toward the door.

Miss Case also smiled, very carefully. Dent watched her as she adjusted her cuffs and arranged her pad and sheaf of neatly pointed pencils. She had been with the company more years than she would have cared to acknowledge, and, without a whit of sentiment, she was perhaps closer to Dent than anyone else in the office. He had been accustomed to think of her in terms of efficiency, with a quiet reliance on her loyalty and friendship, but this morning it came to him that she, like himself, was growing old. This thought moved the manager to add, half to himself: "Perhaps it's Belden's irrepressible youth that annoys me."

"He seems to be very able," Miss Case observed.

"Very," said Dent curtly. "He wants that job over there." He nodded toward the door across the corridor that bore the plate S. Peters, President.

"On his way I suspect he wants to sit at this desk. That's what Peters is grooming him for."

"Nonsense!" demurred Miss Case. Her fine blue eyes, with faint wrinkles at the corners, held a hint of amusement.

"Peters wants to get out—has for a long time. He's planning to sell to Belden or his father."

"Why don't you buy him out yourself?" Miss Case asked, looking down at her manicured fingers.

"I'd do it in a minute if I had the money," asserted Dent. "The dream of my life has been to see my name on that door."

He laughed shortly.

"It drove me up from office boy to sales manager, that dream, but family affairs, as you know, kept me from buying more than a little stock."

He leaned forward earnestly, the barrier of his usual impersonal reserve swept away by the torrent of seething thoughts which, swelling daily, he had kept to himself.

"So here I am," he burst out, "manager, it is true, but old and rusty at forty-five; and along comes this blamed usurper, Belden, just out of college, buys a big block of stock with papa's money, and is getting ready to run me out."

"I think you are not yourself, Mr. Dent, or you wouldn't talk that way," said Miss Case in astonishment. "You've been under a heavy strain lately; you need a good vacation."

"Just what Belden suggested," sneered Dent. He glared so fiercely at the girl that she paled beneath her rouge. "You all want to get rid of me! You think I'm in a rut and slipping! Dammit, I know it!"

The Factory Whistle Blew and the Men Began to Stream Noisily Out Through the Gates

"You are the only one who does, then," returned Miss Case, amazed and embarrassed.

His injustice hurt, and she showed it. Dent sensed it and recovered himself. Brave men may falter for an instant and big men have their petty moments.

"Forgive me," he expressed his contrition. The skin over his high cheek bones, beneath his graying temples, burned red. "The way I'm talking does show what shape my nerves are in. I'm going to the mountains for a week soon. With Belden edging in I can't stay away longer."

His face grew stern again, for as he spoke Belden entered. In look and manner he was capable and confident. It was the very magnetism and competence of the man that chilled Dent's heart. He wanted to hate him and couldn't. The boy was so much what he himself had longed to be at twenty-three—so much what the childless man would have liked a son to be.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dent," Belden drawled in his cool way, "but you will have to point out that error. I've been over all my figures and I can't find it."

"Can't, eh?"

Dent leaned forward wrathfully and almost snatched the papers from the young man's hand.

"What's the price of Number 17 colters?"

"Six-fifty," smiled Belden, "but, according to the new ruling, four dollars when shipped as parts of plows. Was that what misled you, sir?"

Dent slumped in his chair. It was a little thing, but it helped to confirm the cold doubt that gnawed him.

"You are right," he said heavily. Then, because though irascible and worried he was still a gentleman, he added: "I beg your pardon, Belden."

"That's all right," said the younger man. "It's mighty hard to remember all these changes. I don't try—I check the figures from the lists." He did not seem to sense that the implied comparison of methods was unwelcome, but pointed to the quotations: "Shall I take these up to Warrener and see if I can land the contract?"

"No," said Dent sharply, his jealousy instant and keen. "This is a pretty important matter, Belden. I'll go and see him myself presently."

"Very well, sir." There was a shade of disappointment in the young man's tone as he turned to leave the room.

Dent dictated his letters, gathered up the quotations, a catalogue and some circulars and stalked downstairs. In his cage near the door Bob Cowper, the treasurer, was lolling at his desk, reading the morning paper and smoking a fragrant cigar. Short and rotund and jolly, Cowper at fifty was as gay as a boy. With no one dependent upon him, no roweling ambition, an assured position and plenty of money, Cowper found it hard to understand Dent's dreams; but the men were tried and steadfast friends.

"Where bound this morning, Tom?" Cowper hailed.

"To see Warrener about those marsh plows."

"Why don't you send Belden? Let the young fellows do the work."

The treasurer nodded whimsically toward his assistant, Welch, busy with the morning's remittances.

"This is one of the most important deals we've had in years, Bob," Dent explained. "Warrener's company is clearing a lot of swamp land in Eastern North Carolina, and if we can make a success there with our engine gangs it will mean a lot of other sales. I want to see about it myself."

"You're all wrong," laughed Cowper. "Sit back and do the thinking parts and make the boys shoulder the heavy work. That's how we run our office—eh, Welch?"

Welch grinned, and Dent winced a trifle, for it was well known throughout the plant that the treasurer's office was the one in which no mistakes were made.

"You're lucky in your assistants, Bob," said Dent.

"Nope; thoughtful. And the way I get a chance to think is by never doing any work I can make someone else do." He crossed his fat legs and blew out a cloud of smoke. "S'pose you'll be back in time for lunch, as usual?"

It was the habit of the two old bachelors to lunch together daily.

"I reckon so," replied Dent, and went out.

He straightened his shoulders, a little stooped from the years of desk work since he had left the road, filled his lungs with the fresh spring air and tried to concentrate on his interview with Warrener. Action was what he needed, he told himself—the old clash of wits. The closing of this contract would give him the confidence he sorely needed. Then the bitter doubt came—could he get the contract? Had he his old power or was he slipping? He tried to put away the thought of failure, but it fastened, leechlike, to his brain. In this unfortunate frame of mind he entered Warrener's office.

When Dent returned to the factory an hour later his shoulders had slumped and he plodded stiffly up the stairs. Belden looked up with a smile as his senior passed.

"Landed him, of course!" he sang out.

"No, I didn't," said Dent shortly.

It was not in the nature of the man to accept excuses or to make them.

"Has he placed the order elsewhere?"

"No," answered Dent. He paused and wiped his damp forehead. "He hasn't decided, and I couldn't close him."

"I wonder if you would mind my trying?" Belden sprang to his feet.

The languor he liked to affect vanished and confidence radiated from him.

"If you think you can do better than I did, go ahead!" Dent muttered roughly, and flung the papers to his assistant.

"It isn't that," Belden deprecated, but with the hovering smile Dent hated. "Perhaps I can hit a new angle."

"Perhaps you can," agreed Dent wearily. "Tackle the thing your own way, but hammer on quality. The other people are under us on price. Talk light draft, good suction, quick detachable shares, large diameter colters."

"I'll land him or talk his head off," asserted Belden.

His eyes shone and he was oblivious of Dent's misery.

"I hope you can," Dent forced himself to speed the other with a cordial word. "Don't talk too much though."

No one should say that he had put his own pride above the company's welfare. It was absurd to think that a boy with two years' experience would succeed where he had failed, but Belden should have his chance. Dent realized that he himself had gone to Warrener in the worst possible mental state—doubting, discouraged, defeated in advance. He had hemmed and hawed like a schoolboy, had bungled and failed.

He shut his office door, sat down at his desk and dropped his lean, thoroughbred head on his long fine hands. Worn out in service at forty-five! He who had dreamed of mounting on and up to the presidency, unable to land a contract, sending a boy just out of college to conquer where he had failed!

There was no profit in such thoughts. Dent shook himself together, plunged into his work, and was deep in some sales reports when Belden knocked at the door. Jubilation stamped the young man's face.

"I landed it," he shouted happily. "I made him see the best goods would prove the cheapest."

"I congratulate you." Dent tried with all his might to make the formal words sound hearty.

"You know how it is," said Belden, pleased and magnanimous. "Some days one man can sell a dealer and some days he can't, while a different man can go in ten minutes later and sell Mister Dealer a car of stuff. Way the wind blows, I guess."

His words were no consolation to Dent.

"This is the beginning of the end," he told himself when Belden had gone, and for a long time he sat quite still, staring through the open door at the gilt-lettered plate—S. Peters, President—until Miss Case entered.

"So Belden got the contract," she murmured. Her carmined lip curled delicately. "He doesn't realize the difference between taking an order for an established line and putting that line on the market the way you did —"

"You'd better be nice to him," warned Dent gruffly. "You'll be taking orders from him before long. This morning's work is the writing on the wall. Wait until Peters hears ——"

"He's heard," sniffed Miss Case. "Little Bright-eyes carried in the glad news the first thing. Why didn't you go after the contract yourself, as you said you would?"

Dent looked at her stupidly. Had not the outer office heard the whole story yet?

"I did," he muttered, and dropped his tired eyes.

He heard her catch her breath and sensed her instant sympathy. She was always quick to understand. For an instant her ringed hand touched his, and she was gone.

Dent rose and went to the window. He gazed out over the factory, with the smoke belching from the tall chimneys above the boiler room, over the long brick foundry, the machine shops, the tall warehouses and the shipping rooms stretched along the railroad tracks. This was the kingdom he never would rule. He was done. He felt it.

He turned to the map upon the wall, stippled with colored tacks that marked the agencies for the Peters plow. All his dreams had been toward the day when he should direct them in his own right. To that end he had worked and planned, and now a usurper was to gain the throne. He did not blame Peters so much. Peters always had been a little jealous of Dent's ability. Suddenly he remembered the day, twenty years ago, when he had landed an order that Peters had failed to get. He knew now how Peters must have felt then, and the taste of that long-forgotten victory was as ashes in his mouth.

The factory whistle blew and from the shops the men began to stream noisily out through the gates. In the outer office the clatter of the typewriters ceased. Dent turned and went slowly downstairs. Cowper was waiting for him, in the funny short coat and round derby that he wore winter and summer alike.

"Get the Warrener order?" he questioned as they started for the grill where they lunched.

"No; but Belden did," Dent answered grimly.

This struck Cowper as funny; he laughed until he wheezed.

"Maybe some day you'll learn to take my advice," he chuckled. "I look wise, tell my boys what to do and take the credit. Expand that rule and you have the secret of success in any business. The bigger a man is, the less he does."

Dent stalked on, heedless of his friend's cheerful babble. His heart was too sore for persiflage.

"I was in Peters' office while you were out this morning," Cowper announced when they were settled at a table, "and he says he's made up his mind to quit."

"Been talking that way for fifteen years," commented Dent.

"He means it this time," Cowper asserted. "Offered me some of his stock. I told him I had enough; that I hadn't been handling the finances of this company for thirty years without finding a place to put my money where it made more profit than any plow business pays. I'm going to quit one of these days and spend the rest of my life afishing. Better come along with me, Tom."

"No," said Dent fiercely. "It's all right for you, you easy-going old jelly-lump, to talk about quitting. It's all right for Peters—he's half dead. But do you think I want to give up at forty-five, feeling myself a failure?"

"Failure! Hell! What's the matter with you, Tom? Ain't you manager?"

"Manager! I want to be president!"

Cowper shook his wise old head.

"I reckon young Belden has his eye on that. I gathered from Peters that Belden, or his father for him, would take all the stock you and I didn't want."

Dent dropped his fork.

"I knew it," he groaned. "How long do you suppose I'll be manager after he takes control?"

"As long as you want; and anyway, what do you care? With your record you can get just as good a job elsewhere."

"Perhaps, Bob; but you know what I've dreamed of and worked for all these years."

"Dreams, dreams," Cowper mused. "Why does a man covet place and power and the cares that go with them? What can they give you that you haven't now?"

"The sense of having achieved!" cried Dent with flashing eyes. "And I won't give in without a fight!"

He pushed back his chair.

"Do you think the deal is closed?"

"No," Cowper answered. "I believe the old man thought he ought to offer you a little stock. He has funny streaks of conscientiousness; one does when one's digestion gets out of whack."

"Pay my check, will you?" Dent threw a dollar on the table. "I'm going back to the office to tackle Peters. If I can get him to sell me all his stock, will you lend me some money, Bob?"

"Oh, I reckon so," grumbled Cowper; "but you better finish your dinner; that's no way to treat yourself ——"

Dent paid no attention. He hurried back to the factory and, as he had expected, caught Mr. Peters alone in his office, for the president's doctors allowed him no lunch. He did little work, but he came to the office because it was a habit, and because he was less unhappy there than elsewhere.

Dent found him in his chair in the sun near a window, sitting motionless, his eyes closed, his great hands spread uselessly upon his gnarled knees. He was not asleep, for he looked up as Dent pushed the half-open door, grunted something, and let his lids fall again over his weary eyes.

"How are you feeling to-day, sir?" Dent asked.

"Badly, badly," Peters groaned, and began at once to talk of his symptoms.

Dent listened patiently until Peters paused.

"Cowper tells me you've decided to sell out," he remarked in casual tones.

"Yes," admitted the president. His lids raised and drooped again, leaving his blotched face a pasty mask. "Would you like to buy a little of my stock, Tom?"

"I'd like to take it all, Mr. Peters, if we can come to terms," Dent declared, leaning forward, intent and earnest.

Peters looked up in some surprise.

"I'm ready to sell at par," he growled. "I want to get out and go away. Just as soon sell to you as anyone, Tom. You've worked hard for the company. I've two thousand shares, as you know, and the price is a hundred a share. It's worth more, but I'm too sick to haggle. Give me a check and I'll give you the stock."

"I can't give you all cash," Dent eagerly exclaimed, "but I think I can raise half, and the stock itself can be used as security for the balance."

Peters shook his head without opening his eyes.

"No," he refused. "I don't want any connection with the business after I leave. I want to get out clean. Cash or nothing!"

"I don't know where I can get two hundred thousand," Dent demurred. "How much time will you give me?"

"I give you?" rasped the old man. "I won't give you any. It ain't my proposition for you to buy the whole block. I offered you a little for friendship's sake. I'm willing to sell it all to you, but I'm going to trade with the first man that comes with the money. I ain't got no time to waste. Time, Tom? Who's giving me time?"

He stared at Dent with dull eyes that held the terror of death, and the manager knew that it was useless to plead for an option. Peters always had been peculiar, and Dent often had felt that the old man did not like him very well. He had commenced to count in the business when Peters' own best days were passing, and he realized that Peters must have looked upon him somewhat as he regarded Belden.

Peters never had voiced this. He had borne Dent's youthful impatience with the ancient order, had seen him destroy old customs and substitute new schemes and had said nothing. For the good of the business; that was it—the larger thing!

Well, he could grin and bear it, too, Dent felt—this eternal displacement of age by youth—were he in Peters' place. That made the difference. Let him secure the presidency and he could complacently watch Belden come up the same road that he had come, help him along even, as Peters had aided him. Suddenly he glimpsed a little of the meaning of life.

Now, clinging like a burr to his purpose, he must get out and hustle as he never had hustled before. All at once he felt equal, adequate. The stakes were so great that they stiffened him.

He stopped at Belden's room to leave word that he might not be back that day, and then hurried down to Cowper's cage.

"Bob," he challenged briskly, his fine lean features tense, "the old man will sell for two hundred thousand dollars cash. I've got fifty thousand dollars; how much can you let me have? The stock will be security, and I'll pay you interest while you draw the dividends as well. That'll make a pretty sweet investment for you."

"To hell with investments! I've got all the money I need. I don't know why I keep fooling round here when I might be fishing. I s'pose I can lend you fifty thousand dollars. Or, if it will help you more, I'll buy the damn stuff myself and save you the interest. It wouldn't affect your control, for I'd be fool enough to vote any way you wanted."

"Bob, you're true blue," Dent cried. He caught the plump little man's fat hand and pumped it vigorously.

"Don't be a blamed chump!" sputtered Cowper.

Dent laughed and strode into the sunlight, heartened and encouraged. He would win out after all. The prospect of success thrilled him. With half the money in hand, he felt certain that he could obtain the rest. His own reputation, the record of the company, would guarantee dividends.

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"I'm Sorry, Mr. Dent, But You Will Have to Point Out That Error. I Can't Find It"

OUR NEIGHBOR'S AFFAIRS

The Troubles and Triumphs of Canada

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THEY also serve who only stand and wait" has no meaning at all these days. Perhaps he also serves who only stands and urges others on to action; but he serves best who leads the way. In a Canadian city a man wrote a letter to a newspaper, calling attention to a crying need and asking why, in the name of all the humanities, the government didn't do something about it. Another man, obeying a sudden impulse, went to a telegraph office and wired to the writer:

"Have read your letter in the Evening Talkfest"—or whatever it was. "Why don't you?"

I know both men and they now know each other. The telegram struck the vox-populi gentleman "all in a heap," and inside of three days he had an organization started that now counts its assets in eight figures, and takes excellent care of one national problem which might otherwise have been left to shift for itself or to wait interminably on the too often too deliberate action of the government.

If every individual who impatiently asks why the government or someone else does not do so-and-so would turn the searchlight of his patriotism upon himself and ask "Why don't I?" there would be fewer complications in the grim business of going to war.

But that is too much to expect. Also, it is too much to expect that populations will heed mere governmental advice or obey any kind of governmental order that is not backed up by an alternative expressed in terms of penalty.

We are seeking now to profit by Canada's example. If we make any of the mistakes the Canadians have made we shall have only ourselves to blame. We shall have no comforting excuse of ignorance and lack of experience; that excuse belongs to our neighbor and to our allies overseas, who have muddled through to an eventual acquirement of definite knowledge.

Transportation Problems Solved

THE Canadians have made one colossal mistake: They have been afraid that the people would be peeved if the word "must" were permitted by any chance to slip into official language. They have been afraid of both Thou Shalt and Thou Shalt Not; and the consequence has been an incalculable waste of national effort and national assets.

The only instance of governmental positiveness I have come across in Canada is contained in the Order in Council respecting an investigation of the causes contributing to the unnaturally rapid upward trend of living costs. It was decided to locate the hiding places of the country's surpluses of the necessaries of life; and the withholders from free circulation of such necessaries were directed to uncover their caches or take certain most unpleasing punishments.

There is one instance of individual positiveness, however, which throws some valuable illumination into the general murk of official indecision. When the war began it was recognized at once that Canada's first necessity would be the effective organization of transportation facilities. In touching upon this I shall not make any superfluous references to the vast distances in Canada or to the character of Canadian railroads. All you have to do is to look at a map, whereon you will discover parallel lines running east and west from Halifax to Vancouver, the most direct of which is three thousand six hundred and forty miles in length. The spaces between these lines you will find criss-crossed with a thousand and one branches. And if it is the Canadian-Pacific Railroad map you happen to be looking at you will discover a further network of connecting and coöperating lines crossing Michigan and running in all directions throughout the states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and into Montana. A terminal branch shoots down from Mission, in British Columbia, to the docks at Seattle.

You will notice further some alluring dotted lines running out into the oceans, east and west. Two of these, starting at Vancouver, cut a vast triangle in the Pacific as they diverge on their separate ways—one to Yokohama, Shanghai and Hong-Kong; the other downward, through Honolulu and the South Sea Islands, to New Zealand, and thence to Sydney.

Across the Atlantic two parallel lines connect Montreal, Quebec and Halifax with Liverpool.

This tremendous system of ocean and land transportation is owned by a company the president of which is Lord Shaughnessy. At the outbreak of the war the Dominion Government sent post haste for Lord Shaughnessy and the heads of the other Canadian railroad systems and, as the Japanese schoolboy says, "asked to know." Lord Shaughnessy's answer was "An expert transportation official to be appointed Director of Overseas Transport, with absolute authority." No board or commission or anything like that; just one able and unhampered citizen. And he placed at the disposal of the government the services of his own overseas traffic manager, Mr. A. H. Harris.

Mr. Harris was instructed to act solely in the interest of the empire and to disregard every other consideration. This he has proceeded to do, with the result that Canada's large army, together with imperial government supplies running into hundreds of thousands of tons, has been landed in England and at various points in Europe with a minimum of confusion, waste effort and lost time.

This, I say, is an instance of individual positiveness. Lord Shaughnessy did not trouble to confer with anybody or to enter into any time-killing arguments. He simply proceeded at once to clear for action all the facilities over which he exercised control; and, since he controlled the outlets to the seas, the directors of other transportation facilities had perforce to fall in line. He issued instructions to his operating officials everywhere that the regulation of all inland traffic should be left to Mr. Harris; and that all traffic consigned to the Director of Overseas Transport should have precedence of all things else. Hence, none of the congestion of traffic at terminals such as we have been witnessing at American ports these many months.

By prompt action in chartering additional ships, and by appealing to the British Admiralty for a share of the tonnage requisitioned for war purposes, a merchant fleet was soon assembled that is large enough to-day to crowd Canada's ports and to keep a steady stream of Canadian commerce going across the Atlantic. If everything in Canada was as orderly as the transportation service, there could be no obligato accompaniment of criticism to anyone's pæan of praise for Canada's achievement in this war. But everything is not; in fact, few things are.

Canada's record of achievement looms large; so large, in fact, that it crowds one's vision and makes it difficult to see any of the details which might variously be labeled blunders, failures or right judgments.

Soldiers Needed at Home

THE voluntary system has succeeded in Canada—succeeded in draining the country of its finest manhood. Four hundred and forty thousand have gone forth voluntarily to manhood's highest service; to make, if need be, the last and sublimest sacrifice. One's heart lifts with the glory of them; but one's heart contracts with the thought that at least a good third of them ought to be at home, adding the strength and value of their lives to the living life of their people.

This is the official list of Canada's volunteer soldiers who were already overseas at the end of February, 1917: Skilled workmen, 128,238; farmers and ranchers, 40,923; professional and business men, 16,282; clerks and office men, 41,066; students, 8377; and unskilled workmen, 53,312. Sixty thousand or more have been sent along since February, and the percentages as to man value have been steadily maintained.

These are the figures for the army alone, and the total is just under three hundred and fifty thousand men, but tens of thousands of others have gone—gone to join the British naval service; gone to the Flying Corps, and the hospital and ambulance services; besides which, large numbers of Italian and Russian reservists have gone home to join their own colors. I have said four hundred and forty thousand strong have gone out of Canada; and this is a fearful drain on a population of less than seven and a half millions. I have the estimate on the best Canadian authority.

ARE YOU IN LEAGUE WITH THE KAISER?
(EXTRAVAGANT ONES)
"YES! War or no War, We live as Usual."
(THE KAISER)
"Thank you, my Friends, for you are indeed my Friends."
NATIONAL SERVICE
I. Henderson

A Poster Sent Out by the Canadian National Service Board, Which Has Launched a Great Thrift Campaign

Another Canadian Poster, Calling Upon the People to Save Their Money by Lending It to the Country

But on the voluntary system Canada has "shot her bolt," to quote an eminent Canadian; and conscription—selective—must now be resorted to. In the beginning the government authorized the enlistment of fifty thousand men, and nobody thought then that the country would ever be called upon to go any farther; in fact, most Canadians thought that was quite far enough. An army of fifty thousand men was, at that time, considered positively magnificent. Canada's own army numbered less than three thousand and there were only about fifty regular officers, in the beginning, to undertake the training of a force for war purposes.

But the first fifty thousand came up and were sent overseas; the enlistment of an additional fifty thousand was authorized; then one hundred thousand more; still another fifty thousand; time by time, until the government had finally pledged to England an army of five hundred thousand men. It seems the people did not approve of this final pledge; but, having had it made for them, a forceful majority are determined to fulfill it.

It is interesting to recall that only about five thousand Canadians went to South Africa to help England out in the Boer War; and, after these were enlisted, equipped and transported to England, Canada washed her hands of them and England did the rest, the Dominion contributing not one dollar to their maintenance while they were in the service of the mother country.

The Rift in the Canadian Lute

CANADA was not supposed to have any money, and no Canadian ever thought of his vast country as anything but a most ambitious borrower very much "in the hole." He knew the ambition and the borrowing were justified, because he had practically a virgin world of untold possibilities in his grasp; but not until this war had made far progress had his training in great enterprise and prosperity reached a point where he could think freely in nine figures. A casual reference to a sum in ten figures is a jolt to him even yet, though I venture to say it will not be for long.

If anyone had told a Canadian three years ago that, in case of a world war, his country would become one of the chief contributors both of men and materials to fight that war's great battles, he would have answered:

"You'd better see if you can't get a little information about Canada before you go round making any such wild predictions."

But so it has transpired; and the progress made by Canada under the high pressure of war's demands amounts to just about what had been dreamed of by an ambitious few as a state of national being to be enjoyed by the grandsons of the generation now in the cradle.

Whereupon we come to the only serious rift in the Canadian lute: British Canadians describe it as "deucedly unpleasant!" You see, under different circumstances Canadian progress might have been much greater. Perhaps it may be made so even yet. If Canada can profit by her own mistakes there may be added to mere material progress a necessary social advance; a national unity and a democratization beyond pre-war conceptions. This is being hopeful; and it presupposes an eventual response from all the elements in the Canadian population.

There are Canadian elements that make the population of the United States look homogeneous; and there are contempts and hatreds rankling in the hearts of the decent and the strong that make our attitude toward the unmannerly hyphen seem like beaming and affectionate approval.

The British Canadian cannot be regarded as a hyphenate, because he is under Britain's flag and was born to citizenship in Britain's empire. The French Canadian is under Britain's flag and was born to citizenship in Britain's empire; but he continues to be a hyphenated citizen, even though his ancestors for ten generations were born on Canadian soil.

Between these two main sections of the population there has always been a wide division of interests and aims, of customs and methods of thought; but during the war this division has become a chasm which is fixing the attention of the Englishman in a degree so intense that it threatens the future internal tranquillity of the Dominion.

The French Canadians constitute nearly one-third of the population of the Dominion; but among the four hundred and forty thousand soldiers who have gone overseas to fight there are less than ten thousand of them. Every imaginable method of recruiting has been tried in Quebec; but even in Quebec the enlistment of Englishmen has far exceeded that of Frenchmen. If conscription succeeds the stored-up bitterness in English hearts will ebb away, perhaps. But it is not at all certain that conscription will succeed. It is aimed principally at Quebec—no doubt about that—because the other provinces, especially Ontario, have responded magnificently.

Quebec claims an enlistment of at least twenty thousand, but the records do not substantiate this estimate; and Quebec owes to the Canadian Army one hundred thousand men. Up to the beginning of April, Ontario had furnished 170,205 men to Quebec's 44,427. And in Quebec's contingent there are more than thirty thousand Englishmen from the Montreal district.

Moreover, the records show wholesale desertions at ports and other points of departure, which reduce the sum total of French enlistments by nearly one-half. It is this record of desertions that makes the people doubt even the efficacy of conscription. Is it not an astonishing situation? I asked the question wonderingly:

"Desertions? But I thought desertion was punishable by imprisonment always, and during war—by death!"

"Umph! Yes," was the answer; "but we can't do it, you know. Imprisonment for Englishmen—you just bet! Two or three Englishmen in Ontario have tried it, and they got six months. But if we began to punish French deserters we should have a big job on our hands."

"But why do they enlist? They don't have to."

"No, they don't; but I suppose a lot of them get ashamed of themselves and yield to momentary impulse. That is the most charitable view, because you know they always stay on for two or three months and let the government go to the expense of training and equipping them before they skip. They never desert until the only thing left is a choice between desertion and a trip to the trenches."

It was later explained to me that the lay of the land to the northward, in Quebec and the thousand and one small hamlets which are not yet organized into districts and municipalities, makes it next to impossible ever to trace a deserter. So they do not try.

One tries to regard the French Canadian as someone different, and different with a difference that must be condoned. But, in the main, he is a very intelligent citizen, who is ready on the slightest pretext to insist with vehemence upon his rights of citizenship. Some of these rights are peculiar. He is guaranteed, under the ancient charter upon which England's sovereignty in Canada is based, full religious liberty, the privilege of living under his own French laws in all municipal and personal relations, and the right to speak the French language exclusively if he wants to, and to use it as the medium of instruction in public schools. Moreover, he has a right to separate schools.

He has equal representation in the Canadian Parliament, and up to eight or ten years ago he dominated that body. He has a right to insist upon having all government documents prepared in French as well as in English; and so jealous is he of this particular privilege—so insistent in his demand for a bilingual state—that he has been known to refuse official letters merely because they were addressed in the English instead of the French form. Also, the French members of Parliament make all their speeches in French, which serves no purpose but to waste the time of a majority of the English-speaking members and to make the employment of a staff of translators a necessity. In consequence of all of which the whole atmosphere of Ottawa is constantly electric with the irritation that is suffered by both sides of this house divided against itself.

Nowhere for Slackers to Go

IT SHOULD be remembered that Canada is British, and that few Britons ever troubled themselves in the past to acquire any language but their own; also, that all educated French Canadians, having been born and brought up on British soil, speak and understand English perfectly.

In my casual discussion of the respective virtues of the French and British Canadians I suppose I am managing to convey an impression that all British Canadians are heroes. Well, they are not. Moreover, the process of draining off Canada's man power has had the effect of concentrating the human sediment and making it conspicuous.

There was never any serious talk about conscription until the beginning of this year; and within the space of two months after it began to be regarded as a possibility fifty thousand citizens crossed the border into the United States. This is a tremendously serious matter to a country with a population as small as Canada's, and there was great fear that if the subject were not dropped at once there would be a general exodus.

But it is different now. The United States has come into the war and accepted conscription without a struggle. Now the slackers have nowhere to go, and Canada may whirl the lariat of law to her heart's content. There is no longer any danger of depopulating the country.

Yet, however many slackers there may be, it is a British army that wears the Canadian shoulder badges in the trenches of Europe. Perhaps I might be permitted to say that it is British American if it is anything other than British. There are vastly more Americans in the Canadian Army than French Canadians. At the Department of Militia and Defense, in Ottawa, I was told that there is not a state in the United States which is not represented; and one of their crack regiments has such a large majority of Americans in it—more than two-thirds—that it is known throughout all the armies as the Royal American Regiment.

The trouble about this army is that it is made up of Canada's "finest"; and as time went on and the Canadians got ready to launch great enterprises—munition works,

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The Bell Ringers of the Movies

By ROB WAGNER

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY

Former Governor Slaton, of Georgia, Seeing How the Movies are Made

IF, AS the philosopher says, Truth lies at the bottom of a well, she may stay there, for all of me. I prefer to do my lying aboveground. Time was when I was quite under the influence of the bright and fascinating lady; but that was when I was in college—and before I met Art. My professor in journalism, who years agone had owned a truthful and unsuccessful newspaper, so stirred my admiration for Truth that, one dream day in June, I swore to love, honor and obey her until death us did part. All during Commencement Week she and I sat on the banks of the raging Huron and discussed the future. Hand in hand, we were to go forth from our Alma Mater, shedding light into the darkness of the outer world, and charging so much a kilowatt column for the light. Truth agreed to furnish the torch if I'd come across with the oil and gasoline.

My bride selected the Los Angeles Trumpet as a fitting post for my beautiful white soul—because that paper, above all others, addressed itself most strongly to Verity. Right above the editorial column it boldly and grandly proclaimed: "The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth!" As we detrained at the Setting Sun, Truth squeezed my hand and said: "Harry, we are going to be very happy and congenial on the Trumpet." Women are so hopeful!

The stout bald city editor smiled eerily upon my enthusiasm for his motto, and set me to work at fifteen dollars a week. Thinking that I should find more truth at the beaches than in the more dressed-up walks of life, I went down there in search of my first story, and got a very good one. It was about a little homely manicurist who had stepped on a stingaree; and the weird thing had pierced her foot right through. Her shrieks caused a tremendous excitement; but she was finally got off to the hospital. It was a good tale and I told it truthfully. When the city editor read my copy he shook his head sadly.

"I thought so!" he said. "Sit down, lad, and listen to your Uncle Dud. . . . Our first loves are romantic, but not always wise. The type of lady you have picked is popular with scientists and philosophers; but she's a little too cold and solemn for the newspaper fellows. If you wish to be happy in this business you'd better hook up with Art—at any rate, I want to introduce you to a different kind of beauty."

When Truth Jumped Into the Well

I BLUSH to say I fell for Art's charms immediately. She was so much more vivacious and happy than my college widow.

"Harry," said she when we were alone, "your story is true, but very dull—and dullness is the unpardonable sin of journalism. Brighten up your tale with some entertainment. Art is canned joy—make it artistic. Above all, have your manicurist 'a beautiful moving-picture actress,' doing a bathing story for the Clingstone Comedy Company. Right away you have touched the pulse of universal interest. The stingaree stuff is good; but while the bathing beauty is thus impaled have an octopus or other horrific fish biting her on the knee.

"Finally let her be rescued by an Eastern tennis star. Fade out with the rumor that the tennis chap is spending all his afternoons at the Good Samaritan Hospital. The essential truth of your story is still there; but by adding a touch of art you have made the girl deliriously happy; your readers love romance and the movies—so they are happy; bright entertaining stories sell the paper—that makes the editors happy; you write the stories and they give you a raise—and that makes you happy! Now sit down and see how much happiness you can pound out of that typewriter."

When the city editor read my rewritten story he clapped his hands for joy and raised my salary to twenty dollars a week. Next day the manicure girl limped into the office and bought fifty copies. Everybody was happy except Truth—but she is so darned literal, uncompromising, and utterly humorless! When she read that snappy tale she jumped out of the window and beat it up the street as tight as she could. A fellow coming in from Tripico said he saw her do a high dive into a well out near Gas Station Twenty-three. Far be it from me to disturb her in those pollywoggly depths! I am happier with Art, anyway.

Art knew. The movie people were—journalistically—the most popular folk in town; so I began to hang my stories on them. All the dips and porch climbers, under my inspirational touch, became moving-picture actors and film favorites; and when a grand old badger worked her classic game on a leading merchant I generously gave the lady a good character part in a local company. That was the story which landed me in the moving pictures. The Climax, when it offered me twice the salary the paper was paying, frankly stated that it wished to use my talents inside the industry rather than outside. And Truth used to tell me that Art didn't pay!

For four years now I have been bell ringing for this hectic and hilarious picture world, and I have never regretted my second choice. The carnival lives of the make-believers are infinitely more interesting than the brazen intimacies of publicans and politicians. To be the poet laureate to a lot of silly actors may not seem like a very high artistic expression; yet we make thousands of people happy—and that is a holy mission in this dour old world. Then there are some of us who would celebrate the lives of a corral full of nut farmers for the wages we get, or expect.

The first shock I received when I became minstrel for the movie mummers was to learn that there was a very serious businesslike side to the publicity department. My idea of a press agent had been gleaned from the old-fashioned advance man, who, going out ahead of a show, would drop in on the Ann Arbor Argus, buy the bunch a round of drinks, and then unload his rainbow fiction. He was a picturesque figure in his gay shirt, litter of lodge buttons, and exaggerated cordiality; but—alas!—he has gone the way of all our granddads' inefficiencies; he has been superseded by system.

The film publicity man of to-day sits in an austere suite of offices in New York, completely surrounded by brains, adding machines and photo-mailers, conducting his business by long-distance telephone and special delivery. He wears horn spectacles, smokes too many cigarettes, and is as opinionated as an almanac—his estimate of the exhibitor being the most inflammable.

These New York ferrets are more or less interested—at least academically—in truth and the mechanical distribution of publicity; so their work is not nearly so exciting as reporting from the studios. They are the psychologists and strategists who plan the great campaigns of advertising that call attention to our wares.

A publicity campaign undertaken by these men in behalf of a great historical feature play is an amazingly complex affair. The trained writers prepare a great mass of copy from the stuff we send in, which they whip into shape for the Press Book. This unique bibelot contains a series of articles, beginning with strongly adjectived announcements of the coming attraction—to be used for a week or so in advance, followed by interviews with the stars, stories of the special music, historical accuracy of the plot, human interest and quoted opinions of the film. Short two, three and four paragraph reading notices are included for further ammunition.

Sheeza Bare in Sweet Sin

AN ENORMOUS number of photographs accompany this dope. And rotogravures for lobby displays must be made; lithographers and show-card printers set to work; and sample copy is set up for every possible purpose—from programs and hand bills to seven-column newspaper displays. Matrices of the latter are cast to save the repeated cost of expensive typesetting and the shipping of half-tone cuts. While all this constructive work is being done by part of the staff, others are arranging, districting and cataloguing newspaper lists of cities of particular populations and different sizes, and laying out a complete plan for each division of the work.

When everything is printed, contracts are signed, and the time-table is filled, the ball is set to rolling; after which the work becomes largely automatic. The result of a carefully planned systematic campaign of publicity is justified by the fact that, in every city where the picture appears, the copy sent out is strictly adhered to; and for very good reasons—it saves the exhibitor the expense of an ad writer and is very much better than any local reporter could do it. Thus has come into the film industry, for the first time, the principle of national advertising.

Day after day the fans read in their favorite papers sympathetic and flattering accounts of how "Sheeza Bare

is packing the Picturetorium by her vampings in Sweet Sin, the Jaze Company's great five-reel masterpiece"—we must, under all circumstances, get the names of our star, story and studio into everything we write, if it is only a paragraph. And if one of these fans is observant he will wonder how Jimmie Geegan, the film reporter on the Evening Wheeze, could possibly write such bully stuff and ring in so many charming changes in the same boost every night for two weeks. Of course James couldn't. Nobody but a high-priced, high-browed literary highbinder could sustain such high-quality enthusiasm for Sheeza so long as that. The fine literary flavor of your daily critiques is due entirely to the fact that they were written by a fellow wearing horn spectacles in New York.

So much for the newspapers. The New York office must also supply the trade magazines with stories, pictures and advertising; it may plan window displays, street parades, or photographic exhibits for the public schools, but it reaches the real artistic heights with its stunts. One of the most effective of these ever put over in New York carried not one mark of advertising. For a week preceding the release of a great historical film two girls in shining armor, riding white chargers, paraded the streets. Nothing could have been more conspicuous than the metallic and colorful brilliancy of these white-mounted figures as they majestically moved down Broadway, while the black traffic of the metropolis swept by them in both directions. The character part was instantly recognized without explanatory labels.

One press genius, whose talents had been developed in the service of some circus, arranged a "triumphal return" from California of a young movie queen, which was so well planned and planted that, when the pretty child set forth, her train was met by thousands; and by the time it reached Chicago her ovation had become a triumph, ending in a great public reception by the University, and having the day named in her honor.

Another good stunt was planted when a press fellow induced two thousand members of an Actors' Club to parade the streets in costume, on their way to witness the début in the films of one of their members.

Besides the spectacular advertising of the feature pictures, there must be got out a regular weekly grind concerning the ordinary comic and short dramatic releases. This is in the form of a weekly bulletin containing personality stories, jokes, and all sorts of guff, which the papers are urged to quote as freely as their consciences—or our advertising—will permit. This sprightly sheet is enlivened with wonderful half-tone cuts of our trained animals which may be had upon application.

A Spontaneous Outburst

CERTAIN newspapers have an idea that printed news must necessarily be dead; so for them we get out the same dope in the form of mimeograph letters, and, though the postage is very much higher, the news looks fresh and the alert editor uses it.

By a thorough system of card-cataloguing the kind of stuff used by each editor, we soon learn the shape of his head; and we shoot copy appropriate to each one's particular taste.

In looking over the cards we learn, for instance, that the Toledo Buzzer likes "bathing-girl pictures and personal gossip"; the New Orleans Oracle asks for "funny stills"; the Little Rock Lamplighter prefers "action pictures of pretty girls"; the sporting editors like "shooting stars" or "fisher maidens"; the women's magazines want "domestic happiness" and will grab pictures of the movie queen baking beans or doing the herringbone stitch.

One editor on our list is mushy over children, and another will take "anything with a dog in it"; and—oh, oh, oh!—there are eight papers in this country that have unblushingly—I might say insultingly—asked us for risqué pictures! If I told the names of those papers their readers would probably all stop taking them. Sometimes we can land on the sporting pages of the big papers by framing a good action picture of our leading man putting on the gloves with the momentary champ, or going to the mat with a Terrible Turk.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Mme. Nellie Melba

To plant a picture of a he-pet is one of the triumphs of publicity. Those papers which have not an absolute rule against men's pictures are at least so much more cordial to the female façade that it is easier to shoot over a pretty still of Mamie Capers, who plays the part of the maid, than it is to ring in the godlike beauty of Jackson X. Kerriman.

Nowhere in the world is the pretty girl worshiped as she is in America. I used to think the magazines witless because they were everlastingly plastering their covers with chocolate-creamy young ladies. One of them, which for twenty years has had scarcely anything but "kissy covers," is constantly taunting us for our clinching fade-outs! But I have come to the conclusion that art editors know quite well the national weakness. We are utterly unable to satisfy the demand for pretty-girl pictures. Oh, for some new poses! And I am grieved to say that the demand for bathing girls is quite depressing.

When we are uncertain of an editor's taste we send him both kinds, and then observe which he uses. If he plays up the domestic-happiness picture we waste no more "bathies" on that paper.

Another regular function of the publicity man is to keep his bosses informed about the affairs of other companies and the photodramatic possibilities of significant everyday occurrences. Each morning the general manager finds on his desk a statement that the Eureka has signed Miss So-and-so; that there have been food riots in Battle Creek; a rush for citizenship papers—and what not. These latter items may suggest timely themes for feature pictures.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE ARTCRAFT FILM CORPORATION

Count Tolstoi and Mary Pickford

Besides the routine of office work, the staff often has definite, concrete problems to meet. At the premier performance of a great photodrama in Boston, the lead—who was also a famous opera singer—was sitting in a box. At the height of the evening's enthusiasm she leaned a little forward and was recognized, receiving a tremendous ovation for her success in the film play. Suddenly the orchestra struck up the Star-Spangled Banner; and, as she stood up and sang the first two stanzas, the audience broke out into the wildest kind of patriotic demonstration.

This event was unique only because many people had been led to believe, from certain current stories, that this otherwise popular American was an anti-patriot. If the story went on, the result would soon bring ruin to the box office, so its effective counteraction was put squarely up to the publicity department. Simple denials would not do; advertising signed statements are expensive and ineffective; so the only thing that seemed adequate was to stage some spontaneous episode that would prove the girl's patriotism and be dramatic enough to gain wide publicity.

Knowing that this actress would be a party to no frame-up, the p. m. had to frame one on her. He banked all his hopes on the psychology of a moment. Arranging for some flowers, which, when sent to her box, would disclose the star's presence, he instructed the orchestra to strike up the national anthem as she received them; and he then hoped that the enthusiasm of the moment would sweep the singer to her feet, and she could thus publicly refute the slander of her un-Americanism. He won splendidly; the newspapers flashed the dramatic episode all over the country, with the result that the lady is completely rehabilitated in the estimation of those countrymen of hers who had been poisoned by the first story.

In the City of Hope

THE activities I have thus far described emerge from the main editorial office, in New York. The horn spectacles there have a feeling of devilish importance because they edit the stuff we reporters send in, but to me they are like a lot of little old ingrowing jewelers sitting in stuffy offices, polishing and setting the dramatic and personal pearls that we daring and adventurous divers bring up out of the filmy depths. There is a lot more fun and excitement in catching tuna than in canning it.

One experiences a curious kind of exhilaration in this kaleidoscopic world of pretty girls, wild animals and handsome he-dolls. Life is full of movement and color; and though the antics of the participants may seem somewhat superficial, yet we find here all the lights and shades of human loves and tragedies: The vainest wretch who hogs the camera has for four years been paying a doubtful debt of honor of his father; many of the little girls are not nearly so bad as they are painted; and even my terrifying boss has a charming weakness for giving jobs to old men and cripples.

But the real joy of association on the lot lies in the hope that burns in the heart of every member of our miniature city. In many of our greatest institutions employees often show a gray monotony of interest, or a resigned hopelessness; but out here! The ingénue hopes for a lead; the extra girl looks forward to a "bit"; the boss dreams of the capture of another star or the newest thing in mergers; the grips and stuges are writing scenarios; and the publicity man looks hopefully toward a boost in his check on the first.

True, we also have a certain routine in our work; but it necessitates no such cloistered life as that of the editorial "horned toads" of the Eastern office. I make the rounds of each department twice daily, looking for dope—and I do not search in vain. There is so much, in fact, that my job consists in sorting out the best and getting it in such shape that the h. t.'s in New York will think it worthy a place in dramatic literature.

And here is where my artistry comes in. Our solemn bosses—with their tongues in their cheeks—are constantly hollering for "unvarnished tales"; but, of course, we do not take them so seriously as they sound. If we didn't apply a little shellac to some of our stories it would be mighty

(Continued on Page 28)

"GO-GETTER" PERSHING

By George Pattullo

DECORATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN

IN 1913 the American governor of the Moro Province in the Philippines determined to enforce orders for the disarming of the turbulent Moros of Sulu. Sulu is a small island off Mindanao.

But the Moros had no intention whatever of surrendering their arms. They had used them for years and enjoyed a fight. They were a savage people and intensely fanatic.

From twelve to fifteen thousand of them gathered at Mont Bagsag, on the opposite side of the island from Jolo, and declared a holy war. They would drive the infidel invaders into the sea, and those who perished would dwell in bliss hereafter—so ranted their priests; and the Moros believed them.

The American commander opened a parley. He invited them to lay down their weapons and come in, promising amnesty and peaceful security in their homes. But they rejected every offer with scorn.

In his command were about four thousand troops and some companies of Filipino scouts. He could have smashed the holy shouters into a cocked hat; but two considerations restrained him: First, there were included in the hordes on Mont Bagsag a goodly number of harmless natives, who had been temporarily led astray by their priests and the pressure of neighbors, and who had their women and children with them. Second, a warrior who is persuaded that eternal happiness awaits him in death on the battlefield makes a tough proposition to handle, no matter how crude may be his methods of warfare. There were thousands such on the mountain, and the job of subduing them meant a heavy toll of American lives.

The troops were distributed round the base of Mont Bagsag as a barrier between the fanatics above and the peaceful villages the rebels threatened to wipe out unless their inhabitants joined in the war. One day a withdrawal was ordered. The entire American force moved back into Jolo, leaving the rebels in undisputed and undisturbed possession of their mountain. A yell of triumph went up from the Moros. They swarmed in rear of the Americans as closely as they dared, shooting at the laggers and shouting epithets of scorn—for, of course, the Americans were cowards and the retreat was to save their skins. And they gave up succeeding days to celebration.

A Victory of Patience

IT WAS a nasty pill for the army to swallow. Officers and men chafed under the move. They could not understand it and were bitterly chagrined. Some murmured that the chief had contracted cold feet and they would be forever disgraced. The commander dropped no word of explanation. He let them think what they pleased and went on with the administration of the province under his control.

The Americans settled down in Jolo and the Moros continued to occupy Mont Bagsag. Their chiefs harangued them daily; their priests lashed them to frenzy whenever their zeal showed signs of flagging. Yet the holy war began to fizzle. It is easy enough to fan the fires of patriotism and religious ardor when an enemy is in plain view, prepared to strike. But when the enemy pays you no attention whatever, and you are left unmolested on top of a mountain for days and days, sobriety is apt to return.

Pretty soon doubts assailed the more sober-minded. Could it be true—what the American had said—that no hostility was cherished and they might live in peace by keeping peace? Fathers began to look sidewise at their families and question the wisdom of exposing them to a campaign that promised to be fruitless. The more industrious thought of their crops and what would happen to their deserted homes while they were attending the revival on the mountain. That a Moro of Sulu can be as sane as any other mortal was evidenced in succeeding weeks. They deserted. Singly, by families and in groups they sneaked down from Mont Bagsag and hit the trail for their villages.

Meantime the American forces in Jolo went on with the routine of garrison life. The sting of the withdrawal in face of the Moro warriors still smarted; but time was curing it and they wasted little thought on the rebels.

It was different with their commander. His tongue was between his teeth; but he was watching the enemy on Mont Bagsag like a hawk. And that enemy was rapidly melting away. It was not long until the priests and chiefs had only a few thousand followers left, and these were all outlaws of the dyed-in-the-wool breed—men born that way and incapable of ever becoming anything else.

One night an order went forth to every officer in Jolo. It reached them at their bridge games; it was carried into the homes where dances were in progress; it was delivered at their club; it ran to every part of the town where Americans were congregated. The order was to march.

The troops were rapidly assembled and moved out through the dark toward Bagsag. Some circled the mountain; some took up position at the portion of its base nearest to Jolo. When dawn broke a cordon had been established and the ascent began.

The mountain is an extinct volcano, and its sides are rough and precipitous. The last five hundred yards are almost sheer cliff. It took the American army three days to climb Bagsag.

They closed in slowly, like the mouth of a sack when the string is drawn; and as they advanced the Moros retreated toward the top. Finally they had them penned in the crater and a parley was opened. Still their chiefs refused to lay down their arms and come in. They replied defiantly. A fight was the only alternative.

The battle opened briskly. The American machine guns, which had been taken apart and hauled up the cliffs by ropes, played upon the rebels like a hose. It ended in the absolute crushing of the Moros, with a loss to the attacking army of three men killed and a handful wounded. Seven thousand rifles were taken from the rebels then and subsequently. Their spirit was utterly broken. The fight on Bagsag stamped out banditry in Sulu at one fell sweep.

The Moros thought over the affair from every angle and decided that their conqueror would be a good person to tie up with; so they elected him principal datto of the Moro country. The new datto—the American who executed this coup—was "Black Jack" Pershing, now in command of the first expeditionary force to France.

I have given the story as it was told to me by an army officer who served with him in the Philippines, in order to show Pershing's remarkable gift of patience in attaining his end. They say that he can be silent in four languages under abuse and misrepresentation, so long as he accomplishes what he sets out to do. These powers of restraint received an acid test during the expedition against Villa last year. Everybody knows its history; whenever a critic wants to take a fling at the army, or at Pershing himself, he proceeds to make mock of the punitive force.

There are some aspects of that business, however, which are generally disregarded. International politics shackled the army in Mexico. During the whole period of the chase after Villa our affairs were at such a crisis with Germany that war hung by a hair. Consequently a war with Mexico was the last thing the Washington Administration desired; but war with Mexico was threatened every time an American detachment on Pancho's trail ran afoul of the Carrancistas.

March All Day, Dig All Night

PERSHING'S job was to crush Villa's power and catch the archbandit if possible; but in doing so he was not to clash with the Carranza troops, his forces were not to enter Mexican towns, and he was to avoid antagonizing the *de facto* leaders. That was the job they handed him. And there was a ring of Carrancista commands between him and his prey, eager to balk the Americans and fairly aching for a fight. You might as well put hobbles on a stout-hearted race horse, enter him against a fast field, and then say: "Well, go to it, and do the best you can."

There have been rumors that Black Jack did not especially relish the part duty called upon him to play; it was too much like holding the sack. But he kept his mouth shut and did as much as they would let him. When the international situation demanded withdrawal of small detachments in face of the jeering Mexicans, he ordered them back. Later, when the gathering war cloud demanded withdrawal of the entire expedition without having achieved the purpose for which the public supposed it to have been sent, he swallowed the bitter dose and withdrew. It must have been a terrific blow to a man of his indomitable will. Whatever sting was left by the frustration of his hopes never found expression. He took his medicine and obeyed orders; for he's a soldier.

Pershing was standing with a group of officers and newspaper men at Columbus, New Mexico, waiting to begin the last review of the troops he had led in Mexico, when a six-foot infantryman strode up and saluted.

"General, will you shake hands with a buck private in the ranks?" he asked.

"Will I?" exclaimed Pershing, giving him a hard grip. "Why, I've slept with 'em in the field!"

What he thinks of the American soldier is summed up in a portion of a speech he made when the El Paso Chamber of Commerce gave him a dinner and presented him with a set of silver:

"He is the best fighting man on earth. He will march all day, dig all night, and sing at his work if he thinks his officers are doing the same thing. But if he is making a forced march with full kit, and sees some empty trucks passing, he can see no reason why he should not toss his pack into a truck. And I don't blame him a bit."

Pershing makes a telling speech.

He speaks slowly, pausing at the end of a sentence to marshal his ideas for the next; but he conveys an impression of intense sincerity, and there is always a punch in what he says.

His looks help him in these public appearances. He is a fine figure of a man—tall and straight and clean-cut. There isn't an ounce of superfluous weight in his six feet of dynamic body. He walks with the easy swing of youth, though his close-cropped wavy hair is now gray.

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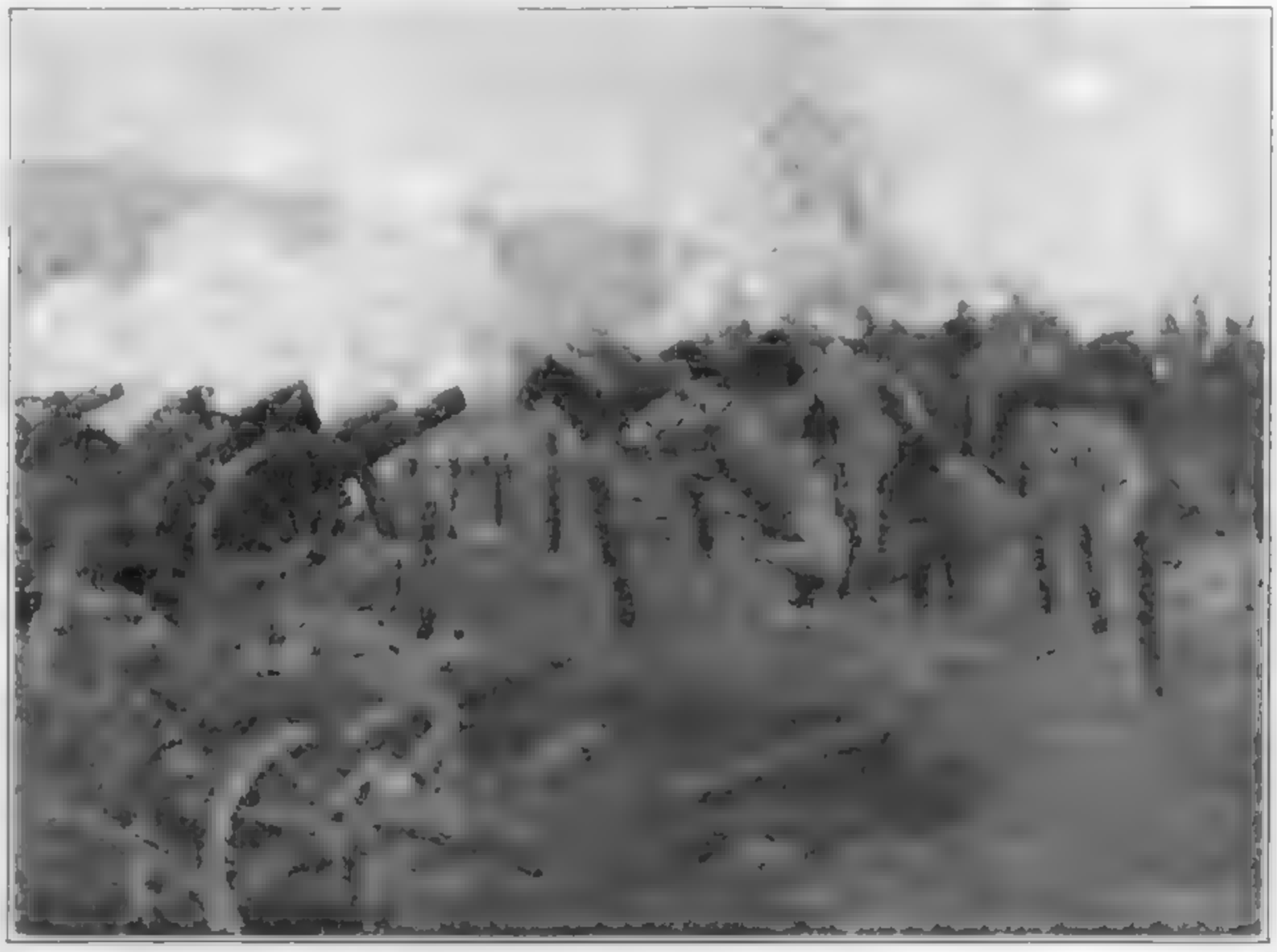


THE HIGH HEART

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

X

AS WE passed the Jack Brokenshire cottage Larry Strangways and Broke, with Noble, the collie, bounding beside them, came racing down the lawn to overtake us. It was natural then that for the rest of the way Chips and Noble should form one company, Broke and his sister another, while we two elders strolled along behind them.

It was the hour of the day for strolling. The mellow afternoon light was of the kind that brings something new into life, something we should be glad to keep if we knew how to catch it. It was not merely that grass and leaf and sea had a shimmer of gold on them. There was a sweet enchantment in the atmosphere, a poignant wizardry, a suggestion of emotions both higher and lower than those of our poor mortal scale. They made one reluctant to hurry one's footsteps, and slow in the return to that sheerly human shelter we call home. All along the path, down among the rocks, out in the water, up on the lawns, there were people, gentle and simple alike, who lingered and idled and paused to steep themselves in this magic.

I have to admit that we followed their example. Anything served as an excuse for it, the dogs and the children doing the same from a similar instinct. I got the impression, too, that my companion was less in the throes of the discretion we had imposed upon ourselves, for the reason that his term as a mere educational lackey was drawing to a close. It had in fact only two more days to run. Then August would come in and he would desert us.

As it might be my last opportunity to surprise him into looking at me in the way Mrs. Rossiter had observed, I kept my eye on him pretty closely. I cannot say that I detected any change that flattered me. Tall and straight and splendidly poised, he was as smilingly impenetrable as ever. Like Howard Brokenshire he betrayed no wound, even if I had inflicted one. It was a little exasperating. I was more than piqued.

I told him I hadn't heard of his return from New York and asked how he had fared. His reply was enthusiastic. He had seen Stacy Grainger and was eager to be his henchman.

"He's got that about him," he declared, "that would make anybody glad to work for him."

He described his personal appearance, brawny and spare with the attributes of race. It was an odd comment on the laws of heredity that his grandfather was said to have begun life as a peddler, and yet there he was a *grand seigneur* to the finger tips. I said that Howard Brokenshire was also a *grand seigneur*, to which he replied that Howard Brokenshire was a monument. American conditions had raised him, and on those conditions he stood as a statue on its pedestal. His position was so secure that all he had to do was stand. It was for this reason that he could be so dictatorial. He was safely fastened to his base; nothing short of seismic convulsion of the whole economic world was likely to knock him off. In the course of that conversation I learned more of the origin of the Brokenshire fortunes than I had ever before heard.

It was the great-grandfather of J. Howard who apparently had laid the foundation stone on which later generations built so well. That patriarch, so I understood, had been a farmer in the Connecticut Valley. His method of finance was no more esoteric than that of lending out small sums of money at a high rate of interest. Occasionally he took mortgages on his neighbors' farms, with the result that he became in time something of a landed proprietor. When the suburbs of a city had spread over one of the possessions thus acquired, the foundation stone to which I have referred might have been considered well and truly laid.

About the year 1830 his son migrated to New York. The firm of Meek & Brokenshire, of which the fame was to go through two continents, was founded when Van Buren was in the presidential seat and Victoria just coming to the throne. It seems there was a Meek in those days, though at the time of which I am writing nothing remained of him but a syllable.

"Little Alix," He Declared, "I Could No More Give You Up Than I Could Give Up My Breath or My Blood"

It was after the Civil War, however, when the grandson of the Connecticut Valley veteran was in power, that the house of Meek & Brokenshire forged to the front rank among financial agencies. It formed European affiliations. It became the financial representative of a great European power. John H. Brokenshire, whose name was distinguished from that of his more famous son only by a distribution of initials, had a house at Hyde Park Corner as well as one in New York. He was the first American banker to become something of an international magnate. The development of his country made him so. With the vexed questions of slavery and secession settled, with the phenomenal expansion of the West, with the freer uses of steam and electricity, with the tightening of bonds between the two hemispheres, that pedestal was being raised on which J. Howard was to pose with such decorative effectiveness.

His posing began on his father's death in the year 1898. Up to that time he had represented the house in England, the post being occupied now by his younger brother James. Polished manners, a splendid appearance, and an authoritative air imported to New York a touch of the Court of St. James's. Mrs. Billing had called him a dolt. Perhaps he was one. If so he was a dolt raised up and sustained by all that was powerful in the United States. It was with these vast influences rather than with the man himself that, as Larry Strangways talked, I began to see I was in conflict.

In Stacy Grainger, I gathered, the contemporaneous development of the country had produced something different, just as the same piece of ground will grow an oak or a rosebush according to the seed. People with a taste for social antithesis called him the grandson of a peddler. Mr. Strangways considered this description below the level of the ancestral Grainger's occupation. In the days of scattered farms and difficult communications throughout Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, he might better have been termed an itinerant merchant. He was the traveling salesman who delivered the goods. His journeys being made by river boats and ox teams, he began to see the necessity of steam. He was of the group who projected the system of railways, some of which failed and some of which succeeded, through the regions west of Lake Superior. Later he forsook the highways for a more feverish life in the incipient Chicago. His wandering years having given him an idea of the value of this focal point, he put his savings into land. The phœnix rise of the city after the great fire made him a man of some wealth. Out of the financial crash of 1873 he became richer. His son grew richer still on the panic of 1893, when he, too, descended on New York. It was he who became a power on the Stock Exchange and bought the big house with which parts of my narrative will have to do.

All I want to say now is that as I strolled with Larry Strangways along that sunny walk, and as he ran on about Brokenshires and Graingers, I got my first bit of insight into the immense American romance which the nineteenth century unfolded. I saw it was romance, gigantic, race-wide. For the first time in my life I realized that there were other tales to make men proud besides the story of the British Empire.

I could see that Larry Strangways was proud—proud and anxious. I had never seen this side of him before. Pride was in the way in which he held his fine young head; there was anxiety in his tone, and now and then in the flash of his eye, in spite of his efforts not to be too serious.

It was about the country that he talked—its growth, its vastness. Even as recently as when he was a boy it was still a manageable thing, with a population reckoned at no more than seventy or eighty millions. It had been homogeneous in spirit if not in blood, and those who had come from other lands, and been welcomed and adopted, accepted their new situation with some gratitude. Patriotism was still a word with a meaning, and if it now and then became spread-eagleism it was only as the waves when thrown too far inland become froth. The wave was the thing and it hadn't ebbed.

"And do you think it has ebbed now?" I asked.

He didn't answer this question directly.

"We're becoming colossal. We shall soon count our people by the hundred million and more. Of these relatively few will have got our ideals. Some will reject them. There are mutterings already of other standards to which we must be taught to conform. Some of our own best people of pure Anglo-Saxon descent are losing heart and renouncing and denouncing the democratic tradition, though they've nothing to put in its place. And we're growing so huge—with a hugeness that threatens to make us lethargic."

I tried to be encouraging.

"You seem to me anything but that."

"National lethargy can easily exist side by side with individual energy. Take China, for instance. There are few peoples in the world more individually diligent than the Chinese; and yet when it comes to national stirring it's a country as difficult to move as an unwieldy overfed giant. It's flabby and nerveless and inert.

"It's a spread half over Asia, and it has the largest and most industrious population in the world; and yet it's a congeries of inner weaknesses, and a prey to anyone who chooses to attack it."

"And you think this country is on the way to being the China of the West?"

"I don't say 'on the way.' There's a danger of it. In proportion as we too become unwieldly and overfed, the circulation of that national impulse which is like blood

grows slower. The elephant is a heavily moving beast in comparison with the lion."

"But it's the more intelligent," I argued, still with a disposition to be encouraging.

"Intelligence won't save it when the lion leaps on its back."

"Then what will?"

"That's what we want to find out."

"And how are you going to do it?"

"By men. We've come to a time when the country is going to need stronger men than it ever had, and more of them."

I suppose it is because I am a woman that I have to bring all questions to the personal.

"And is your Stacy Grainger going to be one?"

He walked on a few paces without replying, his head in the air.

"No," he said at last, "I don't think so. He's got a weakness "

"What kind of weakness?"

"I'm not going to tell you," he laughed. "It's enough to say that it's one which I think will put him out of commission for the job." He gave me some inkling, however, of what he meant when he added: "The country's coming to a place where it will need disinterested men, and whole-hearted men, and clean-hearted men, if it's going to pull through. It's extraordinary how deficient we've been in leaders who had any of these characteristics, to say nothing of all three."

"Is the United States singular in that?"

He spoke in a half-jesting tone, probably to hide the fact that he was so much in earnest.

"No; perhaps not. But it's got to have them if it's going to be saved. Moreover," he went on, "it must find them among the young men. The older men are all steeped and branded and tarred and feathered with the materialism of the nineteenth century. They're perfectly sodden. They see no patriotism except in loyalty to a political machine; and no loyalty to a political machine except for what they can get out of it. From our presidents down most of them will sacrifice any law of right to the good of a party. They don't realize that nine times out of ten the good of a party is the evil of the common weal; and our older men will never learn the fact. If we can't wake the younger men, we're done for."

"And are you going to wake them?"

"I'm going to be awake myself. That's all I can be responsible for. If I can find another fellow who's awake I'll follow him."

"Why not lead him? I should think you could."

He turned round on me. I shall never forget the gleam in his eye.

"No one is ever going to get away with this thing who thinks of leadership. There are times in the history of countries when men are called on to give up everything and be true to an ideal. I believe that time is approaching. It may come to Europe in one way and to America in another; but it's coming to us all. There'll be a call for—for ——" he hesitated at the word, uttering it only with an apologetic laugh—"for consecration."

I was curious.

"And what do you mean by that—by consecration?"

He reflected before answering.

"I suppose I mean knowing what this country stands for, and being true to it oneself through thick and thin. There'll be thin and there'll be thick—plenty of them both—but it will be a question of the value of the individual. If there had been ten righteous men in Sodom and Gomorrah, they wouldn't have been destroyed. I take that as a kind of figure. A handful of disinterested, whole-hearted, clean-hearted, and perhaps I ought to add stout-hearted, Americans, who know what they believe and live by it, will hold the fort against all efforts, within and without, to pull it down." He paused in his walk, obliging me to do the same. "I've been thinking a good deal," he smiled, "during the past few weeks of your law of Right—with a capital. I laughed at it when you first spoke of it——"

"Oh, hardly that," I interposed.

"But I've come to believe that it will work."

"I'm so glad."

"In fact it's the only thing that will work."

"Exactly," I exclaimed enthusiastically.

"We must stand by it, we younger men, just as the younger men of the late fifties stood by the principles represented by Lincoln. I believe in my heart that the need is going to be greater for us than it was for them, and if we don't respond to it, then may the Lord have mercy on our souls."

I give this scrap of conversation because it introduced a new note into my knowledge of Americans. I had not supposed that any Americans felt like that. In the Rossiter circle I never saw anything but an immense self-satisfaction. Money and what money could do was, I am sure, the only topic of their thought. Their ideas of position and privilege were all spuriously European. Nothing was indigenous. Except for their sense of money, their aims were as foreign to the soil as their pictures, their tapestries, their furniture and their clothes. Even stranger I found the imitation of Europe in tastes which Europe was daily giving up. But in Larry Strangways, it seemed to me, I found something native, something that really lived and cared. It caused me to look at him with a new interest.

His jesting tone allowed me to take my cue in the same vein.

"I'm tremendously flattered, Mr. Strangways, that you should have found anything in my ideas that could be turned to good account."

He laughed shortly and rather hardly.

"Oh, if it was only that!"

It was another of the things I wished he hadn't said, but with the words he started on again, walking so fast for a few paces that I made no effort to keep up with him. When he waited till I rejoined him we fell again to talking of Stacy Grainger. At the first opportunity I asked the question that was chiefly on my mind.

"Wasn't there something at one time between him and Mrs. Brokenshire?"

He marched on with head erect.

"I believe so," he admitted reluctantly, but not till some seconds had passed.

"There was a big fight, wasn't there," I persisted, "between him and Mr. Brokenshire—over Editha Billing—on the Stock Exchange—or something like that?"

Again he allowed some seconds to go by.

"So I've heard."

I fished out of my memory such tag ends of gossip as had reached me, I could hardly tell from where.

"Didn't Mr. Brokenshire attack his interests—railways and steel and things—and nearly ruin him?"

"I believe there was some such talk."

I admired the way in which he refused to lend himself to the spread of the legend; but I insisted on going on, because the idea of this conflict of modern giants, with a beautiful maiden as the prize, appealed to my imagination.

"And didn't old Mrs. Billing shift round all of a sudden from the man who seemed to be going under to ——?"

He cut the subject short by giving it another twist.

"Grainger's been unlucky. His whole family have been unlucky. It's an instance of tragedy haunting a race such as one reads of in mythology and now and then in modern history—the House of Atreus, for example, and the Stuarts, and the Hapsburgs, and so on."

I questioned him as to this, only to learn of a series of accidents, suicides and sudden deaths, leaving Stacy as the last of his line, lonely and picturesque.

At the foot of the steps leading up to the Rossiter lawn, Larry Strangways paused again.

The children and dogs having preceded us and being safe on their own grounds, we could consider them off our minds.

"What do you know about old books?" he asked suddenly.

The question took me so much by surprise that I could only say:

"What makes you think I know anything?"

"Didn't your father have a library full of them? And didn't you catalogue them and sell them in London?"

I admitted this, but added that even that undertaking had left me very ignorant of the subject.

"Yes; but it's a beginning. If you know the Greek or Russian alphabet it's a very good point from which to go on and learn the language."

"But why should I learn that language?"

"Because I know a man who's going to have a vacancy soon for a librarian. It's a private library, rather a famous one in New York, and the young lady at present in command is leaving to be married."

I smiled pleasantly.

"Yes; but what has that got to do with me?"

"Didn't I tell you I was going to look you up another job?"

"Oh! And so you've looked me up this!"

"No, I didn't. It looked me up. The owner of the library mentioned the fact as a great bore. It was his father who made the collection in the days of the first great American splurge. Stacy Grainger has added a rug or a Chinese jar from time to time, but he doesn't give a hang for the lot."

"Oh, so it's his."

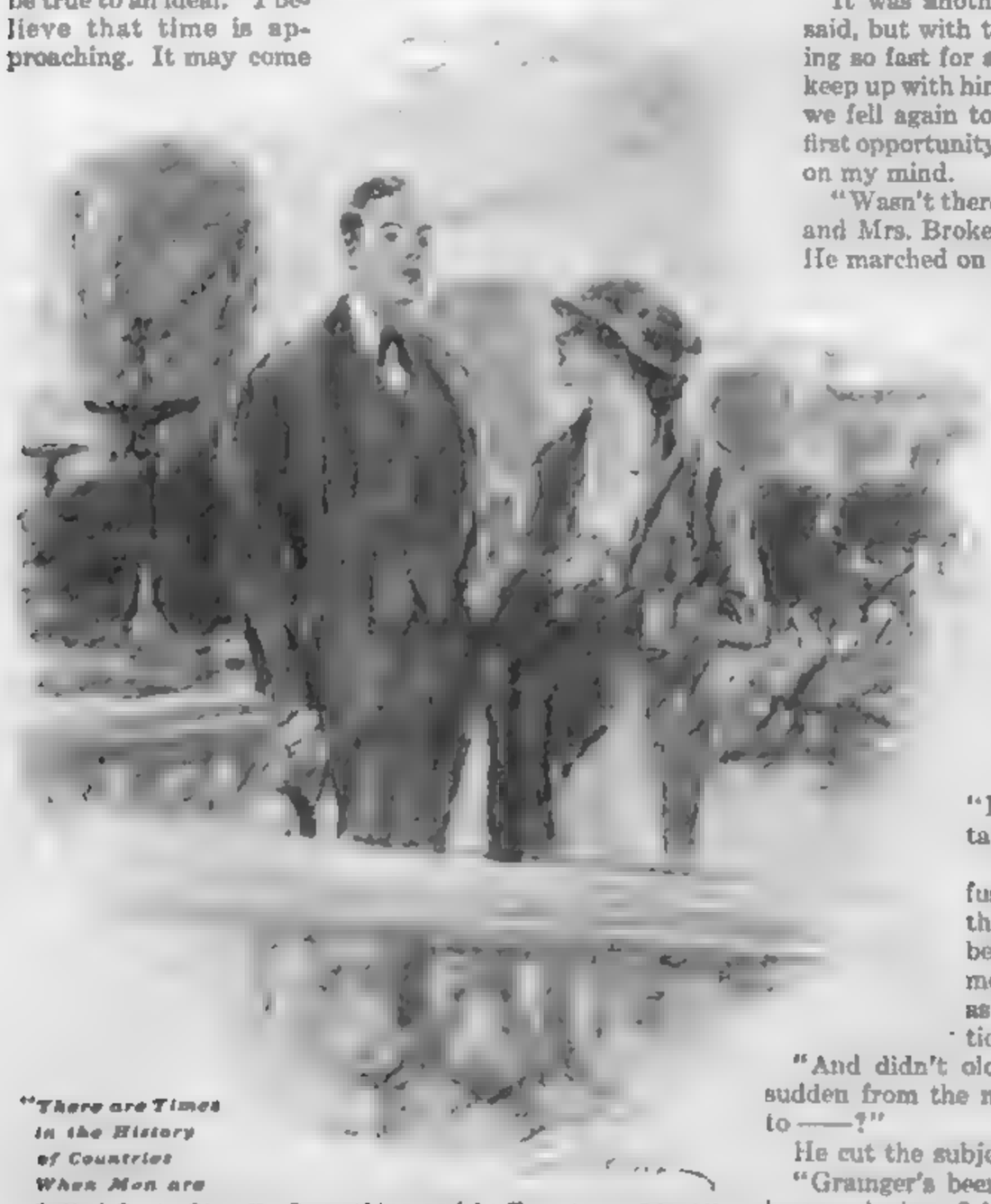
"Yes; it's his. He says he feels inclined to shut the place up; but I told him it was a pity to do that since I knew the very young lady for the post."

I dropped the subject there, because of a new inspiration.

"If Mr. Grainger has places at his command, couldn't he do something for poor Hugh?"

"Why poor Hugh? I thought he was ——"

I gave him a brief account of the fiasco in Boston, venturing to betray Hugh's confidence for the sake of some possible advantage. Mr. Strangways only shrugged his shoulders.



"There are Times in the History of Countries When Men are Called On to Give Up Everything and be True to an Ideal"

Mr. Rossiter Was a Little Weakened Man, With Face and Legs Like Those of a Jockey

"Of course," he said. "What could you expect?" I was sure he was looking down on me with the expression Mrs. Rossiter had detected, though I didn't dare to lift an eye to catch him in the act. "You really mean to marry him?"

"Mean to marry him is not the term," I answered, with the decision which I felt the situation called for. "I mean to marry him only—on conditions."

"Oh, on conditions! What kind of conditions?"

I named them to him as I had named them to others. First that Hugh should become independent.

He repeated his short hard laugh.

"I don't believe you had better bank on that."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But I've another string to my bow. His family may come and ask me."

He almost shouted.

"Never!"

It was the tone they all took, and which especially enraged me. I kept my voice steady, however, as I said loftily: "That remains to be seen."

"It doesn't remain to be seen, because I can tell you now that they won't."

If he had not said that, with an emphasis I took as something like an insult, I might have had to write this story otherwise.

"And I can tell you now that they will," I said, with an assurance that, on the surface at least, was quite as strong as his own.

He laughed again, more shortly, more hardly.

"Oh, well!"

The laugh ended in a kind of sigh. I noted the sigh as I noted the laugh, and their relation to each other. Both reached me, touching something within me that had never yet been stirred. Physically it was like the prick of the spur to a spirited animal, it sent me bounding up the steps. I was off as from a danger; and though I would have given much to see the expression with which he stood gazing after me, I would not permit myself so much as to glance back.

THE steps by which I came to be Stacy Grainger's librarian could easily be traced, though to do so with much detail would be tedious.

After Hugh's departure for New York my position with Mrs. Rossiter soon became untenable. The reports that reached Newport of the young man's doings in the city were not merely galling to the family pride but maddening to his father's sense of preëminence. Hugh was actually going from door to door, as you might say, in Wall Street and Broad Street, only to be turned away.

"He's making the most awful fool of himself," Mrs. Rossiter informed me one morning, "and papa's growing furious. Jim writes that everyone is laughing at him and, of course, they know it's all about some girl."

I held my tongue at this. That they should be laughing at poor Hugh was a new example of the world's falsity. His letters to me were only a record of half promises and fair speeches, but he found every one of them encouraging. Nowhere had he met with the brutal treatment he had received at the hands of Cousin Andrew Brew. The minute his card went in to never so great a banker or broker, he was received with a welcome. If no one had just the right thing to offer him, no one had turned him down. It was explained to him that it was largely a matter of the off season—for his purpose August was the worst month in the year—and of the lack of an opening which it would be worth the while of a man of his quality to fill. Later, perhaps! The two words, courteously spoken, gave the gist of all his interviews. He had every reason to feel satisfied.

In the meanwhile he was comfortable at his club—his cash in hand would hold out to Christmas and beyond—and in the matter of energy, he wrote, not a mushroom was springing in his tracks. He was on the job early and late, day in and day out. The off season which was obviously a disadvantage in some respects had its merits in others, since it would be known, when things began to look up again, that he was available for any big house that could get him. That there would be competition in this respect everyone had given him to understand. All this he told me in letters as full of love as they were of business, written in a great sprawling unformed boyish hand, and with an occasional bit of phonetic spelling which made his protestations the more touching. But Jim Rossiter's sources of information were of another kind.

"Get your father to do something to stop him," he wrote to his wife. "He's making the whole House of Meek & Brokenshire a laughingstock."

There came in fact a Saturday when Mr. Rossiter actually appeared for the week-end.

"He wouldn't be doing that," Mrs. Rossiter almost sobbed to me, on receipt of the telegram announcing his approach, "unless things were pretty bad."

Though I dreaded his coming I was speedily reassured. Whatever the object of Mr. Rossiter's visit I, in my own person, had nothing to do with it. On the afternoon of his arrival he came out to where I was knocking the croquet balls about with Gladys on the lawn, and was as polite as he had been through the winter in New York. He was always polite even to the maids, to whom he scrupulously said good-morning. His wistful desire to be liked by everyone was inspired by the same sort of impulse as the jovial *bonhomie* of Cousin Andrew Brew. He was a little weazened man, with face and legs like those of a jockey, which I think he would gladly have been. Racin' and ridin', as he called them, were the amusements in which he found most pleasure, while his health was his chief preoccupation. He took pills before and after all his meals and a variety of medicinal waters. During the winter under his roof my own conversation with him had been entirely on the score of his complaints.

In just the same way he sauntered up now. He talked of his lack of appetite and the beastly cooking at clubs. Expecting him to broach the subject of Hugh I got myself ready; but he did nothing of the kind. He was merely amiable and, as far as I could judge, indifferent. Within ten minutes he had sauntered away again, leading Gladys by the hand.

I saw then that in common with the other Brokenshires he considered that I didn't count. Hugh could be dealt with independently of me.

So long as I was useful to his wife, there was no reason why I should be disturbed. I was too light a thing to be weighed in their balances.

Next day there was a grand family council and on Monday Jack Brokenshire accompanied his brother-in-law to New York. Hugh wrote me of their threats and flatteries, their beseechings and cajoleries. He was to come to his senses; he was to be decent to his father; he was to quit being a fool. I gathered that for forty-eight hours they had put him through most of the tortures known to fraternal inquisition; but he wrote me he would bear it all and more for the sake of winning me.

(Continued on Page 70)

I Saw Why He Had Taken Me On as His Librarian; But I Saw Too That the Lord Had Delivered J. Howard Brokenshire Into My Hands

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 23, 1917

World Democracy

WE WERE slow to enter this war—and that was the right and the American course. Unswayed by the yellow propaganda of the peace-at-any-price party and the abusive shouting of the we-want-war group, the President, backed by the mass of clear-thinking citizens, hoped and worked for a peaceful solution of the world problem—and that was the right and the American thing. To-day, after having exhausted every honorable means to preserve peace for ourselves and to bring it to other nations, we are in this war to the finish—and that, too, is the right and the American thing. We go into the struggle with our hands clean and the issues clear-cut, with nothing that we want for ourselves, but much that we want for others, with every material thing to lose and every spiritual thing to gain—and that, too, is typically American. We have made money out of it, but we are giving it back—all that we have made and billions more—to perpetuate the ideal for which we have always fought and for which, single-hearted and steadfast, we will fight this war through to the end—and that, too, is typically American.

Our business men are not only giving their money, but their service and their sons to the country. These boys are standing shoulder to shoulder in the training camps with the sons of labor and the farm, and in their anxiety to anticipate their country's call they have been crowding every steamer for Europe. They have realized, as we shall all be brought to realize, that this is no impersonal, remote affair that threatens. It is something personal, intimate, already on us.

We have resorted to force only as a last measure, but now that we have drawn our gun we must be quick on the trigger. The Government will demand that every man do his part. To answer that call is the duty of all; to anticipate it has been the privilege of many. And that, finally, is the right and the American thing.

More Taxes Coming

THE Treasury's estimates of the first year's expenditures for the war were hardly in type before the Secretary was forced to increase them by about twenty-five per cent. And if the war goes on, these increased estimates will fall below the mark.

That has been the experience of European belligerents. It will be our experience. Virtually every fiscal report since war began has shown expenditures not only rising but outrunning estimates.

Moreover, war taxation need not and probably should not end abruptly when war ends. If the industrial situation is then as sound as we hope it will be, the present generation can continue to pay part of the war bill for an indefinite period after peace is restored.

If anybody is afraid that somebody else is getting off too lightly this year he may cheer up. The opportunity to pay war taxes will be with us for a good while. The important thing is to devise a broad, sound basis of taxation.

It is impossible to jump Federal taxation three or four hundred per cent in a year without producing a good deal of friction in the country's industrial and fiscal machinery. It is decidedly possible to throw on a sudden load of taxes in such a way as to produce a highly undesirable degree of friction. Smooth working of that machinery was never more important than now. We can well afford to take some time and thought, to feel our way, to move with judicious conservatism, in this matter of taxation.

The opportunity to tax for war cost is not going to disappear in a year or a decade.

Open-Eyed Taxation

THE Ways and Means Committee of the House evidently took the revenue problem this way: "Our task is to raise fifty per cent of next year's estimated war expenditures. How we raise the money is comparatively immaterial so long as we get fifty per cent."

The result was a very crude measure, which was introduced with the cheering statement that it should be voted for "with the eyes shut." And it had scarcely been introduced before Secretary McAdoo notified the committee of such increased estimates that the bill would, after all, fall some four hundred millions short of producing the sacred fifty per cent.

The Senate Finance Committee took the problem this way: "The country is beginning an enormously expensive war, whose duration and cost no man can foresee. Just what proportion of next year's expenditures we raise by taxation is comparatively unimportant. The important thing is to devise a broad, fair, intelligent scheme of taxation."

Of course the Senate committee was right. The House committee proposed to levy a retroactive tax on income already spent or invested—an obviously unjust, inexpedient, disturbing proposition, by which it hoped to produce less than three per cent of the estimated expenditures. To strike out such an unwise device was much more important than to change the ratio between bonds and revenue by three per cent.

The House proposed to take an arbitrary eight per cent on the capital invested as an allowable profit, and to levy a so-called excess-profits tax on all over eight per cent—an exceedingly clumsy and disquieting scheme. The Senate committee proposed to formulate some reasonable rule for determining war profits, or excess profits. Formulating a reasonable rule was far more important than raising a given percentage of the first year's war cost.

The Senate committee took the job seriously, with its eyes open.

The British Example

WITHIN six weeks of the outbreak of war the British Government started on food regulation, beginning with sugar. Government regulation gradually increased until, last November, the food controller was virtually authorized to do as he pleased with the nation's food supply, having power to restrict the use of any food article, to seize stocks of edibles and to prescribe prices.

Of late the practical operations of this scheme have been considerably criticized. It is charged, for example, that wheat buyers for the Allies so bungled the business as to upset American markets and send prices to unnecessary heights, thereby wasting a good deal of Ally money.

The London Spectator is of the opinion that, both in England and France, government control has placed the food situation too much in the hands of politicians, who, however good their intentions, lack expert knowledge of the subject, and too little in the hands of men with practical experience in handling food products.

It is a very intricate and difficult question. Whether any arbitrary plan of fixing prices finally does more good than harm, for example, is decidedly debatable.

Any successful plan of food regulation must lean heavily upon actual experience and be guided largely by men whose business training has made them familiar with all the details of the subject.

We need a scheme of governmental food regulation. For one thing, all buying for our Government and the Allies should be directed by a single expert agency. That agency itself would be an important food regulator. The fact that power to regulate exists will do much to allay panicky action by individuals.

It is a hard subject. Only the best experts, free from all political interference, can hope to succeed with it.

Automobiles

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Would not the United States be richer by more than a billion dollars if automobiles had never been invented? The labor employed in automobile plants could then be utilized in producing foodstuffs. The money spent for touring cars could be used in improving livestock, draining lands, and in other productive ways."

The United States spends some hundreds of millions of dollars a year in telephoning. Only a blockhead doubts that it is richer because of that expenditure—not poorer. The telephone facilitates the production and distribution of goods in numberless ways; and if a farmer's snowbound wife pays a five-cent toll to talk with her sister in the next township, that is an addition to the wealth of the nation; for the dictionary correctly defines wealth as "Weal; well-being; prosperity; happiness."

You can go a step farther back and say: "The United States spends over three billion dollars a year on railroad transportation, an item of expenditure undreamed of by our great-grandfathers. Why not scrap the railroad plant and save all that money?"

There is hardly a so-called pleasure car in the country which does not, in the course of a week, perform many distinctly economic services—as by getting a man more quickly to his business and putting him in physical touch with situations that he would have to deal with at second hand if he did not possess a swift vehicle. Like the post office, the telegraph, the telephone, it enlarges his range of communication; increases his command of time. In the country especially, where other means of transit are slow and infrequent, the automobile has greatly increased man's practical efficiency.

And, especially for country folk, no other modern invention has so decidedly contributed to wealth in the true sense of weal, happiness. There is a mole-eyed school of economy to which a dollar watch is an extravagance, because it cannot produce a loaf of bread or a pair of shoes. That school exercises itself needlessly about automobiles.

The Onion Case

THE other day a Federal grand jury at Boston indicted some four score persons for conspiring to monopolize interstate commerce in onions. From an interview with the United States District Attorney in charge of the case we take the following:

"The gist of the charge is that the defendants have maintained a national association composed of large onion dealers who buy up the bulk of the onions in the Northern States during the summer and early fall, storing them in warehouses owned or controlled by the members, and putting them on the market from September to August. The Government expects to show that as early as September, 1916, at least seventy-five per cent of the onion crop then harvested was in control of the members of this association. For the 1916 crop producers received probably less than two cents a pound. In midwinter many of these onions were sold to retailers, and through them to the public, at from ten to fifteen cents a pound. It is claimed by the Government that this great margin between the price accruing to the producer and the price paid by the consumer was largely due to the illegal control of the trade by this association."

From which it would appear that substantial control of the onion trade in the territory referred to may be quite easily achieved. Eighty or so middlemen, by simply acting as a unit and providing necessary storage facilities at central points, seem to have achieved it—paying the producer less than two cents and finally charging the consumer ten cents or more.

If middlemen can do it, why cannot the onion growers themselves do it? Why should not they associate, act in unison under competent management, provide warehouses, get a fair price themselves and charge consumers a fair price too?

There used to be, and probably still is, a very successful coöperative association of "Bermuda" onion growers in Southern Texas, which did exactly what the onion growers in the territory referred to by the district attorney let an association of middlemen do.

A hundred different angles of this food proposition, whether looked at from the producers' point of view or the consumers', raise the same suggestion—to wit, coöperation.

Mobilize More Dollars

ABOUT thirteen per cent of the population of England and France is believed to be in active military service. Applied to the United States that would give more than thirteen million men. Getting anything like that number of Americans into military service is utterly out of the question. During the war—whatever its duration may be—there will not be ships enough to transport them. Any such number of men, if they could be sent to France overnight by wireless, would swamp the whole military scheme of the Allies.

In comparison with our allies our fighting must be done far more with goods and nonmilitary services. Our contribution of soldiers cannot possibly equal theirs. Our contribution of food, arms, explosives, clothing, machines, and so on, should be all the heavier.

The situation requires us to fight, in part, a "dollar war"; a war of material resources. As the military demand must be much less here than in England and France, the nonmilitary demand is all the more urgent; and an even stricter obligation lies upon farmer, artisan, merchant—upon everybody who can increase production a bit, lessen wasteful consumption, save something for a war bond or in any way help on that side.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Frank A. Scott

THE lower left-hand picture was no doubt taken of Mr. Scott as he was on his way to assume his duties as head of the General Munitions Board, for it is typical of the spirit and enthusiasm with which he and other big men of this country hastened to answer the call to service. Mr. Scott has spent his life in civil rather than military activity, yet he brought to his new work a fund of information concerning military organization and equipment gathered as a result of a lifelong study of military history and a keen interest in general military affairs; and he has a first-hand knowledge of the conditions in the principal European countries.

It can have been no easy matter to find the man to fit a position so difficult and so responsible as that of head of the General Munitions Board. A business man versed in military affairs looks like the right combination.

George Pattullo—Himself

By Himself

THIS is George Pattullo before they cut his hair at Leon Springs Training Camp. He got a running start in life by being born a Canadian and is ready to sob with pride whenever the Canadians' achievements in France are mentioned.

Although he spent seven years in newspaper work in Montreal, London and Boston, Pattullo really acquired his highbrow style with certain cow outfits of Texas, Arizona and Mexico. He first broke into print with a horse story for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST from the big J A ranch in the Panhandle.

"Aha!" he said, when the check came in. "This beats the night-desk a mile. Let Bux and Connie do it." And he never went back to the grind.

To obtain his Western stories he spent more than five years with cattle outfits—the J A and Spur in Texas, the O R in Arizona, and the Turkey Track and R O in Sonora, Mexico. Then he married and settled down in Dallas—and claims to be the most bridlewise husband what is.

For more than two years he has been roaring to be sent abroad for THE POST, urging that the

fact of two brothers being with the Canadian overseas forces would give him the inside track on the military operations there.

In normal times he is a consistent advocate of a platform that would undoubtedly put him in line for the Presidency were it not for the obstacle of his foreign birth—to wit, the inalienable right of every husband to play golf three times a week and to go duck-hunting whenever he feels like it.

Mary Brecht Pulver—Herself

By Herself

I AM a Pennsylvania Dutchman by birth and a New York Yankee by persuasion, and live very quietly in Binghamton—the City of Lovely Trees—trying to write when I can, look after my home and raise a young citizen to be a true patriot.

I made my initial bow in the magazine world six years ago, have committed some poetry, one inconsiderable book and a fairly large number of stories.

Herbert C. Hoover

THE photograph at the foot of this column shows the Commander-in-Chief of the new American Army that is to wage war with bread bullets instead of lead bullets, and his rank will probably be that of General Food Controller.

While other generals are working out their plans to strengthen and increase the battle lines on the various fronts in Europe, Mr. Hoover will be busy at home marshaling his forces and working out his schemes for preventing bread lines in the United States and in the countries of our allies. He has seen distinguished service in fighting food shortage abroad, and he is better fitted than any other man President Wilson could have chosen to take immediate control of the food campaigns that are being planned in this country.

Some people have taken exception to the idea of a Food Controller or Food Dictator, and Mr. Hoover himself prefers the designation of Food Administrator. As a matter of fact, it is quite immaterial what title the American people give him, as long as they give him their confidence and support in his work.

To any readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who are still unfamiliar with the story of this big man, or who are uncertain as to his fitness for the responsibilities for which the President has selected him, we suggest that they turn at once to the next page and read Will Irwin's article, The Autocrat of the Dinner Table.

In America it is still permissible to ask Who's Who?—but not Who's Hoover?

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The Autocrat of the Dinner Table

By WILL IRWIN

HOOVER has been feeding Belgium and Northern France," an eminent Frenchman said to me. "Now he must feed the world. No single civilian is more important than he. Upon his success in making America supply the deficiency in Europe largely depends the issue of this war."

Herbert C. Hoover, when this remark was made, had just been appointed by the Council of National Defense its food controller, and was at that moment busy in laying out a plan of coöperation between England, France and the United States. And I do not doubt that many and many a reader of these lines, as he saw the announcement of the new office, dropped the newspaper on that breakfast table of which Hoover will soon be the autocrat and remarked:

"Hoover? Hoover? Now who the blazes is Hoover?"

Some men ramp like a lion into the front door of the Hall of Fame; some sneak in via the sewer; and occasionally a man arrives so quietly, hangs up his hat so unostentatiously, that the inmates perceive only gradually the new arrival in their midst. So has it been with Hoover. Through infinite obstacles and difficulties he was supplying the daily bread to a whole brave nation; he was administering, mostly as a personal trust, funds amounting to twenty million dollars a month; he had shown, as none had ever shown before, how public relief can be carried on with the efficiency of a great private corporation; he was lauded by foreign parliaments and offered executive positions by foreign governments—and still, when, last winter, I mentioned him to a group of American men not unknown to fame, all but one said virtually that same thing: "Who the blazes is Hoover?"

True, after that he came to America, trying to stimulate our flow of charity, and the metropolis made something of a fuss over him; but I doubt that the echoes from his reception carried much beyond the Alleghanies.

This arises from Hoover's genuine modesty. In love with his job, he is jealous of it. He wants the credit to go to the work, not to himself. Time and again, since the war, I have been under temptation to "write him up." I have always resisted, because I wanted to remain friends with him. But now he has become a public servant and must endure the character sketch along with the other trials of office. So here goes.

At Stanford

I FIRST saw Hoover, to remember him, when he was an upperclassman at Stanford University, and I a Freshman. A poor student glad to turn an honest penny, I was selling tickets at the back gate of a football game. They told me to pay Hoover, the football manager; and presently the person indicated to me as Hoover came strolling across the field, his hands in his pockets. As he drew near he regarded me gravely with meditative eyes, which seemed somehow to see far beyond me. He stopped before me, a fat specimen of a shrinking Freshman, jingling some coins in his pockets. I had yet to learn that this is his habit when he is thinking—a trick of which he has never broken himself—even to this day. Taking it for a hint, I handed out the receipts at once. He thanked me with a smile that somehow reassured me, and strolled on to the next ticket seller.

I found soon enough that he was a "big man in college"; whereupon, as a properly reverent Freshman, I stood in awe of him. But I do not remember much more about him until I broke my leg while playing football with the scrubs. As in duty bound, he visited me every day; and before I got out on crutches I was by affiliation and choice his faithful political henchman. We played baseball and football mightily at pioneer Stanford, as the scores of the period show; but, after all, our supreme game was college politics. Hoover was the leader of the "Barb." faction. At the age of twenty-one his democratic instinct was already awake. The fraternities represented elegance and fashion. When he entered, a working student, they did not want him; and when he became prominent in college he did not want them.

College politics had material rewards in jobs like football manager, treasurer of the student body, or editor of the college publications, which paid small salaries and enabled working students like us to pull through a semester without the necessity of raking lawns or waiting on table. Hoover was just as sound in judgment, just as clear-headed, in his conduct of our small, youthful college affairs, as he is now in the conduct of world affairs. He enjoyed, even among his rivals, a quiet popularity. He was not the kind of man for whom the crowd threw up its caps and cheered; but, on the other hand, even his defeated enemies admired him. As Rex Wilbur, that long, gangling Junior who has since become president of the University, used to say, they couldn't bite Hoover, because they couldn't find any place to bite.

He was educating himself for a mining engineer; and an engineering course is a matter of close study. One cannot get through on bluff and a sense of things as he can when he trifles with literature and the humanities. In this exacting department Hoover was a star student. Yet he earned every cent that supported him and paid for his college course, and still had time to run numberless activities. He was friends not only with the students but with that somewhat puritanical Faculty of ours. I, being loud and spectacular in my hours of ease, had my Senior year encored by an overwhelming vote of the Faculty; and a brother who followed in my ways was—as he has since expressed it in rime—"graduated by request."

Pipe Dreams

Now only last month, in the reminiscences of a sea voyage, did I learn that Hoover was the power behind some famous college pranks. I found, for example, what became of certain little personal luxuries ex-President Harrison brought West when he came to lecture on International Law—an old mystery of a great University. Yet Hoover sits on the Board of Trustees, while, at latest accounts, the Faculty babies were scared into good behavior by being told that the Irwin boys would get them. I mention this not only to show that you gain a lot by being quiet but also to demonstrate that Our Hero, though virtuous, was not entirely superhuman.

Besieged by Boxer Armies

WHEN he left the University we who knew him best expected great things of Hoover; and very early he justified our faith. Having chosen mining as a career, he decided to begin at the bottom; and for a few months he worked as laborer or pay clerk in the drifts of the California mother lode. He had scarcely set up his office in San Francisco when an older mining man, recognizing his abilities, got him an opening in Australia as assistant engineer at a certain group of mines. He carried with him, as part of his professional equipment, knowledge of some new and improved American processes. He saw a chance to branch out for himself in a property that did not pay under existing methods, but would pay under new ones. By the time he was twenty-five or twenty-six he had an Australian reputation and a small fortune. When he saw his future secure he telegraphed to Miss Lou Henry, of my University class, and took a steamer back to San Francisco. These two large and valiant spirits had fallen together in Hoover's Senior year; but he conducted his courting as quietly as he did his other affairs, and their wedding at Monterey was a surprise. I shall only say of Mrs. Hoover that, what with her brains, her personality, and her large understanding, she is as much a person as her husband.

At this time the whole Oriental world was looking forward to an early awakening of China. Progressive men had the ear of the young Emperor; the court was in a mood to welcome any Occidental who could teach progress. Hoover knew of China's undeveloped mining resources, especially in coal. When he was offered the position of mining expert for the North China Government he pulled up stakes in Australia, invested in Chinese properties and moved north. Leaving Mrs. Hoover in Peking, he traveled westward, to communities that had never seen a white man before, on a prospecting tour. Then the ground dropped from under his feet. Reaction exploded. The Boxer Insurrection, directed from the palace of the Dowager Empress, surged through China. "Death to foreigners!" was its motto.

Warned by friendly Chinese, he posted back to Peking ahead of the Boxer armies, to find Mrs. Hoover ill. It seemed best to get her out. They had reached Tientsin, when the Boxers suddenly threw their forces about that city and besieged it. In a house they shared with the other Americans in Tientsin, including Oscar King Davis, James Collins and Frederick Palmer, war correspondents, the Hoovers lived for six weeks under fire.

Every day, it is recorded in the reminiscences of the siege, Mrs. Hoover served tea to the Anglo-Saxon element, digging her sweetening from the sugar bags that formed a barricade before their house. Once a shell passed directly through their hall, just across a partition from the room where the correspondents were writing and Mrs. Hoover was playing solitaire. Hoover's services were commandeered to help

(Continued on Page 54)

New Renown
for the
Republic

REPUBLIC TIRES have had a long and honorable history.

But they have never deserved so well at the hands of tire buyers as now.

In the Prōdium Process, Republic has developed a discovery which undoubtedly does make tires last longer.

Years ago Republic invented the Staggard Tread.

This was the first effective rubber non-skid tread applied to automobile tires.

It changed the whole course of tire manufacture.

But this latest process—by reason of its savings to tire users and its betterment of tire service—ranks far higher in importance.

Prōdium Process rubber is refined rubber, in somewhat the same sense that steel is refined iron. It is made tougher and stronger. At the same time it is less rigid, and therefore more responsive and less liable to chip or crack. It is given longer life.

It is less porous. It is finer-grained. It offers greater resistance to wear.

And it does wear slowly and evenly—as steel wears—with less liability to cuts and abrasion.

People are finding out these things about Republic Tires.

Four to five hundred new buyers come unsolicited to Republics every day.

They are thinking of Republic Tires as quality tires. They buy them because they last longer.

Just now we are straining our resources to meet the demand, at the same time making factory expansions to treble our capacity.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble.

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

Business Breezes

Business is in the air which is cooled by comfort-breezes from a Robbins & Myers Fan.

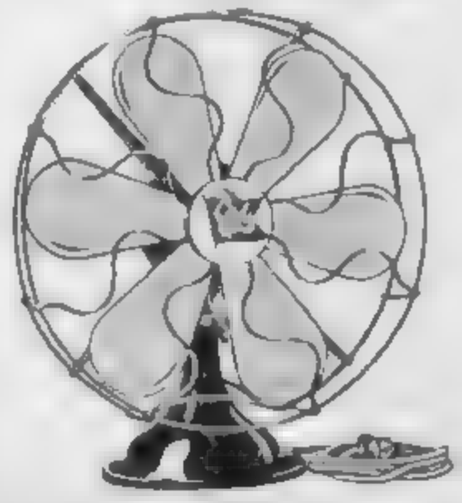
Better stores everywhere are Robbins & Myers fan-equipped. To be so equipped tokens a store that is modern throughout; a service that really serves; and where comfort of patrons is a prime consideration.

Robbins & Myers Fans for the home embody a like quality of comfort-efficiency. Whatever the fan need there is the particular Robbins & Myers Fan that exactly meets it.

Made in the following styles: ceiling, desk, wall, oscillating, non-oscillating, ventilating, for operation on direct or alternating current. Backed by 21 years' fan experience. Every fan guaranteed.

The Robbins & Myers flag on the guard is your guide and guarantee.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
Springfield, Ohio
Branches and Agencies Everywhere



Robbins & Myers Fans

The Sign of a Breeze

THE BELL RINGERS OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 19)

embarrassing to a lot of people—not excluding the boss himself. What they *really* mean is that we must not be too raw and make our stories up out of whole cloth—unless our day has been particularly dull. We truly do not need to invent much, for we have such a colorful bag of ragged truths to pick from that a little artistic trimming and embroidery are all they need.

Perhaps I have been too hard on Truth—she does not appear nearly so dull in Movie Land as she does outside. I really get a lot of help from her; and I am not such a bigot that I won't admit it.

It is curious that a number of true tales a fellow may send in are not believed. This is particularly so in the case of the trick dogs and precocious children. There is a vacuous disinterest shown in this type of story; but let me cut into the delicious privacy of some film favorite's life, and you can knock the readers' eyes off with a stick. Human interest in one's neighbor—or one's neighbor's wife—is strong enough; but if that neighbor happens to be an actress the interest shown is shocking. The greatest appetite is for stories of the lady's amours, and what she does with her money. So, if I insist that Sheeza, the vamp., spends six dollars a day buying chili sauce, which furnishes the fuel for her warmest scenes, or that Jack Van Arsdale—who has been five times happily married—is a lonesome bachelor, living with his "sister" on an orange ranch adjoining the studio—what of it?

We have three kinds of personality stories, catalogued under the heads: Philosophy, Gift and Anecdote.

The philosophic opinions of movie actors on love and marriage are often too quaint to print, and we must revise them for publication. However, occasionally one of them has a near-intelligent estimate of his "art" that will get by—with help. But when Bessie Flopit is quoted as uttering profound platitudes anent the part she is playing, you may be sure the dope was provided by a recondite publicity man. Philosophy stories are not particularly exciting and are rather hard to put over.

The second classification is the gift story. "The great film feature, Cheops' Daughter, was lately projected, by royal command, before the Khedive of Egypt; and so entranced was His Highness with the splendid work of Dot Dalrymple that he sent the famous Jaze favorite the largest obelisk on the Nile"; or "When Miss Willie Work arrived from the East she was delighted to find that the Eureka had presented her with a beautiful bungalow—furnished down to silver safety pins and a Chinese cook. A canary-colored runabout, with her name modestly stenciled on the doors, awaited her at the station." The gift stories go pretty well, but our generous wits are nearly exhausted. Everything from trained pogsnoggles to the keys of the beach cities has been laid at the fair young feet of our popular queens. A cemetery lot has not been thought of; but perhaps such a gift would be misunderstood.

The Gift of the Sultan of Gumbo

An Encyclopedia of Useful Knowledge certainly is useful in our office. I was reading the other day about parasols. Unpromising press stuff, you say? Not "a-tall!" I decided that news should go forth to the enhungered fans that Bessie Flopit possessed the largest collection of parasols in the world. What, thought I, is there to prevent the Sultan of Gumbo from sending his film favorite—ah, her fame is universal!—a very rare parasol made from the skins of the bongo? Nothing—but the severe illness of Art.

Silly stories? Perhaps; but you seem to like them. I enjoy some of them myself. Anyway, they are fun to write. If you are bound and determined to hear stories of your colorless little pets, it is up to us to entertain you.

And this reminds me that, though most of our dolls are dead ones from the publicity point of view, others are perfect gold mines. We have one leading lady whose life is about as colorful as that of a minister's wife; yet she has an insatiable appetite for press notices. But the poor creature never does a blessed thing; and yet will not allow us to furnish stories for her. I could pass over her objections to bathing stuff if she would only walk barefoot through the begonias for her complexion, or take midnight baths on her secluded roof. But what is a poor p. m. to do with a woman who keeps a nursemaid for her child, loves her husband, and would get a headache if an idea or opinion ever crept into her silly little bean?

These negative nobodies are always pestering us because we are "favoring" their rivals with more publicity than is awarded to them. I have two comebacks when they become too churlish: "Why, Marie, I've sent in no end of dope about you; but those darned horned toads in New York must have canned it." Oh, wicked and useful h.t.'s! Or "How do you know how much publicity you've had? If you'd loosen up and subscribe to a clipping bureau you'd find out."

In the case of the rip-snortin' he-actor who comes gunning for me because he thinks his song has gone unsung, I wait until he has blown up; and then I say "Bill, I saw you in the Convict's Cutie, down at the Badley last night, and your work was simply great!"—and so on. As I pour on the sirup, a beatific smile appears where a moment before a storm raged; and I leave the dear fellow purring in the sunshine, happy as a bubble.

The Career of Marguerite Marigold

In the good old days we had some dreadful lemons given us to promote. The boss, or director, would take up some chicken-minded, pretty pinhead and make her a lead; then he would push it squarely up to the publicity man to put her over—second-class brains wasted on fourth-class ability! Efficiency—not! We shot a good many beautiful rockets up in the air like this; but most of them came down—naturally—like sticks. Only a few, after their first big boost, floated off into stardom; and those few had potential talents when they bargained for their start.

When a girl becomes enormously famous in the pictures, and brings a great fortune to her boss, his business rivals are on the alert in search for a counterpart type, hoping thus to cut in on the tremendous earnings of the favorite.

In a New York studio a director one day noticed among the extra girls, in a scene he was shooting, a face that caused him to drop everything, rush into the office, grab the boss by the sleeve and stammer "Hen, I've got a Clarkford out here! For the love of Mike, come out and see her!" And sure enough, when the boss beheld the sweet young face he figuratively went right over backward—for he saw behind it many men putting hoops on barrels and barrels of money.

Next—to capitalize that face. The whole machinery of the studio would be turned to that purpose. If money and help could make a star the proper nebulæ were forming. Lulu Gatz and her mother, Mrs. Gatz, window washer at the Elite, suddenly found themselves transplanted from the gas tanks to an apartment facing Riverside Drive. The coming star was provided with a maid, a school-teacher and a dancing master; the best director on the lot was turned loose to develop her technic; and after two months of the hardest kind of work, in which the youngster did exceptionally well, she was handed over to the publicity department.

First of all, "Lulu Gatz" would never do; so, by looking through the rich nomenclature of our sleeping cars and a few pretty valentines, the p. m. decided that Lulu should go before the world under the floral *nom de fillum* Marguerite Marigold. "How I became a film star" always gets over; and in the case of Marguerite it was especially exciting, for did she not step right out of a home of wealth and culture into stardom?

But how? Well, it seems that Director Stanley Barryworth was up in Boston on location, and every morning for several days he noticed an exquisite child, with her armful of books, crossing the Common. Seeing the amazing picture possibilities in the youngster, he followed her to school one day—which was, of course, against the

(Continued on Page 31)

Tougher Than Elephant Hide

Let your brisk Vitalics bear you buoyantly over the road

More fun, more sparkle to bicycling since Vitalics rolled into sight. It's play to pedal to school or work with Vitalics between you and the road.

Thousands of miles of untroubled going in every tire. Every inch of fabric in Vitalic tires is thoroughly impregnated with finest rubber. Vitalics won't seep air. The most exacting men and boys ride on

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

Three Vitalics to choose from. Each a marvel of toughness, resiliency, resistance and endurance.

Vitalic De Luxe is made of the choice of the world's best rubber throughout its extra thick tread and tube. Its two-ply motorcycle tire fabric is built of strongest cotton thread, triply-twisted. Highest quality friction. V shaped suction non-skid tread. All white. $4.25 each.

Vitalic Cord Racer represents the highest type of racing tire, adapted for both track and road racing. Purest rubber combined with powerful Sea Island cotton cord fabric. All white. Smooth tread. $4 each.

Vitalic Brigadier is a rugged, enduring performer. Tough, 4-ply Egyptian fabric. A great favorite with riders who demand long service at a moderate price. White, heavy, studded tread. Extra heavy inner tube. Gray sides. $3.25 each.

Send for Testing Section

FREE Vitalic testing section and booklet, "Tougher Than Elephant Hide." Be sure to give name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1904 Liberty Street Erie, Pennsylvania

Mme. SUNDELIUS

newest of Metropolitan Opera stars

of whose voice Henry E. Krehbiel, of the New York Tribune, says: "Nothing lovelier has been heard anywhere this season."

In this illustration the camera shows Mme. Sundelius singing in comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her wonderful voice in "Batti, batti, o bel Masetto" from Don Giovanni.

This is THE EDISON WAY

AN artist's voice is Re-Created by processes that are practised only in the Edison Laboratories.

The voice Re-Creation is placed on the New Edison. The artist stands beside the instrument and sings. Suddenly and without warning the artist ceases singing, and the New Edison takes up the song alone.

Mark this well: The Re-Creation of the artist's voice must be so perfect that those who listen, with eyes closed, cannot tell when the artist has ceased to sing.

Such is the test imposed by Mr. Edison, who personally supervises every detail of his new art—Music's Re-Creation. Tests of this sort have been made in public by thirty different artists before eight hundred thousand music lovers, and the music critics of nearly five hundred leading newspapers admit in their own papers that they could not tell when the artist ceased to sing. In other words, they were unable to distinguish the real voices of the artists from the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. *Remember, too, that the artists were not attempting to imitate the instrument; they were singing with absolute naturalness.*

Mr. Edison and his Laboratory associates would like to have you hear

The NEW EDISON

"the Phonograph with a Soul"

In your vicinity there is a merchant licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate this new invention. Look for his announcement in your local paper. Write us for the booklet "What the Critics Say."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

NOTICE—Please do not ask our dealers to sell you Edison Re-Creations if you intend to attempt to play them on any other instrument than the New Edison. No other instrument can bring out the true musical quality of Edison Re-Creations. Furthermore, injury to the records is likely to result if you attempt to play them on an ordinary phonograph or talking machine.

92⅓% increase

This surely is an Empire year.

Week after week, month after month, Empire sales are breaking all records.

So far the increase is 92⅓% over last year.

You can put the reason for this tremendous growth in two words: *Extra miles.*

Old customers are coming in, enthusiastic about the large mileage on Empires bought last year or the year before.

These same big records, repeated from friend to friend, are sending in new customers, eager for *extra* miles.

* * *

Actual reports tell of Empire red tubes in service from five to ten years and still perfect.

In the chief's office at Trenton hang several Empire tubes, taken from stock in 1908. After nine years they are still as strong, tough and resilient as new rubber.

An Empire red tube will usually outlive the car itself.

As for Empire casings, both red and gray, the *average* car owner, in *average* running, is getting 1500 to 3000 *extra* miles out of an *average* Empire tire, right along. And almost daily reports are coming in from owners who have got astoundingly high mileages.

* * *

There is a double reason for these *extra* miles.

For 30 years the Empire Rubber & Tire Company, of Trenton, N. J., has had the secret of putting long life into rubber.

Now they have discovered another secret—how to put *extra* miles into fabric. Their new exclusive "equal-tension" process for handling fabric gets rid of the weak spots that cause 53% of blowouts.

Come to the Empire store, and let us tell you about the *extra* miles that are making these record-breaking sales.

The Empire Tire Dealer

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

No ordinary tooth brush can do what the Pro-phy-lac-tic does—clean the *backs* of the teeth and *in-between*.

Make sure that you get Pro-phy-lac-tic quality, original features and guarantee, by looking carefully for the *name* and Yellow Box when you buy.

Florence Mfg. Co.
32 Pine Street
Florence, Mass.

Sole Manufacturers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keep-Clean Toilet Brushes

Pro-phy-lac-tic

The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth

(Continued from Page 28)

rule; and he learned from her teacher that she belonged to one of the Backest Bay families in Boston. To break through the aristocratic objections of the proud parents was a great tribute to the high standing of the Filmart Studio. Oh, the moral and spiritual safeguards included in that contract—a story in itself!

And the joke of it is that Lulu Gatz arrived, for she had fair ability and the best chance ever given a girl. And this was great good fortune for the Filmart, because this experiment has not always ended so happily. Many a fortune has been spent trying to capitalize a pretty face; but if there is nothing behind the face—good night, bank!

Some people have an instinct for publicity. Extra girls occasionally are crackajacks, though they rarely film up to their advertising; and we use them to boost the studio, or else we hang their stories on the less picturesque leads. We had one girl, however, of national prominence as a movie queen, who had never appeared in a picture except as atmosphere or in small parts, but who, by perseverance and intelligent hard work, made good on her fame.

Miss Kingdon had ridden in aëroplanes, raced the world's famous drivers round the Santa Monica track, and, as a last sensation, had motored alone across the continent as the Filmart Girl. Speaking in the movie theaters en route, she had become so well known that the studio found it embarrassing to answer requests from her admirers as to when and where they could see her pictures. So it was up to the Filmart Studio to show the girl on the screen; and she went to the bat with a good director and literally learned how to act. With her native wit, and the help and encouragement of everybody on the lot, she soon rose to star proportions, and we were able to send her forth on the silver screen without disappointment to her admirers.

The appointment of Miss Kingdon as city mother in Los Angeles was originally a publicity stunt; but the joke was on us, for the young lady took her responsibilities seriously and worked so effectively that she has become a most useful member of the company and the community.

Some of our stars, feeling that they may be neglected in studio publicity, employ personal press agents, who devote their exclusive time to chanting their pets to fame. These writers usually do feature stuff and try hard for the magazines. One of them will laureate his vampire's hypnotic eyes, while another will prove by half-tone and diagram that his heroine is architecturally identical with the Venus of Milo. Stories on the dietary eccentricities of some ample queen, or the physical culture of our he-god, appear from time to time, to remind us that these famous filmers are not unmindful of the power of money in publicity. It may be interesting to know that the owners of dogs are quite as hungry for press notices as the most ambitious character actors.

The Sermons of Bill Jones

There is one poor chap in Los Angeles whose fame is destined never to spread much beyond the spoken word. In his biggest parts his name does not even appear on the program! As he has specialized on religious characterization, his rôles include everything from the saints to the deities; and, as the central figure in most of the great allegories, he has become familiar to all the fans in the country—yet not half a dozen of them know his identity. It has taken the fellow years to cultivate the natural make-up for these majestic parts; but even the most agnostic would be a bit shocked to see the name of a deity followed by Bill Jones on the program.

"What gets my goat," Bill whined one day, "is that if I was a-playin' one of these mush-faced hero parts you publikkity guys would be writin' your fool heads off But, even if I'm only doin' a Boodish priest, you won't mention my name, for fear of offendin' some goldarned Turk! Ah, ye make me sick!" And Bill indignantly blew great rings of smoke that rose in incongruous halos over his stained-glass head.

Freak contracts are good publicity, as these alleged agreements often contain amazing clauses. One I recall demanded that the young ingénue should always have a chaperon in attendance, live three miles from the studio, and be in bed every night at nine-thirty. Another, that of a famous vamp., bore a strict injunction against the dangerous creature's marrying, dining with men in cafés, or appearing anywhere in public unless heavily veiled. And the joke is that the vamps. are particularly anxious that their devotees should believe they are "really very good"—so much so that they are constantly seeking domestic-happiness publicity.

The mail box offers another very fruitful avenue of publicity and is an indication to the office of the star's popularity. No? Well, we sometimes get letters ourselves, and they shed much light on the volumes of mail that come to and about doubtful stars. "Dear Mr. McGrath," one read to-day, "I have just received a note from Miss Flopit asking me to write and tell the studio how much I appreciate her work. I regret that I cannot do so, for I have never seen her, except in one film; and in that she was pretty poor." We mean that old publicity men get to be uncomfortably suspicious of lots of boost letters which come to the studio.

The Pet Dolls' Mail

Over at the Climax there is a girl whose mother is a perfect dear at this letter game. She answers in full every scratch that comes to daughter—of course signing her offspring's name. She files and card-catalogues all correspondence; and when Easter or Christmas comes every one of her six or seven hundred devotees gets a card or note of seasonable greetings. Are they glad? How would you feel if your god or goddess should choose you from all her admirers to send you a personal message? Mother also sees to it that all of daughter's fans are informed as to where and when Gertie's pictures are to be released; and the only embarrassment to the mater is when one of Gert'a vicarious correspondents gets romantic and comes bounding on to Los Angeles to woo her. It is then that the domestic bean, in the form of the big he-husband daughter supports, must be spilled. At that mother is a genius, and we ought to have her in our department.

And this reminds me that all film pets must be unmarried. If perchance there is a he-and-she episode, the male end of the sketch is always her "brother." The number of movie queens who share a home with their brothers speaks eloquently for the strength of the American family tie.

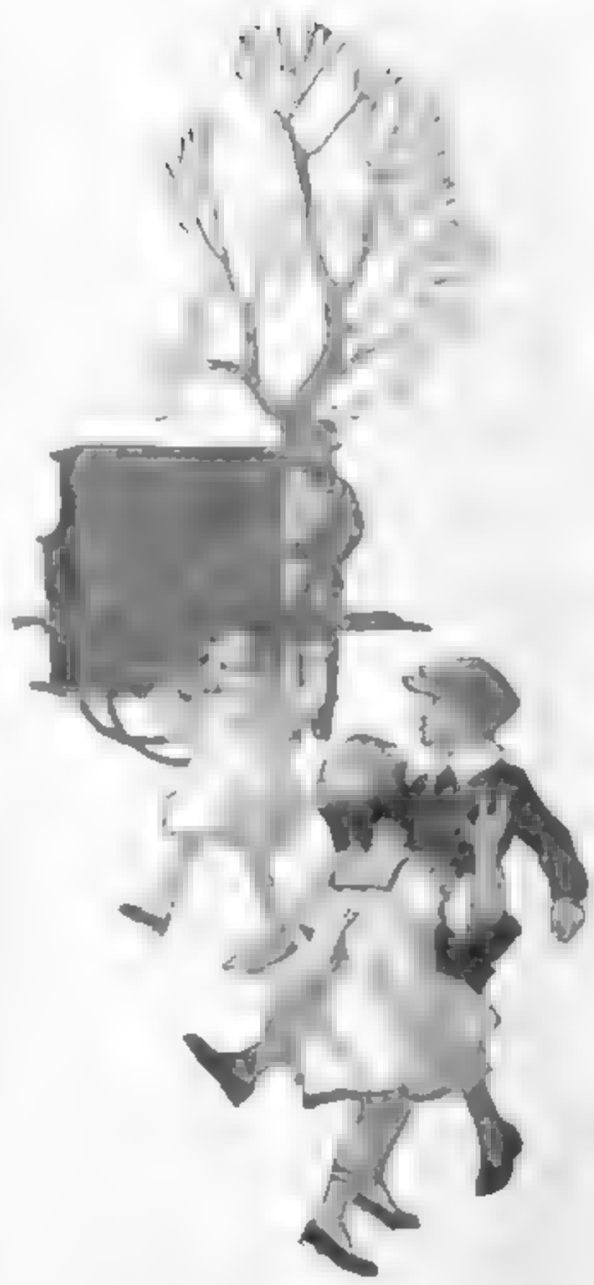
Even when the romantic maiden learns that her hero is sewed up in a matrimonial bag, that fact does not always deter her from amorous longings. One charming miss, who had familiarized herself with the Borgian means of cyaniding one's side partner into innocuous desuetude, suggested the pretty poison plan to our prize doll, and then offered to share with him her fortune, which, upon inquiry at the bank she quoted, was found to be certainly very alluring.

A most refreshing personality among those who have come my way in this world of human vanities is this same pet doll. Probably the most beautiful male on the silver screen, he gets more mash notes than any two actors in the country; yet he absolutely refuses to read one of them. They all come to me, and my stenographer does her best to answer their inquiries and sign photographs for him. When I receive a really good letter, like the one from the cyanide girl, I stand him in a corner and read it to him; but he just laughs and lets me keep it.

Most of the photo-players, unless their mail is too voluminous, prefer answering their own letters; and one can't blame them, for the inclosures are often quite exciting, and include everything from hand-stitched handkerchiefs and crocheted ties to money. A letter came to one of our leading men which contained a hundred-dollar bill and a request that he jump on a train and come at once to his little sweetheart. This chap has a grim sense of humor, for he keeps all the money that is sent him and never reciprocates by so much as a photograph.

Only a few studios furnish photographs for this purpose; so one scarcely blames the actors for feeling tight when one sees the alarming demands made upon them.

There was a fellow at the Mammoth whose contract stipulated that the studio was to pay all the expense of his correspondence. On the day of his leaving he brought into the office two thousand letters to be mailed to his personal fans. Very thoughtlessly he had failed to seal three of them, and a naughty stenographer in the office



GET Goodyear Wingfoot Heels for boys and girls. *Wingfooting's* fine fun for the little fellows.

Start them with a pair when vacation begins and see how well Goodyear Wingfoots wear. They're better for them. And better for you. For there's no bing-bangfooting in *wingfooting*.

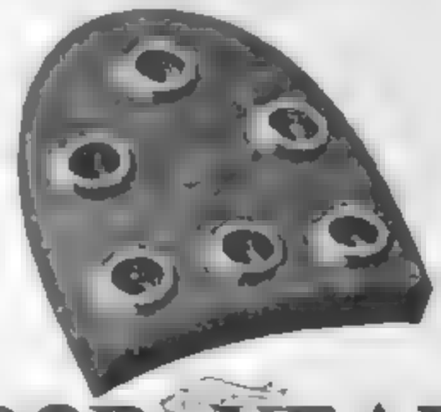
• •

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels. A new pair free if yours do not.

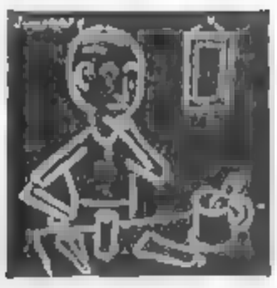
Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WING FOOT HEELS



GOOD YEAR AKRON



You have a perfect right to shave any way you choose-

And I haven't any more right to tell you *how* than a waiter has to tell you how you want your eggs!

I may *think* I know what you like in the way of lather. I may *think* that Mennen's Shaving Cream makes that kind.

But I can't be *sure*. Neither can *you* be sure—until you *try* it.

It's my business to make it *easy* for you to try it—to have it on sale at every drug store and to put a little coupon in this ad and offer you a thirty-shave sample for a dime.

If you find it as good as I think you'll find it, the sample will be worth a whole lot more than it costs. For it will show you the way to better shaves than you have ever known.

Will you let me *send* you that sample?

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S

MENNEN'S
SHAVING
CREAM
Mennen's Mennen
Chemical Co.
Newark, N.J.
Jim Henry,
House of Mennen,
1436 Orange St.,
Newark, N. J.
Dear Jim:—
Yes—you may send me that thirty-shave sample. I'm sending a dime to see if you really have got what I like in the way of shaving lather!
Name
Address
P. S.—I want also to try, free, that new "Talcum for Men" that's skin color and doesn't show on the face.

SHAVING CREAM

read one; then she read two. And then she ran away to find the big boss, whose first indignation at his clerk's perfidy faded as he, too, read the letters; for in all three of them the Mammoth was referred to as "a dump," and the boss was ungallantly labeled "a dub."

Henceforth, if "My dearest June," "Hortense" or "Clara" wished to view the godlike proportions of her hero, she must needs look for him under the label of the hated Climax. The intelligent boss made a two-thousand-to-three guess that the remainder of the letters would not be good publicity for the Mammoth; so I fear there are now two thousand palpitating little hearts that wonder what has become of the blessed boy of their dreams.

So alert have become the collectors of film-favorite pictures that we now have to be very careful of rubber-stamp or office-boy signatures. The photograph fans evidently get together and match John Hancocks; and if one of them suspects forgery she will roar like Niagara.

Since actors are gradually learning that requests for their photographs do not necessarily mean popularity, they are beginning to shy—unless there is an inclosure. Thousands of schoolgirls now collect film favorites quite as impersonally as I used to corral tin tags and cigarette pictures; they are just trying to see how many they can get. So they write by hundreds to the poor flattered actor; and, if weak, he indulges in the expensive pastime of adding to their collection.

You Get Pictures, Mac Gets Kisses

My pets should get together and match letters. They would find, to their amazement, that little Maizie, who was simply "pining away" for Hubert Rawling's picture, was affected in that identical way by a longing for Jack Bradford's. In fact, if the truth were known, sixty-two actors had felt so flattered by Maizie's devotion that each and every one sent her his best carbon print—some quite tenderly inscribed—with the result that Maizie has the biggest collection of movie pictures of any girl in Lincoln High.

She is a short sport who won't send in two bits for a picture of her hero, signed by him, or, better still—me. The men are fairer than the women in this. We have one fellow in Nashville who, every three months, sends five dollars for the latest picture of his girl; and you bet he gets a good one!

Ministers, as a class, are not very worldly; yet even they have their favorites. Sometimes one will stall along with spiritual advice; but sooner or later he comes right out and asks for her picture. We had one shepherd in Minneapolis who went mad over our vamp.'s eyes; and his praise was so good that her personal press agent used it. His alleged Reverence said he would sue unless the company paid him five hundred dollars for having furnished such a good story! We offered him a job.

I may be shot by a jealous admirer, but, for the sake of many soft-hearted correspondents, I am going to put at rest any amorous hopes they may cherish for these movie girls. Boys, you haven't a chance in the world—with me on the job. Some of these women may regard their husbands not unkindly, but really I am "the dearest fellow" on the lot. One young thing—probably the very one you have been mooning about—is so delighted with any little press notice I take of her that she shamelessly rewards me with a kiss for everything I write—and I have to write quite often. Mrs. McGary, who has mixed sympathies for her sex, is having me measured for fly screens. She says: "I'll be darned if I'll have Harry vamped by every jade on the lot simply for doing his duty!" And duty is one of the very best things I do.

You may be sure I have to be careful not to show any favoritism. Every one of these people thinks I am boosting the other. "Do you notice, Madge, that Mr. McGary has little enough to say about me, the best character woman in Hollywood? But look at the stuff he puts over about that kissy kid! I guess he's flattered; baldheads always are when the chickens notice 'em. But this pretty doll'll kiss anything and anybody, from the camera kid to her husband—so Mac needn't feel so flattered."

If Punk Blodgett, one of our cut-ups, sees me talking to Hen Barker, a rival custard-pieist, he comes snooping over and tells me a little story about himself; and if ever I should be seen visiting with a twinkling star for any length of time, leave it to his or her rival to see that the tête-à-tête is interrupted.

We once tried handling two captive vamps. at the same time. Never again! When one was working in a set, the other would go and sit behind the camera and "cat" her rival until she completely captured the lady's goat. After several weeks they both demanded and were permitted inclosed sets; but, like as not, when the performing vamp. was working herself up to a point where she could artistically claw off her sweetheart's ear, she would look up and behold the green eye of her rival peering through a hole in the canvas. If you have ever seen how the vamps. make up their wicked eyes by painting the sockets a ghastly green, you can realize how disconcerting it must be to a great artiste to behold one peering at her from ambush.

Another delicious rôle of the publicity man is that of Father Confessor. Our tremendous power over the destinies of the performers is often associated in their minds with omniscient wisdom; so the oppressed and sore of heart come to us for consolation. I advise them in love and business with equal impartiality, and those who have followed my suggestions have produced astonishing results.

So that we may ring our bells intelligently, the p. m. is supposed to know all about his wares. Therefore we keep on file a secret, signed confession—called the "Obits."—of every actor on the lot. In this curious document are many blanks, to be filled in with the name, birth, incidents of youth, parents, schooling, positions, theatrical experience, sports, hobbies, and so on; but the three questions that bring out the spice of the confessors' lives are:

7. What was your greatest adventure?—not necessarily a love affair.

9. What are the things in your life of which you are proud?

16. What is there of further interest about yourself? Do not be bashful; all of it is useful to this department and to your welfare.

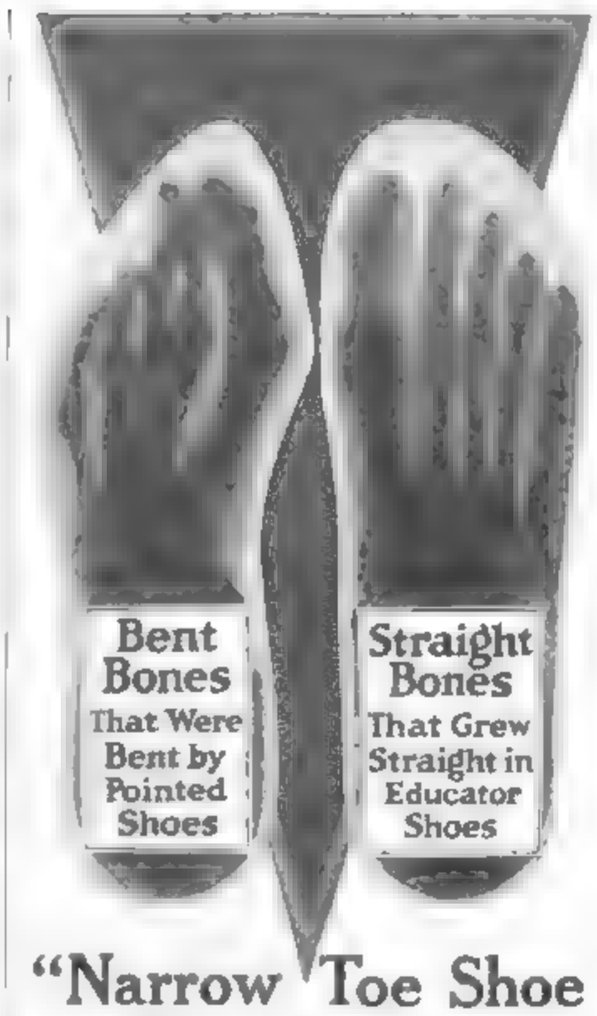
It is easy to understand why most actors should not hate themselves; but the things that flatter their pride are sometimes baffling. Under this head one chap says he was a member of a certain band of international crooks and had spent four years in the Ohio State Pen.; the pride of another fellow's life was that he won forty-three dollars from "Henry de Wolfe"; and one girl told of a job of high-grading she was in on during the gold rush in Nevada, and how, when the game was pulled, the men intrusted twenty thousand dollars to her; and she made her get-away with it.

A New Slant on Motherhood

The "Do not be bashful" was an ironical injunction to add to the last question in the Obits.; for in answering it the autobiographers showed how they loathed themselves. One mother, filling in the blanks for her child wonder, made the poor little one appear to say that she attributed all her cleverness, wit and beauty directly to her mother. A story of the admiration of that child for its female parent would stir the heart of every fan in filmdom. I regret that on the lot the little one does not live up to the claims of her legal biographer.

The mother stuff goes over strong; and often, out of sheer kindness of heart, the publicity man provides his dramatic derelicts with beautiful parents. Over at the Climax one of the ingénues has a really-truly mother, who trails her daughter at all times. Her liveliest interests, however, lie in Marie's pay check and the alarming possibility that California may some day go dry. I wish the writers of Mother Songs would convene out here next time. They'd get a new slant on motherhood. Some of the youngsters have a hard time bringing up their parents into positions they are not used to. Marie has offered up many bone-dry prayers for her dear mother's sake; but their answer still awaits. "What business is it of a lot of longhairs if a lady wants to drink?" Mother is alcoholically very 1776.

One serious blunder that must be avoided by the publicity man is incorrect billing. If we send out a story in which the title of the play is in larger type than that of the actress we had better be quite sure we have read the lady's contract or we may be letting ourselves in for trouble. Some stars have contracts that read: "The name must appear alone upon all advertising; and in news copy it must be three agate lines larger than the title." Bless your heart,



"Narrow Toe Shoe Must Go Say Army Officers"

is the title of an article on the editorial page of the New York Evening Journal. The article repeats what we have been telling Americans for years, namely, that narrow, pointed, so-called "fashionable" shoes are the cause of all corns, bunions, calluses, in-grown nails, flat foot, and bent bones.

Avoid these miseries. The nation needs your efficiency more than ever before. Give up bone-bending footwear and switch to roomy, comfortable Educators, the shoes built scientifically to "let the feet grow as they should."

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

The whole family needs Educators just as much as you do. All of you get into Educators *today!*

In buying be sure you see EDUCATOR branded on the sole. It's your guarantee of the correct orthopaedic Educator shape and of Educator long-wearing leather.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

is a free booklet full of the information you need most about the care of the feet. Send for your copy today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
14 High Street Boston, Mass.

Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men; Mayfairs for Women

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

some of our pets carry rulers and yardsticks, and run about like tapeworms, measuring all the printed matter they see!

We have a few leads who are generous enough to share headlines with their co-stars; but others insist upon their contractual rights, and if one of these is appearing in a picture with a lead of the opposite sex she insists that she shall be "merely supported by Tom Sentous."

A rather remarkable case of modesty—or was it intelligence?—was that of a famous star who demanded that his name should appear simply along with other members of the cast; and that the title should be the point played up.

On the other hand, we have a leading woman who, though her contract does not so specify, refuses to appear as a co-star with any man. Some time ago she was cast with a beautiful male in a fine part; but when she found she had to share the screen with him illness overcame her. The sets were ready, so the picture was taken with a substitute; and after it was well started the sniffy lady recovered. Then it was announced that, because the substitute was very, very bad, the picture would be made all over again, with our dashing lead playing opposite our handsome Edgar.

But what do you think? She had a relapse! Then the boss blew up and issued an ultimatum to the effect that if she was not well enough to appear in the picture by Monday there would be a broken contract, and the lady could just naturally climb a tree and look for another job. The picture was made; and, furthermore, we learn from the exchanges that the man "stole the show"—which is vulgar slang, meaning that he put it all over the woman.

The Friend of the People

But, with all our tender care and solicitude for our children's temperaments, we are in a constant state of turmoil because some exhibitor, caring nothing for our feelings, decides to feature his favorite. Of course it's none of our business; and, if a showman wishes to ring a bell for an extra girl, it is his privilege—and we get the kicks.

Last fall one of our fragile queens nearly lost her wits because a local theater featured a fellow on the same bill with her. *Lèse-majesté?* You bet, and more! Why, a publicity man would be shot in his bed before breakfast if he did such a thing; but nothing could be done to the theater monster except to try to persuade him to see the light. When I pictured, with humiliating gestures, the gentle lady's wrath, and how she was likely to wreck the studio—and mayhap the industry -I touched his pocket nerve; and he relented.

Then out into the night with a gang of nasty bill stickers goes Harry McGrath—publicity man by day for the Filmart Company—and plasters out the offensive name of our nicest hero. If a certain admiral had been a movie admiral, rather than a deep-sea one, he would never have made his famous epigram: "There is glory enough for all!" Not in this business!

Another great embarrassment occurs when our highestfaluting actors load up with big three-cylinder names which take up so much room that the compositors won't follow copy. We're to blame for that too. So, though at times we are most encouragingly kissed, at others we are kicked on the shins.

The ambition of every publicity man is to frame a story that the Associated Press will carry. Of course it must be convincingly true to the A. P. man, and of national rather than local interest.

When the greatest mermaid in captivity was a little minnow her press man says she had infantile paralysis; but by sheer perseverance and athletic training she overcame it entirely. So, when it was announced that the beautiful swimmer would address the poor stricken children of New York at a special matinée, a hard-working p. m. sat hopefully tight. Then the horrid old Health Department, having more interest in the physical welfare of the Gothamites than it had in a good story that would have gone all over the country, called off the meeting.

On another occasion a presidential candidate was touring the West; and, as we had a character man who was a bear at make-up, we tried to put over a good joke that would appeal to our national sense of humor. A delegation of prominent citizens was on hand one morning to meet the candidate's special, scheduled to arrive in Los Angeles at ten-twenty A. M. Just as the train was due, a tall dignified man, in square gray whiskers, who, with a group of silk-hatted satellites, had been hiding in the baggage room, came through the wicket. A reception committee hurried the party past the cheering throng to waiting automobiles, which immediately set out to the hotel for a big public reception.

To the horror and amazement of the gaping crowd there gathered, the "friend of the people" removed his dignified foliage, while his high-hatted intimates howled with laughter. Fortunately for the honor of a great cause, the train was late; so the reception committee had ample time to meet the real distinguished guest. Perhaps, because of the delicacy of the political situation in California, the old A. P. refused to send out the story.

A mean trick practiced sometimes by theatrical writers on newspapers is to steal our stories and credit them to rival actors. If one of these unconscionable wretches has occasion to boost a fellow, and is shy of dope, he will, like as not, grab off a good story belonging to another chap and hang it on the hero he is celebrating.

The advertising of moving pictures has attained such universal interest that purely local stories are utterly futile. There was a time when we furnished film stars to open bazaars and sell tickets for all sorts of affairs; but the local public worked this cheap bell ringing to death and the advertising it brought was negligible.

Once in a while, however, we stage something spectacular enough to break into the press of the whole country. All this winter—the word winter is used solely from habit; we press fellows will boost California, even at a funeral—as I started to say, all this winter the various civic organizations have been giving bazaars and shows for the Red Cross, and some made quite a little money. When it came our turn we turned loose all our publicity departments, with the most pleasing results:

"A Great Ball Game between the Comedians and Tragedians of Movie Land! Eighteen Famous Film Stars at the Bat—Eighteen!"

For inside ball and excitement the players made the Big-League fellows look like a lot of Irishmen on the eighteenth of March. The rules had to be somewhat changed to accommodate genius. When the heaviest custard-pie hitter in the world sliced a ball back over the reporters' stand, and immediately set out for second base and return, the umpire, one Mr. B. Oldfield, appeared quite dazed with the unusual procedure; but something prompted him to call "Foul!" This instantly brought down upon his head the syndicated clubs of some notorious police, who then keystoned the poor chap all over the diamond. Evidently the famous Ump saw some new lights, for he reversed his decision, and Mr. C. Chaplin was given a home run. For sheer spontaneous fun this unique game beat all the celluloid comedies ever filmed; and the story went all over the country.

Wonderful Doubling

At a banquet held the same night the plainest comedian in the world—and that is fame!—sold kisses for a dollar apiece. And, to show the sacrifices American women will make for their country's good, every miss and missis at the board made her silver sacrifice. Result, seven thousand five hundred dollars—raised in a single day! Thus it is demonstrated that even the ignoble game of publicity may be turned to noble purposes.

It is fashionable for business men to laugh at writers, and such; but when we get our little engine running it makes all their efficiency experts look like defectives. Early in the winter a huge petition was started in New York and the securing of signatures was turned over to every big organization in the city—police, fire, street-car companies, hospitals, department stores and moving pictures. We worked through our publicity departments; and before these other outfits had even organized we had turned in more signatures than all of them subsequently obtained. Monday—Organized; Tuesday—Had slides made and solicited every theater in New York; Wednesday and Thursday—Theaters ran announcement on slides between all shows; Friday—Petition was passed and signed by the films and theaters in New York. Result—Two hundred and fifty thousand signatures in a day!

The unique trick of doubling, which occurs only in the art of the photodrama, often extends to the publicity stories and pictures of leads. Pretty girls of the comedy companies have very little to do except to pose for publicity stories; so it is not uncommon for one of them to eke out an honest living by doubling photographically for some lead who hasn't the qualifications for certain pictures. I know one popular leading lady who, for anatomical reasons best known to herself, will not don a bathing suit; but she does not wish to miss this form of publicity—it is scandalously popular. So she just hires a Clingstone Beauty, who types her well, to do it for her.

There are many faces familiar to movie-magazine fans whose fame lies in the "still." And a professional beauty does not need to act to get into the moving pictures; she may romp round with some studio's famous beauties on the beach, or appear as a coquettish cloak model in the fashion footage of the weekly news bulletin. Incidentally, when we are simply stuck with a charity bazaar request, these are the famous film favorites whom we send to sell chances on the automobile.

McGinty, of the Eureka, framed a unique stunt of doubling a while ago in which he deceived the profession itself. Returning from San Francisco one day, he learned that his pet Eastern star had left very suddenly for New York. Having planned a tremendous farewell for the popular Miss Willie, he was temporarily disturbed when he learned that she had sneaked off and killed his story. But only temporarily. He'd give her a farewell, anyway—nobody knew she had gone; so why not?

Having Fun With Visitors

"On the afternoon of her departure Miss Willie faced half the population of Film Land who had come to see her off. Literally buried in flowers, she stood on the back platform of the train and waved her hands and threw kisses to all her admiring friends." Mary Jane Barbour, sometimes called "little" Willie, told me afterward that she really felt quite a thrill, even though she knew the affair was intended for another girl, three thousand miles away.

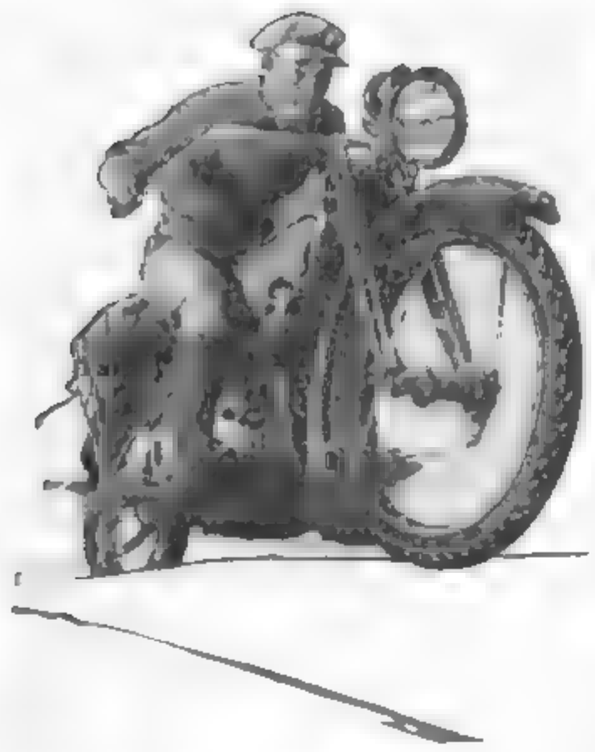
Every visitor to California, both multi-millionaires and those without distinction, wishes to see how movies are made; and they all make their way to the Mammoth, the only plant open to the public. The place is thronged all day with convention delegates, rubberneck tourists, rich goldfish from the hotels and distinguished visitors. While the conventions and tourists lend themselves to certain publicity, it is the distinguished visitor upon whom the p. m. pounces.

The most austere statesman will soon melt in the carnival spirit of studio life; and the alert p. m., seeing that the Big Squeeze is getting kittenish, nurses him along, and presently he has him out for a lark. He will then do anything suggested. If, on the screen, you should some day see Madame Schumann-Heink suddenly emerge from the Salvation Army and begin to sing "Hallelujah! I'm a bum"; or if you go to a good old nickel slum picture and see Fritz Kreisler fiddling in a cabaret—do not think that these great artists are working extra in the movies. Those scenes were mere incidents of a happy day at the Mammoth. It is to be hoped the gentle Russian anarchs will understand our hospitality when they behold Count Tolstoi blandly sitting in a den of lions.

As a poetic reminder of the Chicago World's Fair, the villagers of that sentimental city may some day see a picture of their somewhat respected mayor riding a camel through the streets of Cairo; and as a public tribute to the seaworthiness of a certain type of jitney the peace-loving owner was driven madly over our "prairie," while one of our best cowboys roped a "mad steer" from the front seat. Famous statesmen, soldiers and pickle kings have appeared in rôles that were highly amusing to themselves and duck soup for the press fellows.

One of the great merchants of America, out for a wifeless holiday, became so hilarious at the studio that the p. m. on the job maneuvered him into a set with his most ferocious vamp. The merchant prince thought it great fun, at first; but when the naughty girl, at a signal from the p. m., began to vamp him all over the stage, he had to call for help. Though the poor man blushed considerably, he seemed not entirely to have disliked the experience. It would be interesting to be on deck the day

Vudor
PORCH SHADES
HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
Vudor
Ventilating
Porch
Shades
Cool Shade On Hottest Days
Vudors form a barrier between your porch and the scorching sun. Their Exclusive Ventilating Device lets heated air go out at the top and permits cool air to come in at the bottom—a constant circulation of fresh air.
Your porch, thus open to breezes yet screened from heat, is the most inviting part of your home for lounging, for outdoor meals and for fresh-air sleeping.
Vudor Shades are not expensive. A few dollars equips the average porch. Vudor Shades are durable, lasting for many summers' use. The slats are of kiln-dried basswood. The binding cords are weatherproof and woven doubly strong. Roll up cords move easily over Vudor Cord Glides. Safety Wind Device prevents the shade's flapping in the wind.
Look for the Aluminum Trade Mark, a pledge of valuable exclusive features for comfort, sightliness and durability. In most towns and cities there is but one Vudor dealer.
HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
228 Mill Street, Janesville Wis.
Tear off and send this coupon for complete information and colored reproduction of Vudor Porch Shades in actual use on all kinds of homes. We will also send name of local dealer.
Name
Address
City
State



BLUE STREAKS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

TOUGHER, thicker, longer wearing treads. Wider breaker strip. Carcass of extra high grade 4-ply skim coated fabric. Thicker side walls.

More and higher grade material throughout.

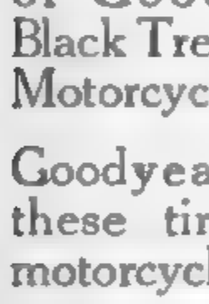
That is the construction of Goodyear's new Black Tread Blue Streak Motorcycle Tires.

Goodyear is proud of these tires—the best motorcycle tires Goodyear ever made.

The Goodyear Dealer is proud of them.

You will be proud of them.

Buy Goodyear Black Tread Blue Streaks of your Goodyear Dealer. And Goodyear Tubes, too.



Service Station Sign of the Goodyear Dealer in Blue Streak Black Tread Motorcycle Tires and Blue Streak Tubes. It will pay you to know him.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON

wifey happens into the theater showing that film.

Convention delegates are immensely helpful to publicity. After adjourning they pour out to the Mammoth and indulge in bank runs, bread riots and milk banquets, or as simple rubbernecks. They spread the fame of the studio to all ends of the world; and for weeks after a bunch of delegates has appeared—even as atmosphere—the office is bombarded by letters asking when and where the film will be shown. Ever afterward these people feel a personal interest in the Mammoth label.

The publicity that stirs most people to their sordid depths is the question of salaries. "Do the pinheads get it?"—"Of course they don't! That's just the same old Barnum-Bailey press bunk."—"Say, if that guy is getting ten thousand a week, then I'm worth a million!"—"Great heavens! What is our civilization coming to when we pay a clown six hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, while our ministers starve!" Time was when we lied outrageously about the wages we paid for dramatic sin; but nowadays we don't have to. Yes, those awful salaries are true; more than true—but whether they are a curse or a blessing to the industry only time will tell.

Anybody who doubts that an actor can earn half a million dollars in a year—I use the word earn in its business definition—should get out his son's slate and do a little figuring. A high-class theater will play to two or three thousand dollars for a two-weeks run of a good drawing picture; so it is reasonable to expect that it will gladly pay a thousand dollars for the film. Now suppose there are one hundred and fifty first-class theaters in the U. S. A., all featuring the same picture for the same first run. That means one hundred and fifty copies at a thousand dollars each. And suppose the actor's contract calls for the making of twelve pictures a year; this means that the man's films earn one million eight hundred thousand dollars.

It is beside the point to say that nobody is worth half a million dollars a year; the fellow's films earn it, and even a "dub actor" may capitalize his earning capacity. After paying this huge salary, great sums for production, and thousands for publicity, there still remain, out of the one million eight hundred thousand dollars, enormous profits to the promoters.

I was commissioned by my company a while ago to offer a certain favorite two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year on a two-years contract; and he came back with the statement—and the proof—that another studio had offered him nearly twice that amount. Four years ago the chap was earning only forty dollars a week and his sudden rise to such film favoritism has quite flabbergasted him.

"When they offered me this fortune," he said to me, "I told them frankly that the thing was a joke; for, as a measure of artistic success, it made me about twenty times as good as Henry Irving. But if I was earning the money, why, I guess it was coming to me.

"'Well, the truth is, Bill,' they replied, 'you will not quite earn your contract, but, having no other big stars, we are going to use your name to pull for the studio.'"

A few years ago there was but one man and one woman—woman?—a mere girl!—who were earning over ten thousand dollars a week. Now there are probably eight. A very strange change in the public taste is indicated by the increasing popularity of the men. It was not many years ago when the studios were wit-ended to know how to popularize their male dolls. The best of them were used mostly as foils and beautiful cuties for the more popular movie queens.

But now we find three or four men in the ten-thousand-dollar class; and the strange—and hopeful—thing is that not one of them is a pretty boy. Sheer genius for comedy is responsible for one; another has arrived because of his bounding joyous personality; another, rawboned and as plain as an old shoe, seems to have touched bottom in the sentimental hearts of his admirers; while a fourth has won out because of a certain pensive sadness and artistic repression.

There seem to be no stars of the second magnitude in the pictures. We drop abruptly from the super salaries down to the thousand-a-week class. Think of calling a thousand dollars a week a drop!

Though there is much disagreement among the bosses as to the wisdom of paying great salaries, they all now agree that the publicity of them has worked a great injury to the industry. The public resents such abnormalities; and the companies themselves, by outbidding one another with greater salaries, are often beaten at their own game.

Suppose, for instance, a studio spends a fortune in developing, training and advertising a star—like Marguerite Marigold. Just as she has become popular and is beginning to pay back something on the investment, lo and behold, another studio bobs up and offers her five hundred dollars a week! When, in turn, this studio has spent a mint on her, along comes a third and offers her one thousand dollars. By this little game of star stealing every company loses its original investment; for when a star leaves she carries her prestige to the new studio, and the old one has to discover and develop a new favorite.

This suicidal warfare has led to queer protective measures. Some studios are now copyrighting names that the struggling young actress is glad enough to start with, just to be in the movies, but which she cannot take with her after the company has spent a fortune upon it. This is particularly true of the baby stars; they soon grow out of babyhood, and all their advertising would be lost if the same name could not be passed along to another infant.

Another policy is to stress the studio label in all advertising and play very softly on the personal note. "Stars may come and stars may go, but the studio goes on forever!" paraphrases one corporation.

On the other hand, one of the great picture corporations believes in and capitalizes the drawing power of names.

"I don't care how much I pay a star if we can make ten per cent off his picture," says the president; "but star salaries are going down from now on. Due to the great investments in plants, the cost of production is constantly going up; and more—very much more—will have to be paid for stories if the art is to survive. Directors and"—oh, goody!—"publicity men, and all those who contribute to the stars' success, must have a greater share in the earnings."

It may seem strange, in a country which largely measures the merit of things by their cost, that this studio forbids the mention of money in all its advertising.

"Boys," said the director-general one day in the publicity office, "when a woman who has been working over a tub of suds all day goes to see Marie play a pathetic little part in rags, she is emotionally touched; but when she learns that this same child is earning six hundred thousand dollars a year!—twelve thousand dollars a week!!—two thousand dollars a day!!!—she is made very resentful. There is a natural indignation in the hearts of all hard workers over the very unequal distribution of the goods of this world; but when a mere slip of a girl draws wages of fifty thousand dollars a month the underpaid women will never like her quite the same. No, lads; we must cut out all reference to cost of production; sheer money does not mean a good picture, and our salaries are vulgar enough without advertising them."

These conflicting psychologies had been puzzling me for a long time, but I had just about concluded that the Mammoth was right—Advertise the label!

"Blanche," said I, as she snuggled up alongside me in the protecting dark of the projecting room, "I think in a few years we shall be advertising our wares just the same as automobiles. After all, 'the play's the thing.'"

"But, Harry," peeped up my exasperating wife, "the play certainly is not the whole thing! You'll never be able to eliminate personalities so long as people would rather go to see Sarah Bernhardt in East Lynne than to see Bessie Flopit tackle Juliet. I'll go to see Spencer Grandon in any old film! If it wasn't that I love you, in spite of your old bald head, I'd be simply mad over Spencer. He's got the grandest hair, and ——"

Truth often makes herself felt in the protecting dark of the projecting room.

THE HUGE BLACK ONE-EYED MAN

(Continued from Page 6)

empty air. "If I'm held up I shall not say that I escaped from the ship in an auto."

She had been frankly looking him up and down, and now she turned her eyes over the open fields and asked him, with cheerful sarcasm, which hotel he should patronize.

"I shall get on all right," he answered, grateful for her friendlier tone, even though it came from relief at getting rid of him.

"You prefer to be left here?" she asked.

"I prefer to do what you want me to do."

"Then please go and stand in the light." She bent over and switched on the side lights. "You see," she called out as he obediently stood for inspection, "the car's been driven by a voice."

"I see," he answered gravely, blinking in the glare, "that your country's at war. You have taken me on trust. You have a right to inspect me."

The girl made no answer. Perhaps she did not hear. She looked with an intent concentration into his face from eyes a little troubled. She remembered now, since she had passed the sentry, since she had brought this young man past the cordon, that she had heard it said that the easiest way for a spy to get in was by way of the United States and a horse boat. She could hardly recognize the muleteer, but honest eyes looked from the face of this young gentleman. His clothes were obviously transatlantic, and she pronounced favorably on the cut of his features and of these. She smiled, knowing herself invisible behind the light, approving his endurance of the ordeal. He showed no trace of embarrassment, standing gravely at ease, clearly comprehending that her motive was serious.

"What is your name, please?" she called out.

"Charles Conant, my lady."

"All muleteers have two," she said. "It seems the etiquette of the profession. What is your real name, Mr. Conant?"

"Carter Hamlin, if your ladyship pleases."

She saw an anxious look as to the effect of this confession. She broke into a peal of laughter.

"I do please, Mr. Hamlin," she said.

His face brightened and she saw white teeth gleam as his lips parted in a relieved smile.

"May I slip out of the spotlight?" he called.

He hoped her laugh meant that he should have a few further miles by her side.

"Yes; thank you."

"Oh," he cried as he came to her side, "they've told me ——" He stopped short.

"Well, what?"

"That I look more honest than anybody could ever be."

His boyishness amused her. He explained lamely that perhaps he had inferred too much. If she still had any doubts he would go back and surrender to the sentry; he promised this on his honor. She pronounced this impossible, as it might involve discovery of her part in his escape. She affected fear of this, and she freighted her blithe voice with an accent of anxiety.

"For me to go on in the auto is just as dangerous for you," he cried, suddenly realizing this. "I don't know the laws, but you must have broken a whole bunch of them."

"I'm afraid I have," she admitted ruefully as she drooped her lids over laughing eyes.

"Then I'm dumped right here," he said with decision. "Please go on, now—this minute."

"Listen!" she said.

A church bell far away struck eleven. He drew a deep breath when the silver beads of sound had ceased to roll across the still air. "I've read of that, too," he whispered as to himself.

The girl was interested in his unconscious display of feeling and a little amused by it. When he suddenly announced "Your novelists have no imagination, after all. The real thing is so much more wonderful," she laughed out loud. When he added an abrupt "Good night!" caught her hand, pressed it to his lips, and actually bolted into the darkness, she called out:

"Come back! You'll be captured before breakfast, Mr. Hamlin," she said gravely; "and the sentry saw you in the car ——"

He was only too eager to obey. He jumped to his place in the car, telling her that her wrist was sprained.

(Continued on Page 37)

Last Night

Tonight

Go Change Today

Make Night Like Day With Warner-Lenz

Every motorist owes himself immediate decision on the Warner-Lenz.

You know that ordinary shaft-lights, with their blinding glare, are wrong. Whenever you meet them you feel an affront. And countless local laws forbid them.

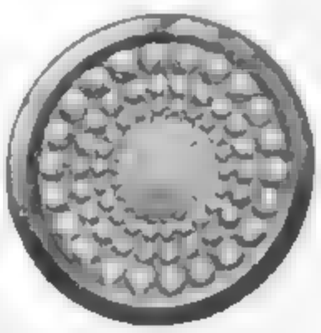
On a straight course they light the distant road. But they don't light turns. And they don't light near-by roadsides.

When turned on full, drivers and pedestrians are blinded. When dimmed, they yield too little light.

You know that such conditions are bound to change, like anything else that's wrong. Something must displace the clear lens, and at once. The evidence is it will be the Warner-Lenz.

176 Lenses in One

The Warner-Lenz best solves the headlight problem. It lights the roadside, it lights the turns. It lights the road from 300 to 500 feet ahead. It lights a whole half-circle ahead of the driver, and lights it all like daylight.



It utilizes all your light, but it diffuses the rays. There are 176 lenses in one. So, instead of a dazzling glare of light, there's a wealth of soft, clear, penetrating light.

Warner-Lenz light is the same in every position. Turning of the lens in the door of your headlamp does not affect it, nor does rise or fall of the car. This is of vital importance.

Mark the Evidence

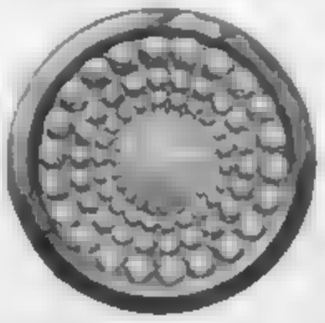
The Warner-Lenz is one year old. Yet in that year some 400,000 motorists have adopted it. Never before has a motor car improvement attained such quick adoption.

Every user is winning others. Every pair of Warner-Lenz spreads the atmosphere of courtesy. No man can see them without knowing that they solve the lighting problem. In the past few months, 17 makers of famous cars have made Warner-Lenz standard equipment after most exhaustive tests.

Don't Wait Longer

The Warner-Lenz light is too good a thing to miss. No user would exchange it for any other form of light. Every comparison with other lenses—by experts or by laymen—brings a verdict in its favor.

Then why delay? You will not long drive a car without them. Why do it another night? See your accessory dealer. If anyone claims that another lens better solves this problem, write us for the facts. Let us tell you why it doesn't. Get the right lens when you change.



Standard Equipment On 17 Makes

PACKARD, LENOX, MARMON, BIDDLE, HAL TWELVE, PEERLESS, STUTZ, WHITE, FIAT, FAGEOL, McFARLAN, SINGER, OHIO ELECTRIC, DANIELS 8, PATHFINDER, DOBLE STEAM, CUNNINGHAM

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer.

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY

918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in inches	Per Pair
5 to 9	$3.50
9¼ to 10½	4.00
10¾ to 12	5.00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Note

If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

Superior Tire Resiliency

You put pneumatic tires on your automobile for a similar reason that rope fenders are hung about the sides of those powerful little bantams of the river—tug boats,

—to protect the delicate mechanism of your car (and the passengers) from the incessant vibrant shocks of the road.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Motorists who know most about tires use the *United States 'Royal Cord' Tire,*

—the acknowledged *"monarch of all cord tires"*—and famous for its marvelous resiliency and elasticity.

The 'Royal Cord' Tire is made up of many layers of many powerful little cords.

It is this "many little cord" construction which gives the *'Royal Cord' Tire* its amazing resiliency and elasticity,

—its supreme ability to "give" just enough to take up the vibration of road impact,

—and, at the same time, to have the almost unbelievable strength to resist the wear and tear of the incessant, heavy pounding that a tire must undergo.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

If you want to forget tires and only remember the comfort and luxury of motoring, use on your car the 'Royal Cord' Tire—the "monarch of all cord tires."

United States Tires
Are Good Tires

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'
A tire for every need of price and use

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme

(Continued from Page 34)

"I offered my services," he said as they started on. "You had no choice. How could you know I was an alien? Remember that if I should be questioned. Now those twin names of mine ——"

A car loomed out of the darkness and she forgot her chant; so mechanically he swung the car to the right. There was a grinding of brakes and the two cars stood their bonnets kissing. A stream of peppery half oaths poured from in front of them as Conant switched on his headlights. The girl promptly switched them off; then called out in her clear high-bred voice:

"So sorry! It's to the right across the Channel, you know."

"Quite so; quite so," came back instantly in a mollified voice, and the other car backed and passed.

"Everything," laughed my lady, "is forgiven to men home from the Front."

"Hadn't you better drive?" asked the humbled chauffeur.

"Oh, no; please go on. But no headlights, please. It's against the law."

They were checked by a swaying lantern.

"Very sorry, sir." A policeman loomed from the darkness and inspected the two. "Your lights were too bright."

"Only for an instant, constable," my lady pleaded. "There was nearly an accident."

"Regulations, madam. There must be a summons."

"It is Lady Dartridge's car," she said with resignation.

"Summon me," the chauffeur said. "I did it"

"Please do not speak unless you are addressed," she said icily.

Conant remembered that he had once gone into a Boston store with an English girl and had been astonished at her knack of talking very clearly to the floorwalker, but just as though the floorwalker was not there. He had not been sorry for the man; but he was now.

"Would you wish her ladyship's solicitor to accept the summons?" the policeman asked politely.

The chauffeur, fuming, pulled out one of his pound notes and pressed it into the girl's surprised and protesting hand.

"Lady Dartridge attends to these matters herself, constable."

"Thank you, madam. Your name, please?"

"Lady Joan Templar."

"Your driver's license, please—a matter of form."

"He will get it to-morrow."

"Very sorry, my lady," said the inflexible officer. "I must summon him."

"Oh, very well. Serve it at the Castle."

"His name is ——" The policeman's pencil was poised in the light of his lamp.

Lady Joan turned a haughty head toward her silent servitor. She phrased her question oddly.

"Which is your name?" she asked, as though addressing stars or other things at infinite distances.

"Charles Conant, my lady."

"Thank you, my lady," said the policeman, and he gravely touched his helmet.

The car sped on. Conant, crushed, meekly asked whether there was any other law he could break.

"There are a hundred," she answered; "but you can't know them until you break them."

She was gleeful, but he could not know that was because her mother was to receive a summons to appear at a police court. She returned his pound note with suave thanks for his "kind loan." She explained that an attempt to bribe a policeman was a serious matter; the other things were trifles and meant nominal fines.

"Pardon my abruptness," she said, "but ——"

"My accent?"

"That's it. You were interrupted. You were speaking of your twin names."

"A Charles Conant had shipped. He did not turn up. I took his place."

"You were in a hurry to get away?" she said.

"I was."

"Then you had committed a crime?" she laughed.

"If your ladyship pleases."

"I am serious."

"Yes; I had."

"How interesting! Give me three guesses. You did not hold up anybody or any bank or any express train, or you would have bought a yacht and come away. You did not shoot anybody, for your eyes are not haggard."

"Perhaps I have a seared conscience, Lady Joan."

"That I knew from the first," she agreed promptly. "But your crime?"

"I threatened," he confessed with sudden shyness, "to write a book about the influence of Cervantes on English literature."

"I see! And that, of course, meant imprisonment for life."

"It meant a big row with my father. He has some dollars. He wanted me to make more. I said there was plenty. I asked him to settle an income on me for life, so that I could follow literature and never worry about money. Of course he used the usual words."

"And those?"

"Parasite, hanger-on, quitter, idler, loafer, and lots more; all friendly, you understand."

"Oh, quite! And so you decided to be Don Quixote instead of writing about him"

She had leaned out and looked backward two or three times since they had been stopped by the policeman, and she did this again now.

"There is a car coming and I want to speak to the man I think is in it," she said, extinguishing the side lights. "Run the car under the beeches. There's no underbrush."

He would have obeyed if she had told him to drive over a precipice. He plunged into darkness and drew up. "My lady" slipped out. The car passed.

"George!" he heard.

The car drew up.

"Evenin', Joan. What are you doing here?" A level voice, unmoved; to the ears of the listener under the beeches extraordinarily affected.

"I lent my car ——"

"Lent your car? What's the sense of doin' that and standin' here ——"

"Never mind the sense, George. Give me a lift."

"Come along. Lent your car? How extraordinary! To whom?"

But the answer was lost as the car went on.

The stupefied young man under the beeches sat motionless for two minutes at least. Then he muttered several times in a crescendo:

"Holy gee! Holy gee!"

Echo came from a corn crake in a neighboring field, and from the sough of the breeze in the beeches; but not from Lady Joan.

II

THE fugitive alien, unlicensed, unaccredited, chained to a car, leaned back in his seat and looked vainly up at the black beeches for the answers to long strings of questions, which at last were knotted into one: What did Lady Joan want him to do? The answer to that solved such subsidiary mysteries as why she had left him thus. He found it hopeless to attempt to imagine himself Lady Joan and thus to catch her motive. He knew that she had wonderful eyes and complexion and a charming voice; that she was fearless, courtly and kind; that she drove the car of a certain Lady Dartridge; and that Lady Dartridge lived at a Castle. That could not be far away or the policeman would not have known it simply as "the Castle."

These interesting but limited facts were not data enough to enable him to put himself inside the beautiful skin of this beautiful Lady Joan. He could be fairly certain, he thought, that she had helped him out of the village on the spur of the moment just because he was the underdog. She had been amused by his seating himself in her car. She had found it fun to carry him away under the nose of the policeman. She had repented her impulse, but had been reassured by an inspection which convinced her that he was no spy. She had laughed at subsequent mishaps, been lighthearted about summonses, had not feared to let him go on driving.

After this he was lost. There was no clew to the motive of her flight; no hint as to why she had so generously presented him with Lady Dartridge's automobile; no gleam of suggestion as to what he was to do with it. The obvious thing was to stay there with it and await what came. It was all right for a bed and there was an abundance of rugs; but there was a lack that made the obvious impossible—there was no larder.

Conant drew his belt tighter, thought of the red roast beef of the inn, backed the car into the road, and set out for the unknown. He talked to himself out loud all the time. He exaggerated the broad vowels of his Harvard days, and his unmodulated measured utterance was as hard as the road over which he traveled. His words were superlatives of admiration for Lady Joan; and, had his declaration matched his thought in fervor, the sleeping birds in the wayside copses must at least have stirred uneasily.

There was method in this midnight madness. He was giving expression to his feelings and, at the same time, practicing English. "George" was his model. He had heard only twenty-eight words from George, but they were enough. George, weirdly held up on a dark road by a girl, had not swerved from his inflexible method. Not a trace of surprise; not a hint of curiosity; this British phlegm was reenforced concrete.

Conant was metaphorically running steel stays through himself. He had to get food somehow and it seemed that only a Briton could do that. His ear for music was bad, but for vowel sounds and rhythm it was so acute that, twice read, any poem or balanced piece of prose was his irrevocable possession; so he made astonishing progress in pronouncing the English language as he talked aloud to Lady Joan. He invoked her, praised her, described her; but a reasonably distant listener would have thought that he was demonstrating her geometrically. He did not like George, who had taken her from him and whose imperturbability was a challenge; but the most successful teachers are often disliked.

The main road branched, but he kept to the left. Why should he hesitate, or climb signposts and light matches? One town was like another. He climbed and wound, passing through hamlets, all dark, where dogs barked. Twice a light was flashed from the roadside, and he assumed that a policeman was noting the number of the automobile; but he was timid about his English, as all beginners are about a new language, and he never stopped to ask questions.

So at last he rolled along a level road on a long hilltop and stopped suddenly when he came to its edge. He was surprised to find himself on the border of a hidden nestling town. A ribbon of silver glimmered under the clouded half moon, dividing the town far away beneath him; and he knew that he was looking at Bath. He remembered that Walter Savage Landor had described it as the most beautiful city in Europe after Edinburgh and Florence. He cut off his engine and rolled silently down its deserted streets.

He stopped at length in front of a garage, shattered the peace with the toot of his horn, then got out and pulled an iron rod, which proved his suspicion correct, for a bell jangled within, a crusty voice from a window above called "Coming," and an elderly man at length opened to him. He ran the car into the darkness, the green-curtained half-glass doors were closed, and a light switched on.

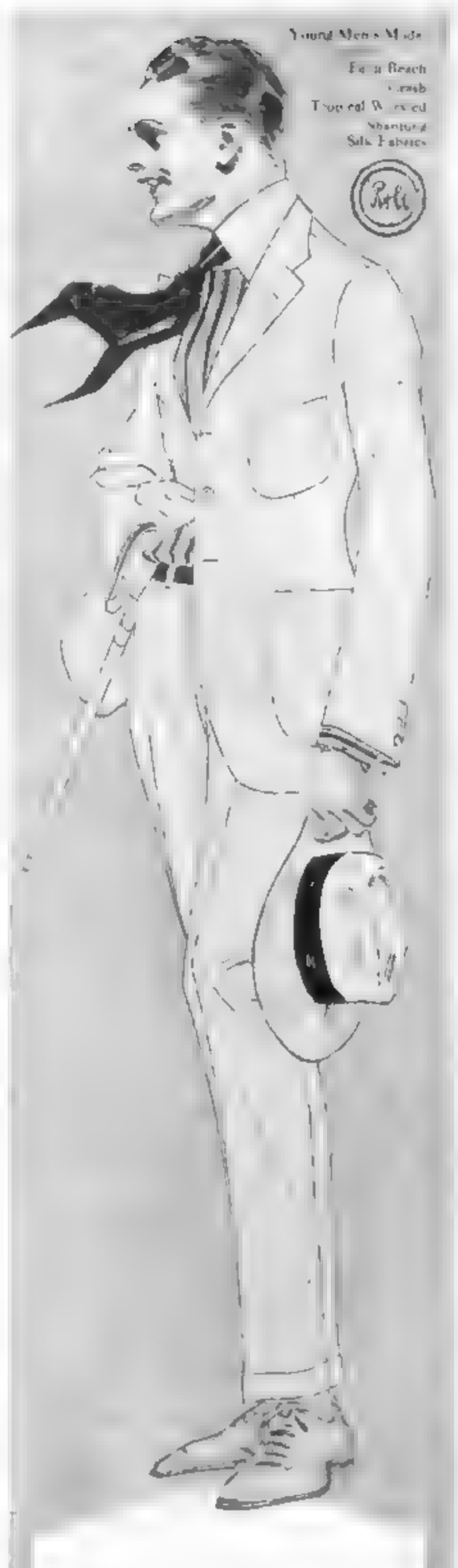
"This," Conant said as he got out, "is Lady Dartridge's car. I am her driver."

He felt that he was speaking as the Oracle at Delphi might have spoken, and that a people in arms ought to have been hanging on his ponderous utterance. He saw the old man glance at him as though perplexed. He could not guess that he had announced himself a chauffeur in the "swank accent of a real toff." He could not guess a further incongruity. His clothes were neither those of a swell nor of an honest driver of motor cars. There was a vague unfamiliarity about their cut.

Behind the stately stone fronts of Bath are hidden crowded courts and culs-de-sac and little alleys, where live descendants of the hangers-on and grooms and servants of an aristocracy that flocked to Bath through two centuries. These inheritors from times of caste are exacting in their judgments, but war conditions had jammed into the somnolent and protesting brain of this old ex-cabdriver some new perceptions. He saw "real toffs" appearing under strange conditions and "demeaning theirselves" by doing strange things; hence a suspended judgment as to this chauffeur, who received neither the servility due to an aristocrat, nor the courtesy due to one of the middle classes, such as a manufacturer, doctor or lawyer, nor the friendliness accorded to an equal.

Conant thought that surly reticence meant suspicion and hostility; whereas it

(Continued on Page 39)



You can always keep cool and fresh in an "R&W" Summer Suit.

There's a big variety of attractive colors and patterns to select from, many in washable fabrics.

Look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection.

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, golf and automobile apparel

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

BETTER TIRES—BETTER SOLD

From the very beginning of the motor truck industry Goodyear has led in the introduction of new and better types of tires—enabling manufacturers to build machines more and more efficient.

First came the hard-rubber-base tire, strikingly better than any former tire, yet but a crude promise of Goodyear's present product.

Then came the first demountable, then the pressed-on type—greatest single advance in the making of tires for trucks.

Finally came a perfected demountable tire, called the Goodyear Hand-Attachable, and the Goodyear S-V Pressed-On Tire—twin brothers and famous for their marvelous mileages, sometimes exceeding 40,000 in city use. Then the Goodyear Motz Cushion Tire, used everywhere for light, fast delivery service.

Thus Goodyear has now a perfected tire for every type of truck and service. If new uses develop Goodyear will be ready with tires to meet them.

But the making of an article is only half the battle. Selling it, today, counts equally.

So Goodyear has not stopped with improving the quality of tires but has improved the *distribution* of them, establishing more and more Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers until now hundreds of these dot the country and offer convenient, prompt, efficient service to every truck owner in the land. Only Goodyear does this.

So Goodyear Truck Tires, better, are also better sold.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 37)

only signified mental strain. He demanded food, nevertheless, speaking as though from a lofty peak to a slave in the valley.

"The bit I've brought won't be to your liking, sir.'

"Fetch it!" the young man ordered calmly.

He was trembling with eagerness, but prided himself on saying "fetch." Presently he was eating cold boiled bacon and nibbling small morsels from a hunk of bread. He wished to gnaw large sections; but this would have been equivalent to a display of emotion and would have been out of character. When he had finished he curled himself up under the rugs on the back seat of the auto, and would have dropped instantly into slumber had not the bells of Bath Abbey chimed The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls. This delayed sleep for five minutes.

In the morning, wandering, he discovered that he could have a pine-needle bath, or a Nauheim bath, or an old Roman bath, or any kind of bath ever known except one of ordinary cold water; and that nobody ate breakfast. At least the few restaurants did not open until noon. He chose a Turkish bath, bought a lot of things, did some sight-seeing, ate a double meal at twelve o'clock, and went to his consul.

Conant, without knowing it, had the youthful American conception of law; law was an ideal to be half humorously shattered for personal convenience. Law was red tape; red tape was invented to be cut. But the consul had other views.

"Search me; cross-examine me," Conant pleaded after a long talk. "I couldn't be more marked if I was draped in the flag."

"I believe everything you've told me," the consul answered. "I have not a shadow of doubt that you are an American citizen."

He was amiable, cool, official. His living expenses had jumped sixty per cent, his salary not at all; he was greatly overworked and just a trifle underfed; but he continued to decree liberty or prison with cheerful equanimity. His signature on the right paper meant freedom; its denial, nearly always incarceration.

"If you said that to me in a letter ——" suggested the insinuating Conant.

"Regulations forbid," was the answer. "I can issue only one kind of document and that must be founded on legal proof. A birth certificate ——"

"I have told you that I was born ten miles from anywhere in Ohio. There were no records then."

"A cable to your father for his sworn declaration——"

Conant shook his head. The consul shrugged his shoulders. They parted in mutual good will; and Conant left without a credential of any kind.

He went to the free library. A glance at Burke's Peerage—three years old—disclosed the fact that the family of Templar occupied four columns; that it was stated to have flourished in Normandy for a century before the Conquest of England; that the Most Noble Marquis of Dartridge had three subsidiary titles and three country seats, but only one child; and that her mother was Mary, the daughter of Jonas Gayford, Esquire, of Louisville, U. S. A.

"Lady Joan is half American," said Conant to himself, "and that's why she's helped me; and she's twenty-two years four months and three days old to-day." He was always good at arithmetic.

His lordship's arms were blazoned as: "Quarterly; 1st and 4th, azure, a portcullis with chains pendent; or, 2nd and 3rd; or, a lion rampant, gules." The crest was a "cat-a-mountain, sejant, guardant, ppr., collared and chained, or ——"

"And it is only a wildcat, after all!" Conant chuckled, looking at the vignette.

Brazen, he visited the police office and had an urbane chat with the deputy superintendent, then with the clerk to the magistrates, and ultimately with the august "Bench" itself, in open court. He went away highly pleased with himself, and chuckled all the way through bright, short Milsom Street, one of the most cheerful streets in the world at the right moment. The most cheerful strollers in it on this day and at this hour were dozens of convalescent wounded, dressed in blue hospital clothes; and every convalescent had at least two girls, and nearly all these were in white. At the garage the proprietor, who saw him for the first time, asked eagerly whether he was exempt from military service. He nodded, with condescension, and was asked why.

"Heart." He could think of nothing else and this was no time for hesitation. He thought of Lady Joan and smiled.

Conant saw a bright flame of hope illumine a stolid face.

"Two pound a week if you'll come to work here," was the eager offer.

Conant straightened and looked haughtily from stern eyes. He did this for practice. He had found the way and he meant to keep to it.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the proprietor stammered. "My man said you were Lady Dartridge's driver."

"I am," Conant explained, appeased by humility; "but not for money."

"I quite understand, sir."

Conant paid his bill, consulted the map he found in a pocket in the car, and with its aid went deviously toward the Castle, following byroads and deep-sunken lanes, where branches from untrimmed hedges lightly switched his face. There was no spare labor this year for hedging and ditching. Elderly men and some women were cutting grass and turning hay. He sniffed the fragrance and softly soliloquized in George's English for practice; accent and manner were his only credentials.

At length he came to a stone wall ten feet high and skirted it for some miles. Here and there valerian bloomed red on it in great patches, and sometimes stonecrop; and ivy covered long stretches of it. He turned in at a wrought-iron gate standing open between two pillars, each supporting a crumbling "cat-a-mountain," done in stone. The lodge appeared to be unoccupied, and he could see that he had not come into the Castle Park by the main entrance. He was surprised by acres on acres of earthed-up potatoes. He guessed that they had plowed up the grassland for food products; and he learned afterward that they had shot the herd of fallow deer and sent the venison to the hospitals.

It made things simpler for him that he had approached from the rear, for he was almost in the stables when the great oaks and elms and flowering limes permitted free sight of the house. An old English sheep dog, tailless, with its shaggy blue coat in perfect condition, stood and looked at him. A small Sealyham terrier, alert and snappy, yapped. A wagon with spokes like trees rumbled out of the stables behind a shire horse, whose wet shoes left circles like a soup plate. A youthful groom, below enlisting age, came out and looked an inquiry. Was this man in the car a gentleman, only a man, or merely a person?

"Does that wagon pass the main lodge?" asked Conant, with a high aloofness but with courteous condescension. A touch to the forelock and a "respectful negative" showed Conant that he had established a position which precluded question. "Then," he said, "you will take this to the main lodge and leave it for me, if you please."

He pointed to the suitcase he had bought and filled at Bath, not deigning to touch it himself. He handed out a lordly shilling and sauntered round the Castle. He passed French windows, Gothic mullioned windows, œils-de-bœuf—every kind of window that English architecture had known in five centuries; but no one was looking from any of them. He nodded to two old gardeners, and to a very pretty flaxen-haired maidservant who wore a black dress, an apron with "double-cross belts," and a white cap. He lounged past the porticoed front, across the hundred yards of velvet lawn, and down the main avenue, where the branches of the beeches met overhead.

He occupied an hour in covering the mile to the lodge. No one followed; no one called after him; no one questioned. The return of the car had been achieved in the simplest, safest way. Lady Joan was safe about any story she might have told at home, and the link which bound her to a fugitive alien was snapped. Disappointment at not seeing her was sharp, of course, but mitigated by hope. Neighbors must meet sometime.

Within an hour he had made himself a neighbor by installing himself as a tenant of John Murr's attic, in the village by the lodge gates; and the next morning he was pitching hay on the top of a rick as it fell from the elevator.

The hay came inexorably in dusty scented cataracts. Parched, drenched with sweat, he fed it to the rick builder, who expertly built up the edges, and to the man who filled in the hollows. The white cotton hat he had bought for a shilling in the one village store was a sodden rag; his arms, bare to the elbow, were an angry red; his face sparkled as the sun glinted on the salt left by the perspiration. When they knocked off at noon his hands were so stiff they could hardly grasp the rungs of the ladder. The farmer's wife, a delicate-looking woman, in a hat with roses all round, wheeled a barrow from the farmhouse. The men squatted in the shadow of the haystack, ate boiled ham and cabbage, and stolidly told of sons and grandsons in the navy and in the army, whose censored postal cards did not even tell where they were.

The farmer that afternoon put Conant on the horserake. This was partly from fairness, partly from a desire to retain a man who had taken through a whole morning the hardest job in the field, and never once descended from the rick for a "drop of cider."

Traversing the ground backward and forward, gathering every shred of hay, half asleep in the heat and from the mechanical movement, he came to the top of the field. He lifted his lazy lids and then opened his eyes wide. Across a stile, which made a gap in the high hawthorn hedge, he saw a girl in a big white sunbonnet, raking swaths of hay from the hedge. She wore a short skirt of white linen, and white buckskin shoes; and she seemed to stand on the edge of a cool river of green. Each quick efficient pull of her rake cleared the hay from the grass underneath and lengthened the river by two feet; soon it would run clear to the stile, for she was working toward him.

She straightened, planting her rake upright, grasping the handle with a high-uplifted left hand, and put the right hand on her hip. She stood thus, resting, and turned the sunbonnet and the head it concealed toward the horserake.

"If Maud Muller looked like that," its driver muttered, "he was no judge."

He swung round, making precise calculations. To give these calculations their due effect he twice dismounted and corrected defects with the harness that did not exist. But the girl also did some mental arithmetic and she quickened her pace. Hence this joint plan for meeting precisely at the stile on his next journey seemed likely to fail for want of consultation.

His anxiety was sharp, for he hoped that this might be Lady Joan. Her curiosity and amusement were considerable, for her keen eyes had recognized the muleteer. He wondered eagerly whether the great lady, on her own estate, would pick up the threads where she had cut them two nights before. She wondered where the car was, and whether this debonair and cheerful young man would make her laugh some more. Excuses for laughter in these days were few, and she seized and held them. He prepared for a dignified retreat on his rake from a frigid reception. She prepared tea, for the tow-haired maid with the double-cross belts had come tripping down the green grass with a large basket.

When she heard him coming she perched on the step of the stile and glanced casually between the ears of the approaching horse at the yokel on the rake.

"I will give you tea here," she called out in a voice of command. "That will save time."

She bobbed down, settled herself in a nest of hay, and prepared to show adequate surprise when the muleteer should reveal himself.

"Thank you, Lady Joan."

Conant, practicing his new language, would have been astonished if he could have seen the effect. His gift for mimicry had amused his friends, but he had no notion that his utterance was precisely that of George; nor could he know that George's mannerisms were notorious.

Lady Joan started up as though a bee had stung her. Her surprise was not assumed, and she was annoyed, too. She turned her head on one side, listening, frowning. She considered, and balanced evidence of eyes and ears. The eyes won instantly. Her shoulders shook with silent laughter. She grasped the teapot as his steps came near. She did not turn as he said, from the stile above her head:

"I am a farm hand, and ——"

"If you prefer cider," she interrupted in a stifled voice, "you can go to the rick, of course." Then she looked up. "What! You?"

She flashed a glance over the white cotton hat, the flaring collarless shirt, the bare reddening arms. Jolly catching laughter welled out, just as he would have it; and it told him that he had borrowed trouble about his reception. He was happy in finding her thus, with her mood unchanged.

Lift off Corns with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns and calluses so they lift off. Here is a mighty simple and easy way to get rid of your corns or calluses. Apply a few drops of Freezone for two or three nights directly upon a tender aching corn or a callus.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

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"You like the disguise, Lady Joan?" he asked as he vaulted the stile.

"Perfect!" she answered. She had taken off the sunbonnet, and now she tucked in a straying wisp that five minutes before had clung damply to her forehead. "The horse and rake are a touch of genius."

"I exchanged the car for them," he said.

"Then," she answered, "I must carry the butler to the Canteen on the tines of the rake."

"My idea too—so convenient."

"And with whom," she asked, suddenly looking up at him, "did you exchange your voice?"

"Oh, you noticed that too?"

"Noticed it?" she repeated. "It roared in my ears. Where did you get it?"

"In the woods, at midnight."

She shook her head, chiding.

"Imagination," she said, "is no guide to pronunciation." She waved her hand to the other side of the basket. "Sit down," she ordered. "Agricultural laborers swim in cider till afternoon; then float in tea."

The table was laid on the top of the basket, and she asked the inevitable question about the number of lumps and poured a cup for him. The branches of a hornbeam shaded them and a cool breeze came up the slanting field. He sipped, because the cup was from her hand. He would have drunk the liquid if it had been brewed from catnip. He began explanations; but she would not have them.

"You forgot Elijah," she broke in.

She was resting on her elbow in the soothing relaxation of one who had done real work, and the side face that he could see was delicately flushed by the warm air.

"I meant him no disrespect," he said; "but I've certainly not thought of him for some years."

She lifted her eyelids high and her upward glance was reproachful.

"A raven brought him breakfast," she reminded him.

He looked a startled question, and she nodded.

"How could I guess?" he cried. "You are no raven."

"And you no prophet," she gibed; "but still, there was breakfast in the wilderness, and I fed my mare one of your hard-boiled eggs."

She was merciless in her teasing, the while she kept him busy eating. She spared him no detail of her early morning ride; of her astonishment at finding that he had deserted his post. She scoffed at his humble plea that hunger had beckoned him through the night.

"It is easy to wait for breakfast if you have had supper," she said. "A true knightly vigil is always kept fasting."

"Did you ride a white palfrey?" he asked.

He looked at her just a little dreaming, for he had conjured up a vision.

She nodded. She was watching him from laughing veiled eyes.

"And were you clothed in a garment of gold brocade?"

She nodded again.

"And you came caracoling through the glade?"

"Yes," she murmured

"And the Forest of Dean is near here?"

"That purple line of mist is a corner of it." She pointed across the distant Severn Sea.

"King Arthur hunted there," he said, gazing; "and now I know: You are of his court, and that's how you make fairyland of a corner of a hayfield for a fugitive muleteer."

My lady drew a quick little breath that sounded like a sigh.

He lay back and looked up into the sky, and began the story from the Mabinogion, of how Peredur let loose his dog upon a hart and was led in the chase to a desert place; and how a maiden looked steadfastly upon him, and wept through grief that he should be slain. "This place," she said, "is ruled by him who slays everyone who comes hither without his leave." And he heard a great tumult, and there came a huge black one-eyed man; and after he had rested and pondered a while he looked at Peredur and asked who the knight was ——

His voice was muffled by an avalanche of hay flung across his face.

"Lie still!" she said in a fierce whisper. "The huge black one-eyed man is coming!"

She raked hay all over him and sprang to the stile on guard.

"Hello, Joan! Rippin' afternoon—what?"

The voice of George, stolid and solid, scattered romance as a cannon ball would have scattered the knights of King Arthur.

"Yes; don't come over. I'm driving the rake and haven't a minute."

"I want to talk to you, Joan," he said; and he did come over, and nearly stepped on the mound of hay.

Lady Joan dropped down, with her back against it.

"It's cold," she said as George lifted the teapot. "I want some more. Come to the house."

"No time, thanks." He poured himself a cup. "I'll have a drop, with a bit of lemon."

George had a long, solemn face, from which large ox eyes looked out with a pathetic appeal not to make a joke. It was partly in unconscious effort to lessen the effect of these soft incongruous eyes that he had sedulously built up the manner of an implacable rock.

"Joan," he said, looking reproachfully at her, "listen to this."

He produced a newspaper and read, in his ponderous voice, the following paragraph:

"A summons against Lady Dartridge for excessive lightin' on her car was dismissed with costs. Her chauffeur, George Conant, was fined one pound and costs for drivin' without a license. Conant caused some amusement in court by his affected utterance and by claimin' to represent her ladyship. He was reminded by the presiding magistrate that only a barrister or a solicitor could 'represent' a client. His assured manner and really skillful handlin' of his own case explain the lightness of his fine, though the Bench severely cautioned him. He caused further amusement by referrin' to the magistrates' clerk as the magistrates' 'clurk,' and by addressin' Their Worships as 'Your Honors.' He explained that he was from Winnipeg."

"Oh!" Lady Joan exclaimed. Then, having recovered from her surprise, she said: "Honorable, don't you think, George, to get mother out of the scrape?"

She sneezed loudly, and sneezed again; thus covering a choked sound from the mound. She took a handkerchief from her bag and pushed a casual hand through the hay.

George informed her that the man Conant was a "dead-wrong un"; an insubordinate muleteer who had deserted his ship under false pretenses and was suspected of being a spy. He had money and some education, had been detected in examining the coast through a field glass, and was being searched for as a specially dangerous man.

"All this is nonsense, George," she said quietly. "He was an American in trouble. I brought him out of the docks."

Her groping fingers found a face, lifted the hay from it and spread the handkerchief over it. The hand remained, forming a bridge above it.

"I know; so does the constable who stopped you on the road. And I say nothin' about the good taste of lettin' me into it afterward."

Lady Joan checked a smile as she said that no one knew that but herself and himself. She added that she was sure that Mr. Conant could prove that he was an innocent American citizen.

"He is an alien who has entered a prohibited district without a permit," said George in his heavy level voice. "It can be proved that he took the name and place of another man on the ship. He told the magistrate that he was a Canadian. He slept in a garage at Bath without havin' previously registered with the police. He slept somewhere last night without havin' registered. These are serious offenses—what? For givin' a false name and nationality, six months with hard labor; no permit, six months; no registration, six months. I shall press for consecutive, not concurrent, sentences."

"George ——"

"It's no good protestin', Joan; the law's the law." He set down his cup. "I shan't charge him with spyin', for you might be charged with aidin' and abettin'. Even if you were let off with a censure, the papers ——"

"Oh, I can see the headings!" she interrupted: "'A Gullible Girl'; 'A Noblewoman's Grave Indiscretion.'" She sprang to her feet as George put a foot on the stile. "You are not serious, George?" she cried as he climbed over; and she quickly followed.

"Joan," he said solemnly, "you need a bit of a lesson yourself. The Yankee blood in you needs tamin'."

But the listener under the hay could hear no more. He put out a cautious hand, crept to the stile, and saw Lady Joan, violently swaying, driving away on the rake. By its side, very tall, very erect, walked George.

The crestfallen muleteer slipped furtively down his side of the hedge, muttering the most offensive epithets that a rich vocabulary could supply. He turned to Spanish when English insults were exhausted, for he was such an expert in that language, so rich in words of contempt, that he could think in it. All these epithets were shot at himself, a fool in so many different ways in five minutes. After all the warnings he had had, he had still thought it a jest to be dodging about a country at war without credentials, and had not perceived that Lady Joan must surely be the next victim of his levity. His folly in bearding the magistrates had been insensate.

"A cocksure Yankee," he called himself, "who thought it funny and smart and independent to brace these solemn prigs and square up those blue papers. And I blazed the trail straight to her!"

At the foot of the field he forced his way through a small gap in the hedge made by a fox in the winter in regular journeyings, though Conant did not know that. He scratched his arms badly; but he did not know that either. He was in a fury of self-indignation and believed that he was flying in sheer fear of meeting the eye of a gracious guardian angel, on whose radiant plumage his rough hands had brought a smirch. He was in reality obeying a blind impulse to get as far as he could from her before being arrested. He sat on an illegible milestone, far bent with old age, and mechanically picked the hay from his clothes and the hayseeds from his hair. He had, amid his preoccupations, the inevitable thought that the hayseed was there of right.

He smiled bitterly and drew out his handkerchief. With it there came a second, very small, which fluttered to the ground. He glanced about, as though every stunted hawthorn in the hedge was a spy, pounced on it, and examined the small J embroidered on one corner. Though he knew it had no scent, he brushed it along under his nose; he was thus able, without admitting what he was doing, to touch it with his lips. Then he wrapped his own round it as a protecting shroud and interred it at the foot of the milestone. This act was in part the burial of romance, killed by folly; but also that the fool, when searched, should bear no clews.

He walked toward the village, and when he came to the gate of the field of the rick he paused and made a cautious inspection of the sloping hillside. The seat of the distant rake was occupied by a man, Lady Joan was not to be seen, and no man's back looked like that of George; so Conant went to reclaim a coat and vest.

He was surprised that the farmer came toward him and said with pleasant deference:

"Done your little bit for to-day? Thank you, sir. A stranger to the neighborhood, I think. Everybody's turned out this afternoon. That's our vicar—him feeding the elevator; and Sir Crossleigh Rhodes is cocking up there—yes; the white-haired gentleman. And there's more of her ladyship's friends in other fields. Everybody comes when she needs 'em."

Then Conant understood. He was assumed, no doubt because Lady Joan had taken his place on the rake, to be one of these volunteering friends.

"Her ladyship questioned me," he said quickly, "and found out that I was an American. She ordered me off the estate because I had no papers."

"Shake!" cried the farmer, grinning and thrusting out a hand. "I had two years in your country."

Conant shook.

"I have been dismissed in disgrace," he said gravely; he was determined to make it clear that Lady Joan had done her duty.

"Bah!" The farmer laughed and winked. "Disgraced?" he cried. "If her ladyship had any more against you than you not having papers she'd have arrested you herself. She's half American herself, and proud of it. She did it to save you. There's them that's too near. Now fancy! If that ain't just like her—getting on the rake herself and sending you bolting!"

"She was angry and suspicious," the desperate Conant said, "for sure."

"'For sure'?" the farmer mimicked. "Then why didn't she give you over to the chief constable of the county? I saw him up there."

"Oh!" Conant cried, suddenly enlightened. "And his name is George?"

"Ah—near enough to hear her ladyship speak to him; and still you think you're dismissed in disgrace, do you?"

Conant turned on his heel. There came from the highway the sound of footsteps, which pursued him as the clock in the crocodile pursued Peter Pan's Captain Hook. A blue helmet bobbed above the hedge.

The farmer glanced about the field. Everybody was busy. No one looked that way.

"Just as well, heigh?" he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

Conant was lying full-length in the empty wagon before the farmer's hand was lowered.

"Good afternoon, James!" the farmer bawled. "Have a drop of cider? Warm, ain't it?"

"Thankee, Binner—just a drop."

The farmer unearthed his private jar from the cool depths of the near-by hedge, and two disconnected and prolonged gurglings proved that the mouth of the jar had been applied to two successive pairs of lips. Pleasant smackings of these and long exhaled breaths announced that the applications had been pleasant.

"Where's Murr?" asked the policeman.

"Him and his missus are over at Tilney Fields."

"Hasn't Murr got a lodger?"

"Oh, that chap?" the farmer returned casually. "He was a Yank and hadn't got any papers. So her ladyship wouldn't take him on. He's gone. By the Gloucester road."

"I'll telephone," the policeman said. "They'll have him at Fairburn. I'm sorry for Murr. He'll be summoned for taking in an alien without notifying the police. And it may be worse, Binner—it may be for 'arboring a spy."

"A spy?"

"The Bath police 'inted at it over the telephone."

"Americans," said the farmer, "are not enemy aliens. They're friendly aliens."

"No," the policeman answered sourly; "they be just neutrals." And he took another pull at the cider jar and went his way, with a nod.

Conant, baking, miserable, lay hidden for a long hour. Then the farmer came with a horse, mounted the wagon, and drove away with his hidden passenger.

"Why do you trust me?" Conant asked when they were in the road.

"Because her ladyship does. And her ladyship and the rest of us is alike in wanting to do the chief constable, if so be the chance happens along."

"He's not popular, then?"

"He is not. He's the second son of Lord Semble, and that's the only reason he's chief constable."

"Take me to her ladyship's father, please."

"His lordship is dead this two years."

"Then, to somebody I can explain to."

"There's nobody. Lady Dartridge is an invalid. The title is dead. Lady Joan is sole heiress. The estate agent, Colonel Warne, was killed at Gallipoli. The estate solicitor is in Egypt. The steward is in France and his late lordship's private secretary in Mesopotamia. Lady Joan, as you say across the water, is the whole show. I think she's coming now. I think it's her car."

The farmer held up a respectful hand and stopped the wagon.

"Well, Binner, what is it?" came in Lady Joan's voice.

"Did your ladyship want that American to get away?"

"By all means."

"That's all right, then," Binner said with great relief. "He's here in the wagon."

Lady Joan laughed.

"Don't lift your head, Mr. Conant!" she cried out. "I can spare five minutes if you will finish your story."

"The only story I shall finish is my own, Lady Joan," came from the wagon in mournful tones. "I want to get as far from here as I can—to Bath, if possible—and then give myself up. I've made too much trouble already."

"I'll take you there myself," was the prompt answer. "Binner, we'll exchange loads."

The farmer promptly shifted milk and butter to the wagon.

"The chief constable is going to the docks," she said. "When he overtakes you, please give him my compliments and ask him to take your load to the Canteen.

(Continued on Page 44)

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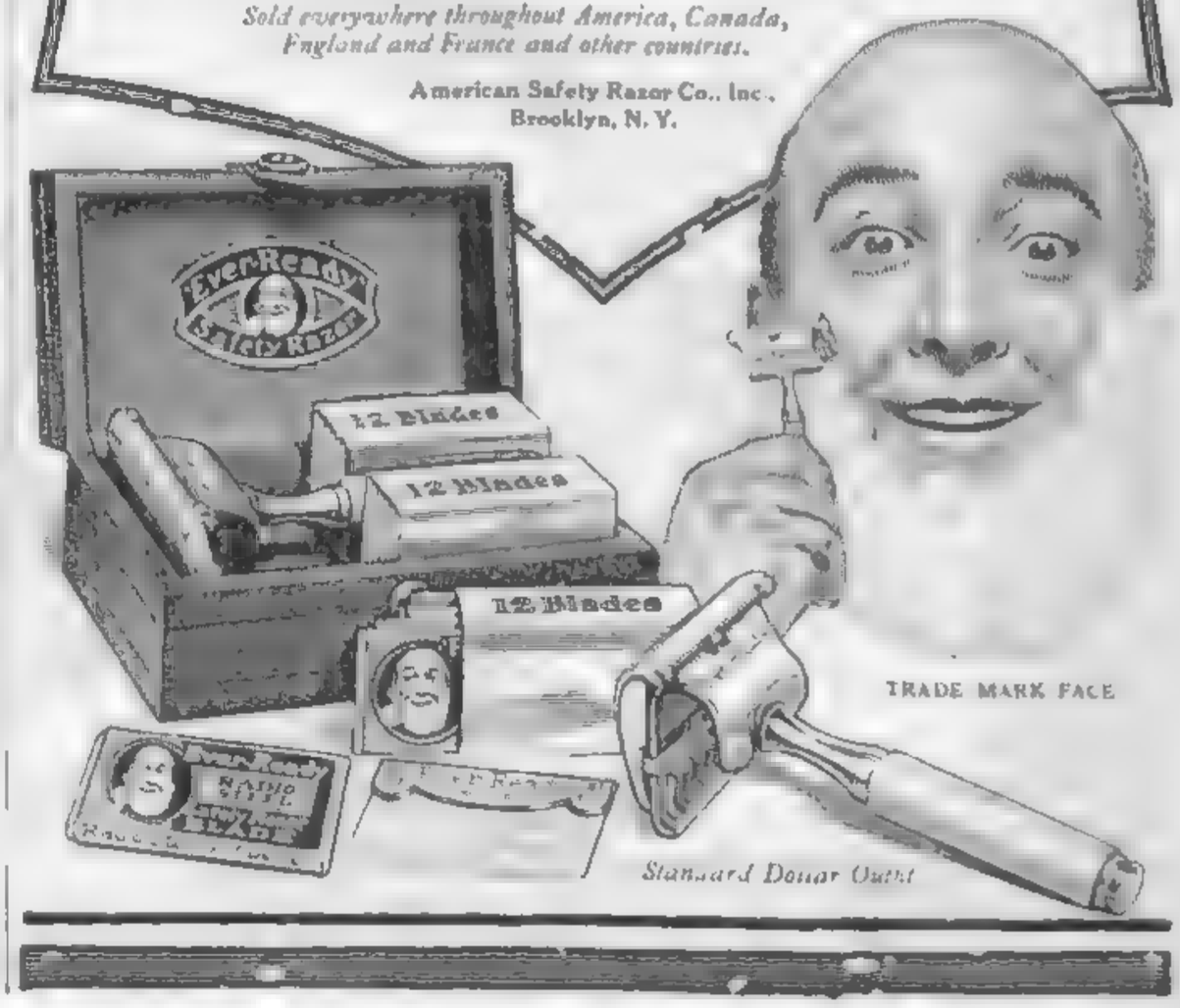

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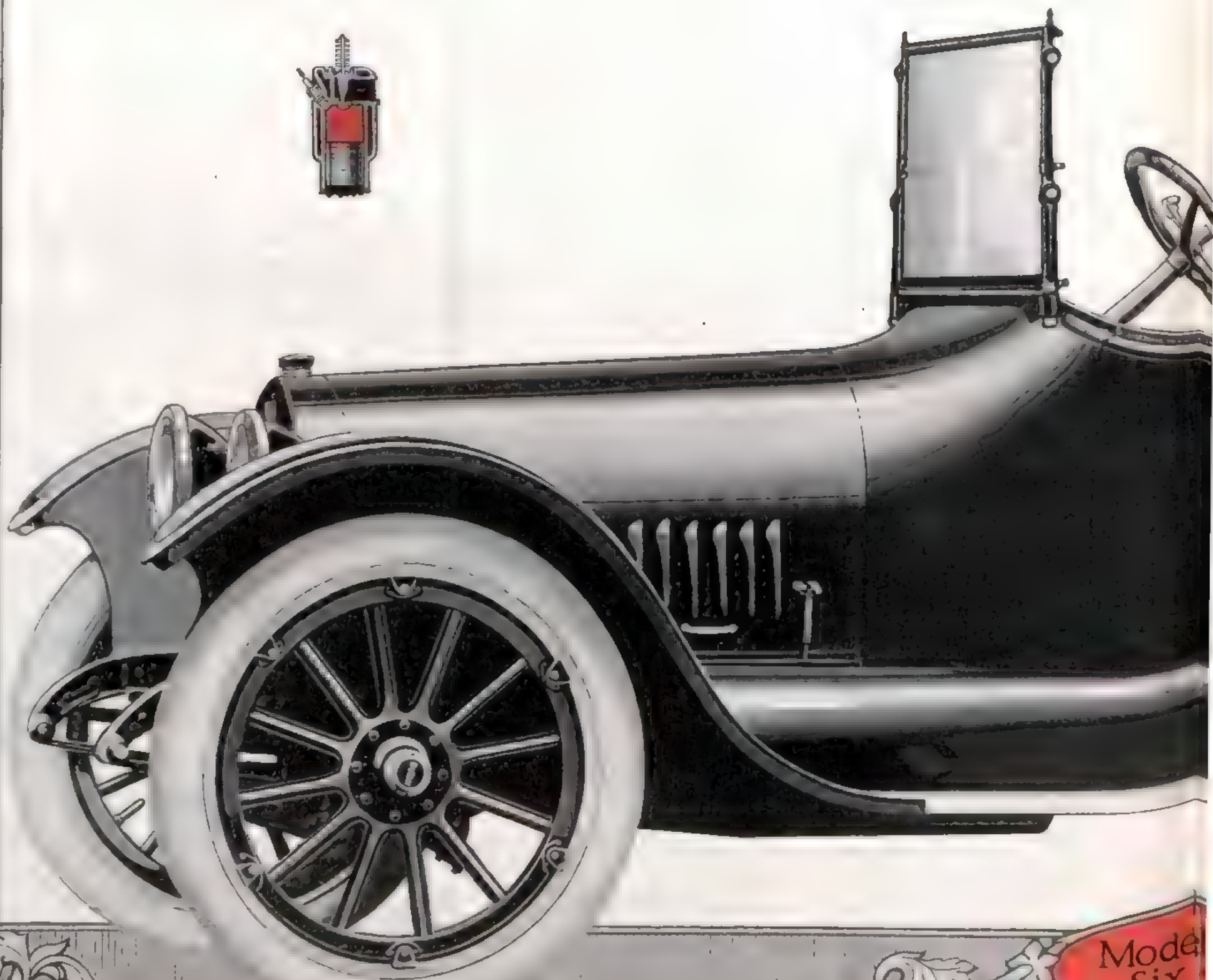

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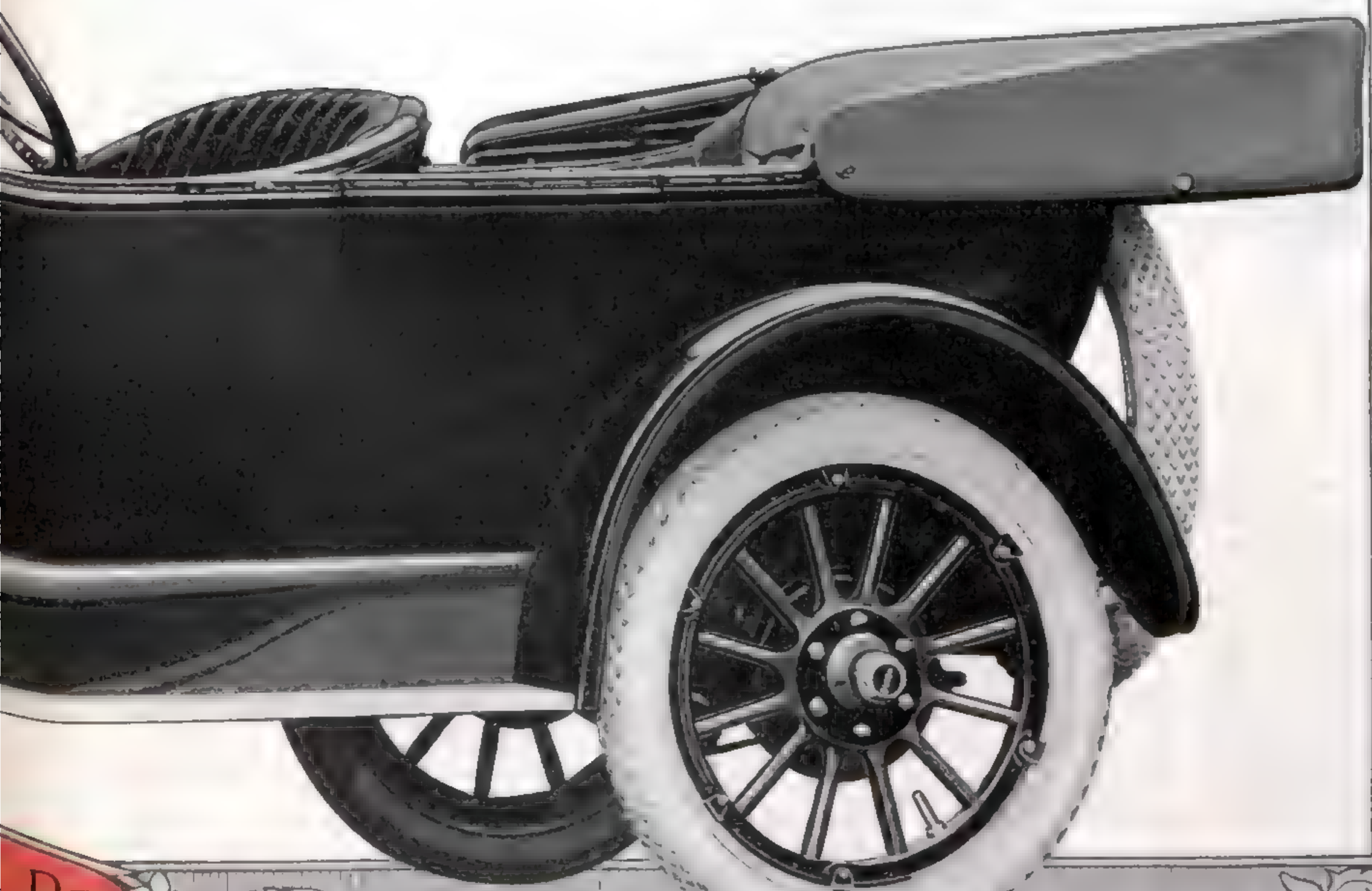

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(Continued from Page 41)

Say that I was summoned to Bath on important business. Then you can get back to the fields."

"Ain't she a bloomin' wonder?" whispered the chuckling farmer as he put the last lot of butter by Conant's side.

"She is a wonder, and she blooms!" Conant answered.

"Now, Mr. Conant," she called out, "jump out, dive into the car, and Mr. Binner will cover you with a rug. It will be very warm, I'm afraid; but you must endure that."

"I shall have eighteen months to cool off," he said, trying to laugh and evading Lady Joan's eyes as he skipped from wagon to car, "at some very quiet spot, Lady Joan. Please—please be careful that no one sees me getting out."

"Yes—a quiet spot," she promised; he could hardly hear, for the rug had fallen over him.

Fifteen minutes later the car stopped, and Lady Joan stretched back a hand and lifted a corner of the rug.

"If you are not too cramped, Mr. Conant," she said in a low voice, "please stay quite quiet for a minute. . . . S-s-sh! Don't speak."

She drew some note paper and a fountain pen from a pocket of the car and wrote, while he rested on all fours, ready to bolt at her word. It was five minutes before she spoke.

"There is a short cut through this wood," she whispered. "Follow the game drive till you come to a wall. Leave the door in the wall at your back and follow a path until you come to a deserted cottage. You would get lost there; so I have drawn a little map. . . . Don't speak."

She handed it down to him. As her hand appeared beneath the rug he seized it and pressed his lips against it. As he never expected to see her again, was deeply grateful and profoundly penitent that he had perhaps brought trouble to her, his lips expressed in touch what they could not say in words. In truth, his kiss on the back of her hand was ardent and prolonged. The arm was so slowly withdrawn that the withdrawal could not be a censure.

"Quick! . . . Now!" she whispered as she opened the door. "Climb the gate. . . . Good luck to you!"

He was out and over the five-barred gate as though shot from the car. He got one glimpse of her as he landed on the inside. She was gayly smiling and waved a hand as he raised his cap. He sprinted up the green opening between the trees, not slackening until he could no longer hear the sound of the receding car. Lady Joan could not now be caught red-handed, "aidin' and abettin'" a spy.

He came to a high lichened and moss-grown wall, and followed it till he came to a little pointed door of oak, bleached silver by the ages. On the keystone of the pointed arch had been carved a crest; and, though it was worn and weathered, he could still recognize the cat-a-mountain. He stared, listened, turned the rusty wrought-iron handle; the door yielded with a creaking protest and he peered within. Dartridge Castle was before him, not a quarter of a mile away. He broke into incredulous laughter. Lady Joan had no more than driven him round the walls of her own park.

His laughter rang so loud in the great silence that it seemed to him it could be heard at the Castle. He pulled the door shut, turned, and threaded his way among the trees until he came to the lonely house in the wood. He sat on a stump and opened a map, which turned out to be a note:

"Lady Dartridge has not had time to consult Joe Smith's references; but, as all her gamekeepers have volunteered, she will give him at least temporary employment. He is to occupy the cottage in the Castle Wood, and is not to trouble poachers who confine themselves to ground game."

He sat so still for so long a time that rabbits gamboled almost at his feet, jays chattered over his head, magpies called from trees, and a cock pheasant of gorgeous plumage eyed him from a tuft of grass. Lady Joan had waved her wand again and changed a prison cell into a fairy dell.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE GRAY MAILED FIST

(Continued from Page 13)

Fleet. But my uneasiness was quickly gone; and in a very short time, so graciously was I received, so tactfully greeted, I was quite ready for an indefinite period to be the ship's cat, or any sort of mascot, so long as I might remain.

Here and now I make public acknowledgment of my debt to Admiral Mayo, and my belief that so strong a man, who can yet be so tactful, a fighting man who can be so gentle, is a commander in chief of whom the nation may well be proud. And he has had the gift of other big men: He has surrounded himself by big men. The admiral is proud of them. They and his ships are the two subjects on which he is willing to talk. When Admiral Mayo entered the navy it was on a sailing vessel. He has lived to see all the changes since then—the development of steam and the reciprocating engine, and now the gigantic oil-burning boilers and turbines of his flagship, the Pennsylvania. He has seen the light cannon of those days grow into the vast guns of his modern ships. In his cabin are two photographs, both infinitely precious to him: the old Tennessee, his first ship, with all sails set; and the new Pennsylvania.

But he has seen more than that: He has seen the passing of the deep-water sailor, the old A. B., bearded, weather-wise, profane and simple-hearted, and the arising in his place of the smart young engineers, mechanics and other specialists of the modern navy.

After all, our navy is not ships. Our navy is men. Ships and guns are but the medium through which they work. And, though I shall come to ships presently, it is the personnel of the navy that stands out most clearly in my mind, whether it be the officers in their unostentatious uniforms, the marines in their dark-blue caps and tunics and their tight light-blue trousers, the Jackies in their little round hats and those odd garments which were designed to climb the rigging that no longer exists; or, down in the depths of the great ships, those other soldiers of the sea, the men in the engine and dynamo rooms and the repair shops, on whom the ship must depend for her complicated mechanical life.

A battleship containing sixty officers and eleven hundred men is a world in itself, self-sustaining for surprisingly long periods; it is a moving city plus a moving fortress. It is busy in time of peace; in time of war, for all its apparent quiet, its always arduous labors are multiplied a hundredfold.

I had had a sort of hazy idea of going over, say, a dozen or so battleships from stem to stern when I planned my visit. But I decided to begin with the Pennsylvania. It is the newest and finest of all our battle fleet, and in these days, when the motor habit has got us all thinking in horse power, it may mean something to say that its engines are 31,500 H. P.; because it takes some propelling power to move a steel battleship that looks as big as the Waldorf-Astoria through the not too yielding bosom of old ocean.

But when, at the end of my fourth day, battered and bruised, weary, and as lame as I have been only after some of my long horseback trips, I had not yet finished with the Pennsylvania, I gave up the idea of anything but a cursory inspection of anything further.

In those four days I had gone into hot places and cold, dark places and light, up ladders and down, under guns and over guns. I had crawled through apertures so small that I went on my hands and knees, and expected at any moment to stick fast. I developed a fallen right arch and was threatened with housemaid's knee. And still I had not seen all of the Pennsylvania.

Until that time, sitting back in my inland city home, where the smoke of armor plate in manufacture is deposited in a prosperous layer on every wall and every countenance, I had believed that battleships should be built for about a fourth of their cost. When I had finished with the Pennsylvania—or it had finished me—I wondered how it was ever built for the money.

This may be said at the outset: A battleship is practically two battleships. Almost everything is duplicated, so that if one part is shot away another part may take up its function and carry it on. It is said that the fore and after parts of a battleship may be shot away and it will still float and fight. And I find that I have made this note in my record: "If the after end is shot off she can still steam ahead." I am sure this is wrong; but there is no naval authority here to consult about it. Surely it means if the forward end is off; for the after end, as I understand ships, contains the propellers and rudder. But perhaps this is a naval secret and should not be divulged!

The French Mission to the United States recently visited the Pennsylvania. They were amazed at her size and her armament. But the thing that astonished them, that sent them away open-mouthed, was her cleanliness. Never was so white a deck—and by the way, that deck is of three-inch teakwood over steel. Never was such order, such gleaming brass and white paint; for the Pennsylvania is an oil burner, and oil is the cleanest fuel in the world. It is a problem how to dispose of waste boxes. There are no furnaces to thrust them into. But they are disposed of.

Engine rooms deep down shone resplendent. I, who have visited the engine rooms of many liners and carried away quantities of highly expensive oil distributed on my garments, found them stupefyingly clean. Guns and gun turrets, galleys, decks, cabins, rails, supply rooms—all were swept and scrubbed and burnished.

Perhaps this does not appeal to the average citizen. Perhaps he takes the spotlessness and order of a ship that carries eleven hundred men, and feeds them and clothes them and nurses them and teaches them—perhaps he takes the neatness for granted. But I am a woman, and it hurts my pride somewhat to see such efficient housekeeping without a woman about to superintend it.

But here is something that may interest the average citizen: I never saw it being cleaned. More, I never saw even a broom or a duster, or a tea towel hung out to dry; or a mop or a pail; or a can of brass polish! Yet I was over that ship from stem to stern and from top to bottom.

The truth is, of course, that it is all done, Mr. Average Citizen, when you are settling down for two or three hours' more sleep; because the fleet retires early, and gets up when the early milkman on shore is dropping a bottle here and there for the benefit of the automobile-tire makers.

So we may know that our boys who are going to sea for the first time are learning cleanliness and early rising.

At first—because I am a woman, I suppose, and because I know a great deal about boys—I wondered how all this clean bareness and order would affect the new recruits. All those boys, and not a dog about! And no bureau drawers full of beloved old neckties! And no walls to pin things up on! No cooky jar! No extra morning nap! And such excruciating personal neatness!

You know the story of the little boy who was going for his music lesson and washed his right ear because it would be next to the teacher!

Then, after a time, I saw that this new lane, into which the recruit has turned, is the way of a man. He has left boyish things behind him. He has, strangely enough, already forgotten them. His mind is on guns and fighting.

Everywhere on the great ships I saw these new bluejackets learning the rudiments of this new game of war. It is not so very long since some of them were burning their fingers with firecrackers on the Fourth of July. Now they were practicing loading with a dummy gun, or in classes on the bridge were learning that boxing a compass does not mean putting it into a crate. They were learning when to stand stiffly at salute; to say "sir" when an officer spoke to them; and always they were watching with frankly curious eyes the new life going on round them; the clutter of small craft that came and went; the strange and complicated signals by which the ships talked; the ceremony of a life that always has been semi-isolated, and so has preserved its forms and its traditions as has no other in the world.

I myself found the ceremony of the fleet engrossing. Perhaps nothing in a minor way has so surprised me, in my ignorance, as the incident of accompanying Admiral Mayo on board his flagship. Now an admiral is "piped over the side," a survival probably of the time when going aboard a ship

was a more complicated matter than of climbing a white-scrubbed companionway with a gleaming brass rail.

Lined up at the top, in two rows of three each, were six sailors, called "side boys." Behind them was a boson. He had a small silver whistle, and, as the admiral put foot on his deck, commenced a series of thin, not unmusical pipings. To say that I was astonished is to mark me at once for the novice I am as to admirals and fleets

Again, once I happened to leave the flagship in company with the Secretary of the Navy. Unassuming gentleman that he is, I wonder whether all that pomp and splendid ceremony thrilled him as it thrilled me. Eight side boys there were for the Secretary of the Navy. As he walked to the companion the officers saluted, the marine guard presented arms, while the drummer and the bugler of the guard gave the salute. Then the ship's band broke into the Star-Spangled Banner. As he left the ship his flag was lowered.

Splendid dignity and form, this that these boys of ours are learning—a fine thing in our informal American life; for these dignities are not to the man, but to the thing he stands for. Behind him are the country and the flag. We need to visualize, as much as we can, that strangely abstract thing -the nation.

But we are following the bluejacket just now, much as high officials and their ceremonies impress us. So we have seen these new "rookies" taught order and form and neatness, and something of the rudiments of navigation and gunnery. Now let us see them through a day.

Now the bluejacket's day begins early. At five-thirty in the morning the bugle sounds reveille. There is no turning over in the hammock for another nap. And, by the way, I believe there is not much turning over in a sea hammock anyhow—at least at the beginning. They are hung extraordinarily high; and I am told that on the midshipmen's cruise, when the Annapolis graduates get their first taste of real seagoing, the night is punctuated by dull thuds, as one after the other the treacherous hammocks turn them out. However, I am told, too, that by a process of unconscious equilibration—which is not at all too long a word for the process involved—the men gradually learn not only to sleep well in the hammocks but to prefer them to anything else. But I believe they belong in the class with bald-headed men who pretend that they are happy because they have no hair to part.

Morning Inspection

At six-thirty they commence to clean ship. This is extremely right and necessary, but highly painful for the officers asleep below decks.

At seven-thirty there is breakfast. The cook has been up for hours, of course, for it takes a long time to get breakfast for more than a thousand men. Once, in the great white galley of the Pennsylvania, I saw an assistant cook flouring liver preparatory to frying it for supper. It was still the middle of the afternoon, so I asked him how long it would take to fry that liver. He said that if he hurried he could do it in three hours. I had never known there was so much liver in the world.

The great oil-burning range extended entirely along one side of the galley. Oil burners heated it; and, instead of being below, where I have seen so many ship's galleys, it was up on deck, open on both sides to light and air, a white-tiled room, full of cutting and slicing and chopping machines that would delight the heart of a hotelkeeper.

At nine-thirty the division officers inspect their men. I was present at one inspection, and this is how it appeared to one landsman who had never seen it before:

Bluejackets and marines were all on deck. As the marines were near, I found myself engrossed with them. The marines were lined up and an officer stepped forward. I do not refer to his rank, because I do not know it. Stripes and stars mean nothing to me, though I finally got to know an admiral by a story one of them told on himself.

He was behind two new Jackies, when one of them said to the other: "Say, which is the admiral?"

"Why, don't you know?" demanded the other. "He's that guy with the anchors on the back of his neck." For the admiral's three stars drive the anchors far to the rear of his collar.

So the officer, rank unknown, stepped forward, gave the first man in line a haughty look, jerked his rifle from him, opened the breech, frowned at it and thrust it back. Then he took a side step to the next man, still with the same sort of restrained indignation, and repeated the performance.

However, on my protesting, the admiral remarked that this was not cold rage, but merely military form.

"A splendid body of men!" he said; and then he told me something about the marines. However, the marines must come later.

The deck was full of men. Inspection over, they went to exercises—the bluejackets through a series of Swedish movements; the marines through a manual that made my arms ache to watch. In tight tunics and close-fitting trousers, absolutely immobile as to legs, they held their heavy rifles horizontally and in perfect time, thrust them up, down, out, down, over their heads and down—all this over and over and over. I have said, I think, that this is a landsman's idea of life on a battleship!

Beyond the Curtain

I presume that these gymnastics are a form of setting-up exercises. But, as the drill I saw was confined almost exclusively to arms, bodily and military, I came to the conclusion that a marine can hit harder than he can kick. But officers assure me that this is a mistake, and that a marine can kick about almost anything.

After inspection and the setting-up exercises the men have drill. Drills in endless variety—gun drills, boat drills, signal and fire drills, clearing ship for action drills. There are guns everywhere on a man-of-war. The long cabin of the admiral of the fleet, where from an orderly desk he transacts the great business of the fleet, is divided in two by a green curtain. From beyond that curtain, at stated periods, came certain sounds, the moving of men's feet, the staccato voice of an officer, the metallic click of machinery, followed by a small report and the hissing of compressed air. In the cabins of the chief of staff and of the captain of the Pennsylvania at the same time the same thing was going on.

Then one day I was taken beyond the admiral's green curtain, and saw that the sounds were coming from a gun crew at work. Approximately a dozen men were there. The hissing was the sound of compressed air cleaning out the barrel of the gun—or at least what I have always called the barrel of a gun. It may have a different name in the navy! Because so many things change at sea; a kitchen becoming a galley, for instance, when all the world I live in knows that a galley is a wretched strip of print paper, for which an editor telegraphs when one is about to go out and play golf.

Some of the smaller guns were having submarine practice. Now and then one saw a smiling gun crew putting off from the side in a boat—which, again, is probably not a boat at all, but a barge or a gig or something I have never heard of—towing at the end of a long rope a strange-looking wooden target, with a ten-foot-or-so upright in the center. Wind and wave being favorable, this target would sink, to rise slowly, imitation periscope first; then a bit of platform. It would fire an imaginary torpedo; the Pennsylvania would sink, also imaginary; and then the Jackies would row gayly back again. It was very serious play, for all that, as is all the occasional relaxation of the fleet to-day.

In between drills and various instruction the men must eat.

After a day or two on the ship it occurred to me that, though I had seen food in preparation in the most marvelous galleys—acres of jelly cake, tons of bread, electrically driven ice-cream freezers, a white-tiled butcher shop as spotless as a guest-room bathroom; and in spite of the fact that over the ship had hung at times a most appetizing odor of food, I had seen no place for the men to eat. Then I was shown how the mess tables, between meals, are folded up and stowed overhead, their folding benches on top of them. They are brought down some fifteen minutes before meals, probably to a bugle call; because everything on a ship is done by bugle. Later on I was to learn of a rather grim use for which those tables were designed.

They are well fed, these boys of ours. And that is as it should be, for it is poor working and fighting on an empty stomach!

The play end of the fleet is well cared for. Remember, these are mostly boys and very young men. The average age, officers and men, of the fleet that went round the world was twenty-two. And to-day we know the psychology of play and its value. More than once, when I went to the lines in France, I carried a football to be used behind the trenches.

So the bluejacket goes, at specified times, to his ball grounds and plays excellent baseball. The navy has always encouraged baseball, and, from battleships to submarines, each ship's crew has at least one team. Very good ball it is that they play, I am told. I have seen them playing; but I am, at the national game, rather like the old lady who considered the pitcher poor because he did not give the batter a chance to hit the ball.

Now and then the bluejackets of ours get shore leave and descend like seventeen-year locusts on pastry and tobacco shops. Affluence follows in their train, also extortion; so that, until the fleet officers took the matter in charge, pies were sixty cents, and other things in proportion.

Because Jackie ashore is a famous buyer. He will buy what he wants when he can get it; and failing that he will buy, anyhow. Admiral Mayo told me of seeing a Jackie come aboard not long ago, after a day's liberty, carrying an ordinary house broom and a whisk brush. Interrogated by an astounded officer who was sent to inquire, he explained that everything else had been bought up. So he bought those!

"Splendid men, the marines!" said Admiral Mayo that morning as we stood watching at drill their businesslike precision, their soldierly and alert carriage.

Just what do we know of the marines? We begin to learn about them early enough, for what child has not heard of that historic and reckless marine named Captain Jenks, who insisted on feeding his horse certain grains that he could not afford?

Most of us know the marines in about this fashion: Now and then we read something in the daily paper about a body of marines being landed somewhere, and the immediate following of peace and order; because peace and order follow the marines like the pause and hush after a cyclone.

And, more recently, some inspired gentleman at Washington has devised a recruiting poster with this appeal to patriotism: "Tell it to the marines!"

Living Off the Country

But we have known little more. Yet the marines are of ancient origin. Only British and American warships now carry these "soldiers and sailors too," organized so long ago to clear the decks of enemy ships, and now, as then, the trouble hunters of the sea. They go everywhere, do the marines; and, due to one of those strange vagaries of international law so puzzling to the uninitiated, landing them in force on a foreign shore does not constitute an act of war. But it does constitute an act of extreme discomfort to any who oppose them. Generally speaking, when the marines land on a foreign shore the natives give up the shore and retire to a safe interior.

They are a highly mobile force, carrying with them practically all they need, including the best brand of courage in the war market; each man has his packed kit ready, rubber blanket and overcoat and leggings, plate and knife and fork, extra shoes, and so on. And he sometimes carries a frying pan, too; for the marines are notoriously able to live off the country. In time of need they have methods of acquiring what is necessary, and most of us know the story of the little pickaninny in the road:

"Mammy, come and look at the soldiers coming!"

Mammy goes out and surveys the approaching ranks. Then, in shrill apprehension:

"Them ain't soldiers, honey. Them's marines. You come right on in and bring that dog in with you!"

We have something like seventeen thousand marines now. Those who know them wish that there were many times that number, though their warmest advocates will maintain that the seventeen thousand would be able to handle about twenty times their weight in German avoirdupois.

Clear-eyed, businesslike, alert fighting men to their finger tips, they are as fine a body of men as our country can produce. And that is a large order.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mary Roberts Rinehart. The second will appear next week.

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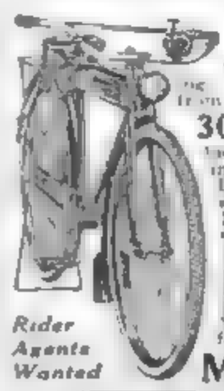

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Comfort alone was not of course the sole basis for their choice—the greater mileages these tires deliver, the savings they effect in fuel and power, the surer security, freedom from trouble and greater distinction they afford, all had an appeal. But comfort had an important part.

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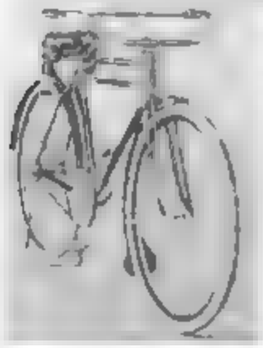

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OUR NEIGHBOR'S AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 17)

for instance, which now employ more than two hundred thousand men and women in the Dominion—they began to discover that an industrial situation had developed which threatened to assume the proportions of national disaster.

A mere glance at the first year of the war, and at the second, during which recruiting was so rapid and continuous that it crowded the efforts of those who were turning men into soldiers at the training camps, is all that is necessary. The paramount thought in those days was to raise an army and get it up to the battle front, and other undertakings might get along with secondary consideration. Yet all the time the various departments of government were urging increased rapidity of action in all kinds of industries, and increased production of every conceivable thing. But the problem of production where there is an appalling shortage of producers is a very serious one.

Enlistments began to dwindle almost to the vanishing point; further large contingents had been promised, and the casualties—nearly twenty-five per cent of the forces engaged—had thinned the ranks to such an extent that refilling them became an imperative duty.

Tardily but eventually the government decided to make a systematic inventory of the country's man power. There is no use in mincing the fact that object number one was to get more recruits and to force the unwilling out into the light of day; but there was the equally if not in some respects more important object of locating all available labor, so that it might be utilized to the best advantage in maintaining all important and necessary industries. No data of any kind were in existence on which to base even a general estimate; and as for industrial classification, that had never been thought of. Only about two and a quarter per cent of Canada's population is enrolled in labor organizations; so even such sources of enlightenment with regard to the possibilities were lacking. An inventory it would have to be.

"But an inventory of man power," wailed the argumentatively inclined, "means a census; and census taking is a long and expensive operation for the performance of which once every ten years a division of government is permanently maintained."

"Not quite a census!" said those who had evolved what seemed to be a feasible plan.

Which reminds me that perhaps there is reason to wonder why census bureaus do not keep population statistics up to date. Is not that what they are for? Or are they merely to demonstrate the usefulness of the word approximately? This is the mental funk hole of the habitually inaccurate. I ought to know; I crawl into it often enough in preference to verifying a too precise statement.

Mr. Bennett's Registration Plan

The first thing the Canadian Government did was to issue an Order in Council creating a National Service Board and, in effect, authorizing that body to get any information it could without creating a disturbance. This board or commission went through a good many motions, but to little purpose until the end of 1916, when Mr. R. B. Bennett, a lawyer from Calgary, was made Director General of National Service. No extension of authority was given to him, but there was a general expression of confidence in his ability to get along without it. And he did too. The job would have been much less difficult if the various governmental sanctions had been couched in firmer language. But, no; nothing that the people might be called upon to do must be made obligatory. They were afraid, principally, of Quebec; but nearly four thousand miles of American border likewise entered into the calculations.

Mr. Bennett's plan was to enlist the cooperation of the Post-Office Department and to get the postmasters and mail carriers throughout the Dominion to do the work of collecting the registrations. Could anyone think of a simpler process?

The first thing to be done, of course, was to prepare the registration card, and this was not easy. No mention of recruiting in connection with the scheme could possibly be made, for the time being; and, as the object was to get full information about every man in Canada between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, inclusive, great care [illegible] to be taken to leave no loophole in the list of questions through which a man might crawl to the shelter of vague generalities.

The questions are twenty-four in number. Full name, age and address to begin with, naturally; then:

"In what country were you born? In what country was your father born? In what country was your mother born? Were you born a British subject? If not, are you naturalized?"

You see, in Canada's scant seven and a half millions there are, besides the two and a quarter millions of French Canadians—forty-four per cent of them speaking the French language only—from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand Germans and Austrians; one hundred and twenty thousand Scandinavians; fifty thousand Orientals; and from fifty to sixty thousand Americans. Do your own little sum in subtraction, leave a considerable margin for Italians, Poles, Jews, Africans, Balkan peoples and immigrant miscellany, and you will find a rather discouragingly small majority of British-born or genuine Canadian-born and British-bred citizens.

The Questions on the Card

"Which are you—married, single or widower?" they ask; and: "How many persons besides yourself do you support?"

Perhaps the most interesting question of all is: "How much time have you lost in the last twelve months from sickness?"

This question might easily have afforded a way out to anybody who wanted a way out, or have given to the noble and high-souled prevaricator a splendid opportunity.

"Oh, just walking round to save funeral expenses!" a perfectly healthy slacker might answer; or, "Perfectly well, and fit for any kind of service!" this being the tearful protest of so many who are physically unfit, but who ardently offer themselves for the utmost in national service.

If I were a government I think I should get together a regiment of the so-called physically unfit. It would turn out to be a crack regiment as sure as anything, because its spirit would be so fine. You know, of course, about England's Yorkshire Bantams? There is not a man in the regiment more than five feet four inches tall; they were all rejected as undersized; they started out to organize themselves for war in spite of the regulations, and now they are among England's finest fighters.

But: "How much time have you lost in the last twelve months from sickness?" A good question, that!

"Not an hour," says one. "Three days." "Thirty days." "Three months." You get the measure of a man's probable physical resistance.

"I am bedridden," one man wrote, "paralyzed from the hips down. But I have learned to knit, and I knit all the time for our soldiers. I would rather fight." That clutches at your war-toughened heart-strings, does it not?

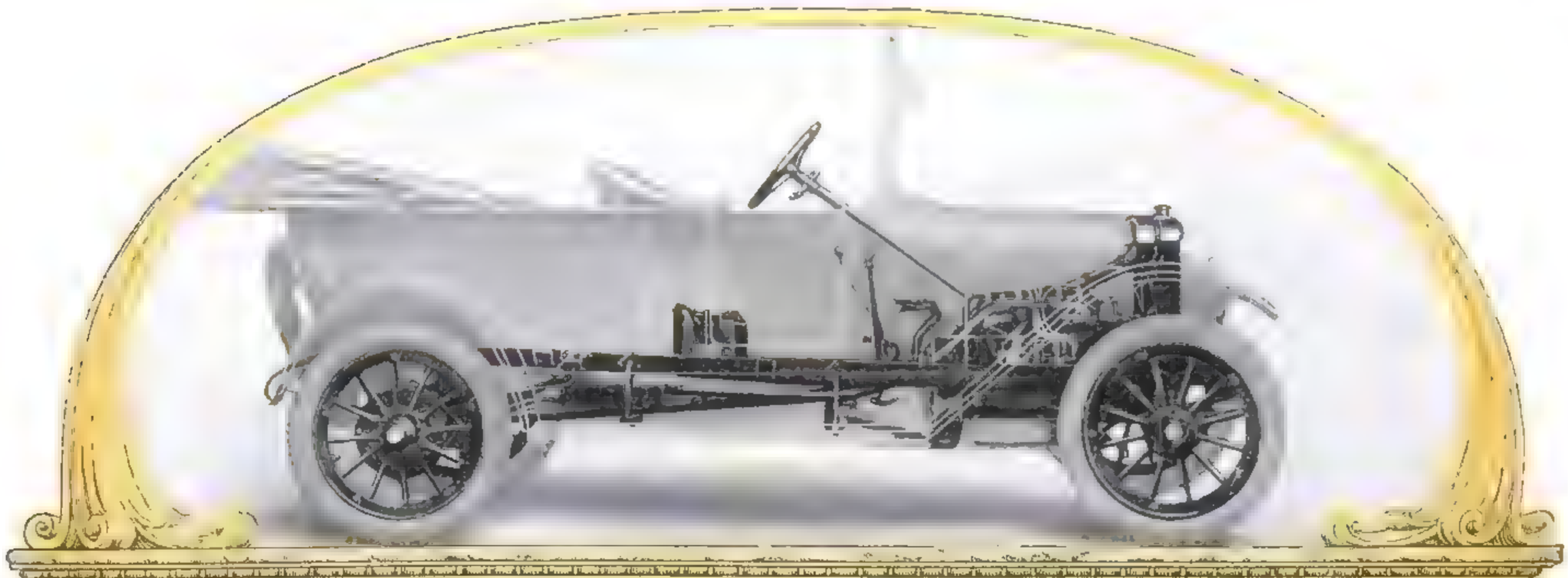
Other questions relating to physical fitness are: "Have you full use of your arms? Of your legs? Of your sight? Of your hearing?"

Then come the searching questions as to industrial value: "What are you working at for a living? For whom do you work? Have you a trade or profession? If so, what? Are you working now? If not, why? Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war? Are you willing, if your railroad fare is paid, to leave where you now live and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?"

The card on which these questions are printed measures five by seven inches and has a ruled space on the back for remarks. And, of course, filling it in might just as well have been made obligatory. Everybody thinks so now and those who had the work to do thought so all the time. Those who objected to compulsion would, likely as not, have contented themselves by filling the Remarks space with their private opinions of the government, and everybody would have been happy.

But no; everything had to be voluntary. So, as a preliminary precaution against defeat, the National Service Board had to get out and create public opinion. This was

(Continued on Page 50)



The X-Ray Shows The Real Maxwell

The greatness of the Maxwell rests in its superb chassis. Every part—motor, transmission, clutch, axles—is the perfected product of experience and development.

Not a freak idea, not a whim of some engineering genius seeking a reputation for originality, in the whole car.

The Maxwell is a one model car—one tried, tested and proved model developed to the highest point of mechanical efficiency by sustained concentration of master minds year after year.

Just as Michael Angelo, by concentrating his great genius on painting and carving the masculine form, showed what concentration will do to produce supreme grandeur in art,

—so has the Maxwell organization shown what can be done to produce a master car—by concentrating on one idea, one model, one design.

The engine, which has made the Maxwell a World Champion, has power to spare,

—power that takes thousands of Maxwells tens of thousands of miles under every sort of driving conditions, at a cost averaging from $6 to $8 a month.

So, too, is there endurance to spare and supreme mechanical efficiency in the axles, transmission, in every part of the Maxwell chassis.

We ask you to put the X-ray of your careful inspection and test on the Maxwell—the result inevitably will be—you will want to own a Maxwell.

Roadster $650; Touring Car $665; Cabriolet $865; Town Car $915; Sedan $985, completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: Roadster $870; Touring Car $890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

Maxwell

Motor Company, Inc. Detroit, Mich.

PALM BEACH SUITS

BEFORE THE DAYS OF SUMMER SANITY, CIVILIZED MAN CHANGED HIS DERBY FOR A STRAW PACKED AWAY HIS VEST—AND STEPPED VERY CONFIDENTLY INTO JULY NO WONDER HE SWELTERED · · BUT WHILE HE FROWNED AT WOOLS AND WORSTEDS. HE COULD THINK OF NOTHING BETTER UNTIL— · · · · · ·

THERE CAME PALM BEACH

PALM BEACH HAS CHANGED THE CLOTHING HABITS OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD·IT HAS PUT A ZEST AND JOY INTO THE HOTTEST MONTHS OF THE YEAR IT IS A HAPPY STEP FORWARD IN THE BUSINESS OF LIVING · · · · · · · ·

COOL. WASHABLE. SHAPELY—IT WILL WEAR AS FAITHFULLY AS YOUR WORSTED AND YIELD A LOT MORE COMFORT · · NEVER FORGET THAT THERE IS BUT ONE PALM BEACH CLOTH · · · · · ·
THE LABEL MARKS THE GENUINE

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO. SANFORD ME·
A·ROHAUT DEPT·· SELLING AGENT
229 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 48)

done by having meetings all over the country at which the innocent purpose of the proposed inquiry was carefully explained. Clergymen were asked to preach service sermons; fraternal and patriotic societies, school-teachers, lawyers, doctors—everybody—were asked to help prepare the public mind for the blow that was about to be dealt by the hand of governmental authority.

The Director of National Service tried his best to make believe that he had a little real authority, and to impress this idea upon the minds of the people. But it was of no use. Once the registration cards were out, the newspapers—especially those in French Quebec—intimated, if they did not flatly declare, that it was all a matter of individual choice, and that if the individual did not choose to write himself down in detail for the benefit of the state he could jolly well chuck his card into the kitchen stove if he felt like it. If I had been the director of such an experiment I am quite sure I should have spent most nights in the beginning sitting up with my worries.

But the National Service Board was busy getting ready for the returns. They did not expect a one hundred per cent response, but they were sure of a percentage large enough to justify any effort they might make.

They began with an industrial problem of their own, the solution of which depended entirely upon what women could and would do. And it is an interesting fact that all they did was to intimate to a few women in Ottawa that the services of several hundred would be required and within two days more than a thousand had offered themselves. No advertising; no effort of any kind. This made selection possible and it was not long before as fine a company of women as could be desired was enrolled and in training for the task of receiving, classifying and indexing the inventory returns. The standard of efficiency was the handling of six hundred cards a day without error, and most of the women were able to exceed this standard before actual work began.

Because I like figures, and not because it is an important item, I wish to record that eight million pieces of printed matter were used in connection with the inventory, and that it took seventy-odd tons of paper for the cards and envelopes alone.

Every postmaster in the country got a sufficiently large consignment of cards to cover his district, and it was his business to see that every man in his district received one of them. Then each mail carrier was given a list of the names of the men on his route, and as he gathered up the filled-in cards he checked the names off, until the job was finished. Simple enough? Well, it was just so simple that the government now has in its possession not only an invaluable industrial catalogue but a fairly complete record, as well, of those who refused to respond to this national appeal.

Well-Behaved Americans

The practical value of the inventory was very quickly demonstrated. Employers of labor began at once to turn to the National Service Board as to an employment bureau.

There was a coal shortage in the eastern provinces, due to lack of transportation; and a call was sent in for five hundred men who had had experience as engineers, firemen, brakemen, telegraph operators, signal men and air-brakemen, to man and help operate extra coal trains. Within twenty-four hours the names were furnished, and as fast as communications reached the men they responded, and the situation was saved.

The Royal Flying Corps, engaged in the work of establishing aëroplane factories and forming squadrons to be trained in Canada, needed three thousand mechanics, and in an incredibly short space of time the names of twelve thousand likely men were furnished from Ontario alone. Before the inventory was made, the Flying Corps might have combed the country for months without getting any such list to work on.

It is an excellent system, and it works; though there is one tremendous gap in its usefulness, due to the fact that no farmers anywhere indicated a willingness to leave their own localities and go elsewhere for service. Yet the problem of securing farm labor was the most serious one of all, and it was a problem that demanded immediate solution. It was getting along toward the time to prepare the ground for the 1917 crops, and the Agricultural Department reported an increase in land available for cropping of more than three hundred and seventy-five thousand acres; while the farm-labor shortage, due principally to heavy enlistments among farmers, amounted to at least fifteen thousand men.

What was to be done about it? There were just three possible sources to draw upon for this kind of man power: First and best, of course, the United States; after the United States the cities and towns of Canada, where hundreds of men, unfitted for military service or unwilling to enlist, were engaged in unnecessary work; and last, the Province of Quebec, the only part of Canada where a surplus of farm labor was still to be found.

But the United States was the first choice. And do you know that one learns something every once in a while nowadays to make one proud of being an American? They tell me in Canada that since the war began not a single American who lives on their side of the Border has ever committed an act or given expression to any sentiment that could by any chance offend a Canadian. The Americans have been among the most active workers in war-relief projects; they have given freely and continuously; they have been almost violently pro-Ally or pro-Canadian, and have conducted themselves generally in most pleasingly unneutral ways. One is glad to hear a thing like that. It makes for a good neighborly relationship.

But a campaign in our country to recruit farm labor for Canada, when the chief subject of conversation in our own rural communities is the impossibility of getting farm hands, sounds rather cheeky, does it not? And at a time, too, when we were still neutral—or, at least, waiting for an overt act.

Where to Find Farm Labor

Be that as it may, however, the campaign was a great success. Within two or three weeks they got nine thousand men. All the recruiting was done in the Middle Western States; and, among other instances of ready response, the Agricultural College of the University of Illinois agreed to release any of its students who wanted to go, and to give them full credit for the time it would take from their regular course of work. Two hundred young scientific farmers responded from that institution alone and were sent forthwith to points in the Western Canadian Wheat Belt.

Many other agencies besides the National Service Board are hard at work trying to recruit farm labor; and, besides adopting all the ideas with which we have become familiar, they have evolved a few ideas of their own. The Organization of Resources Committee of Ontario has even gone so far as to ask for the release for farm work of something like two-thirds of the national civil-service employees. They make it sound as though they were asking a great sacrifice; but they are not unwilling to express in confidence a conviction that the national work would not necessarily suffer if left to the remaining one-third. Civil services may not be padded; but there is an impression abroad—in Canada, at least—that there is a large leisureliness about them not exactly in keeping with the hectic haste of wartime activity.

Then, of course, women are urged to go on farms; and the man power of city offices and shops has been canvassed with an idea of having vacation squads distributed among the farmers from fortnight to fortnight during harvest time.

The trouble about all this is that most persons who know nothing about farming fail to recognize the fact that farming stands at the top of the list of skilled occupations. Almost anybody can pitch hay, but only those who know how can stack it; husking corn with rapidity and precision is among the higher rhythmic arts. Most men think they can drive a horse, but horse testimony would be largely to the contrary, notwithstanding; and as for handling farm machinery ——

The successful farmer must be an all-round kind of man in the all-roundest sense; and about the only thing that the advent on his premises of a company of city men at harvest time would do for him would be to reduce his income tax for the year. At least, that is what the farmers say. The phrase man power has a noble sound; but an accurate estimate of a nation's assets in man power is not to be arrived at through a mere enumeration of males.

The Organization of Resources Committee of Ontario has issued some hair-curling literature. "Famine and world hunger are

on our threshold!" they print in heavy black type an inch high, with "World hunger stares us in the face!" as a subhead, only a little less bold. This, of course, is painfully true as regards our Allies overseas; but:

"What good does that do?" I asked.

"Oh, it scares people!" said the proud author of the circulars.

"Well, yes; I should think it might."

It does, no doubt; and people need scaring. The average person will react in fright before a consciousness of duty begins to stir in the nethermost depths of him.

The National Service Board, in addition to numerous enterprises I should like to detail but cannot in the space of one article, has undertaken to launch a great thrift campaign in the interest of Canadian domestic war loans. Within a week or so the whole country will be ablaze with brilliant posters calling upon the people to save their money by lending it to the country at five per cent. Photographs of the sketches for these posters were made for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; so it is possible they may meet the public eye in these pages before they begin to decorate the national billboards. They tell their own story.

In a former article I made a misstatement. I said there were no outward and visible signs of war in Canada. But I had not then visited Toronto.

I went down there one day from Ottawa on a Grand Trunk wartime express. It was an express only between stations, and it wouldn't hurt any little town's feelings by refusing to stop.

I arrived at the hotel at the bewitching hour of about forty-five minutes past my habitual bedtime. I was tired and had some familiar sore-throaty sensations, which demanded prompt attention. I decided to wrap myself up in a hot lemonade and get between the blankets.

"Any floor service in this hotel?" I asked the boy who carried my bags to my room.

"Naw; if you want anything you gotta telephone downstairs fer it."

"Thank you."

I went to the telephone and gently lifted the receiver off the hook.

"Hello!" said a more or less human voice at the other end.

"Will you please give me the service pantry?" I said.

"Wha'd'ye want?"

"I want to give an order."

"Well, wha'd'ye want?"

"I want a hot lemonade."

"How many glasses?"

"Only one."

"One glassa hot lemona-a-de!" This she called out for all the world like a tired waitress at the rush hour in a "ham-and" restaurant.

"No; please!" I protested. "I want a lemon, a pot of hot water, and some sugar."

"Oh, all right!" she groaned; and I was sure that her contempt for me and all my kind knew no bounds.

The Bell-Hop's Answer

I looked round me wonderingly, thinking maybe I had got into the wrong hotel by mistake. But I hadn't.

At this point the curtain is lowered to indicate the passing of about three-quarters of an hour. A loud unmannerly knock is heard at the door.

"Come in!"

Enter boy, bearing tray. Boy has fallen heir to a much smaller boy's uniform, and handles his legs and arms *à la* Fred Stone as the Scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz.

"A little slow, aren't you?" says I—to get back to the first person singular.

"Well, I hadda go to the drug store fer the lemon."

"Why? Hotel service closed?"

"Say, missus, since zis town went on the water wagon they ain't been nothin' doin' nowhere after about nine o'clock."

"Well, what's the matter with this hotel, anyhow?"

"Don' ye like it?"

"It isn't a question of my liking it. I'm just a little surprised—that's all. I come in at a fairly early hour and find no baggage porters; I find none of the usual small comforts in my room; I want a simple thing like a hot lemonade and have to wait nearly an hour for it while you go off to a drug store somewhere to buy a lemon. And the card on the door, there, says seven dollars a day!"

He wrapped one leg round the other, made motions with his arms like "shooting his cuffs"—which terminated about midway between his knuckles and his elbows"—and emitted a delightful little squeak.

"Say, you're right, missus! De place is on de bum, ain't it? But what c'n ye expect? Ev'body's gone to work in m'nitions!"

Until this war began there had never been a shell manufactured in Canada. Today they are turning them out at the rate of two and a half millions a week. Moreover, Canada is furnishing ninety per cent of her own steel and nearly all the other raw materials used in the manufacture of munitions. In Toronto alone more than twenty-five thousand men and women are employed in munition factories, and throughout the Dominion more than two hundred thousand. And to this number must be added a rather vague but tremendous company of workmen, in a small way, who in their own shops are engaged in turning out tools, parts of munition machines, and a hundred and one other articles necessary to the industry.

Machines That Never Stop

When munitions manufacture was first undertaken in Canada all the machinery and tools had to be bought in the United States. For a single factory one order for twenty thousand dollars' worth of small tools alone went to a firm in New York—which affords one a kind of vision of what the total outlay must have been. But now they make nearly everything themselves, and practically the whole profit is held within their own country.

Most of the factories were designed for the production of commodities not directly essential to the prosecution of war, and have been converted to their present uses for the time being only. They offer, perhaps, better evidence than almost anything else of what a nation can do when it must.

We are all interested in the way women have responded to the call for workers in munitions; and in Canada the women workers are particularly interesting.

In England the establishment of munition factories has meant new worlds and privileges undreamed of to thousands of women. Everybody knows a certain beaming old person, or her counterpart. This beaming old person had lived all her life from shilling to shilling, never knowing anything at all about the pleasure of spending money to gratify a mere desire. She had two daughters and they both went to work in a munitions factory. At the end of about two weeks she was ready to express herself.

"I s'y!" she said. "If them as started this here war can only manage to keep it a-goin' for a year or two we'll be set up!"

This is an English story. It could not possibly be Canadian. It is an old, worn-out story too; but it is illustrative.

Yet there are those in Canada who likewise have profited, and principally the gentlewoman who is enabled for the first time in her life to make a little sorely needed money by performing a patriotic duty.

The women in the Canadian factories are paid one dollar and eighty cents a day as a guaranty, but they all do piecework; and for every piece they finish after a given easy number they get additional pay—according to the character of the piece. They average about three dollars and a half a day; but there are expert women who make as much as six and eight dollars a day.

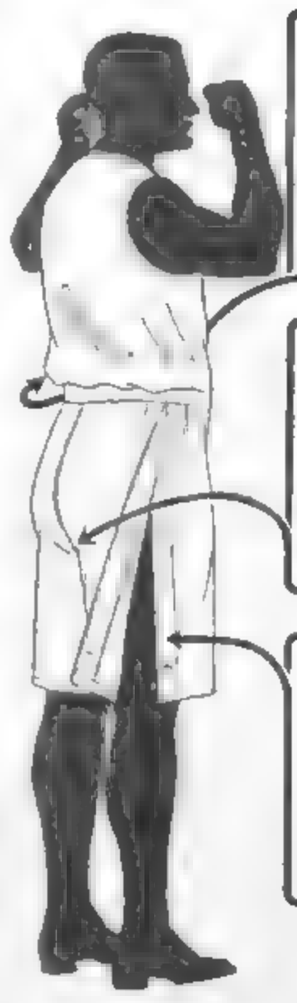
And in the largest factory in Toronto they work only six hours. The women's part of this factory is operated on what they call the hour-by-hour shift—that is, every hour of the twenty-four a certain number of women go off duty and an equal number take their places at the machines. Each woman works six hours straight, and at the end of that time her day is finished. It may be from seven to one at night; from midnight to six in the morning; or from six to noontime.

The machines never stop; yet the women come and go in such small numbers that the dressing rooms are never crowded, there is never any confusion of any kind, and to the casual observer it looks as though each woman was doing exactly as she pleased, without reference to time clocks or any other kind of restriction.

Taking it all in all, I think perhaps an American's best thought about Canada these days would be: "Well, that's the kind of a neighbor to have!"

Why Is It Called ROCKINCHAIR?

ROCKINCHAIR TRADE MARK



Natural Blouse
Allows unusual freedom for all motions.

One-piece Seat and Closed Crotch—
Built exactly like your trousers.

Wide, Full Opening—
on outer side of leg—Adjusted in "a jiffy."

Patent Nos. 1,141,636 1,144,240—14,019

The answer is easily found by wearing a suit.

Rockinchair Union Suits

tell their own story of ease and comfort better than printer's ink can do it.

With all their superiority they cost no more.

$1 to $6 per suit

Shirts and Drawers 50c per garment and up.

If your dealer hasn't it, write for Booklet of Styles from which to order.

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POSSESS VALUABLE PATENTED FEATURES
SEND FOR CATALOG
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REG. TRADE MARK
MENS WORK PANTS that wear like iron
BOYS PANTS, proof against roughest play
GUARANTEED for six months solid wear
If they don't live up to their Guarantee—
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Get This Handsome Symbol of World Wide Democracy
Show your colors on *your* car. America needs your moral support.

THE LIBERTY FLAG HOLDER WITH ALLIED FLAGS
(Patent Pending)
Made in U. S. A. for Red-blooded Americans.

DEALERS: Write us. We have an attractive proposition for you.

High grade, made for service—staunch and strong. FLAGS OF SPECIAL SILK, stitched to prevent fraying. Fast colors. STEEL FLAG STAFFS in strong metal holder—will not warp in the hottest or break in the wind.
ORDER NOW—and have yours for the FOURTH OF JULY.
Ask your dealer—if he can't supply you—send us $ for the LIBERTY FLAG HOLDER complete, postpaid.
EXTRA FLAGS 4 inches by 6 in. with steel staffs sent postpaid for 25 cents each. Regular size flags, 2½ by 4 feet, 50 cents each. Many uses in all SCHOOLS, at DINNERS, and for PATRIOTIC FUNCTIONS.
THE STANLEY MFG. CO., Dept. L. F, Dayton, Ohio

"Dad, What Cooks the Breakfast?"

Suppose your boy should ask you that question some morning.

He knows no fire was lighted in the kitchen stove, that all Mother did was to connect a wire to the Westinghouse Toaster-Stove and Percolator, yet the eggs and bacon sputter and sizzle, the toast browns and the coffee steams before his eyes right on the table.

His question would remind you, perhaps, of what you owe to the creation and distribution of electric energy, in which a great part has been played by the same Westinghouse organization that made the electric ware in which you use the current.

Instead of heating and lighting equipment in ten thousand individual homes, there is one central station where coal is transformed into steam; steam turns a turbine; the turbine drives an electric generator and a silent, invisible force streams out over the wires to every part of the city.

Put a lamp in the socket—it gives you light!

Attach the plug to your toaster-stove—it gives you heat!

Connect it with your electric fan or washing-machine, and you have power!

The three great servants of man all from a common source.

And in the great work of making this three-fold service available in millions of homes throughout the world, Westinghouse takes an important part.

In the central station, in the sub-station, along the transmission lines and in the home, you'll find innumerable evidences of Westinghouse participation, for Westinghouse makes every type of apparatus used in producing, distributing and applying electricity.

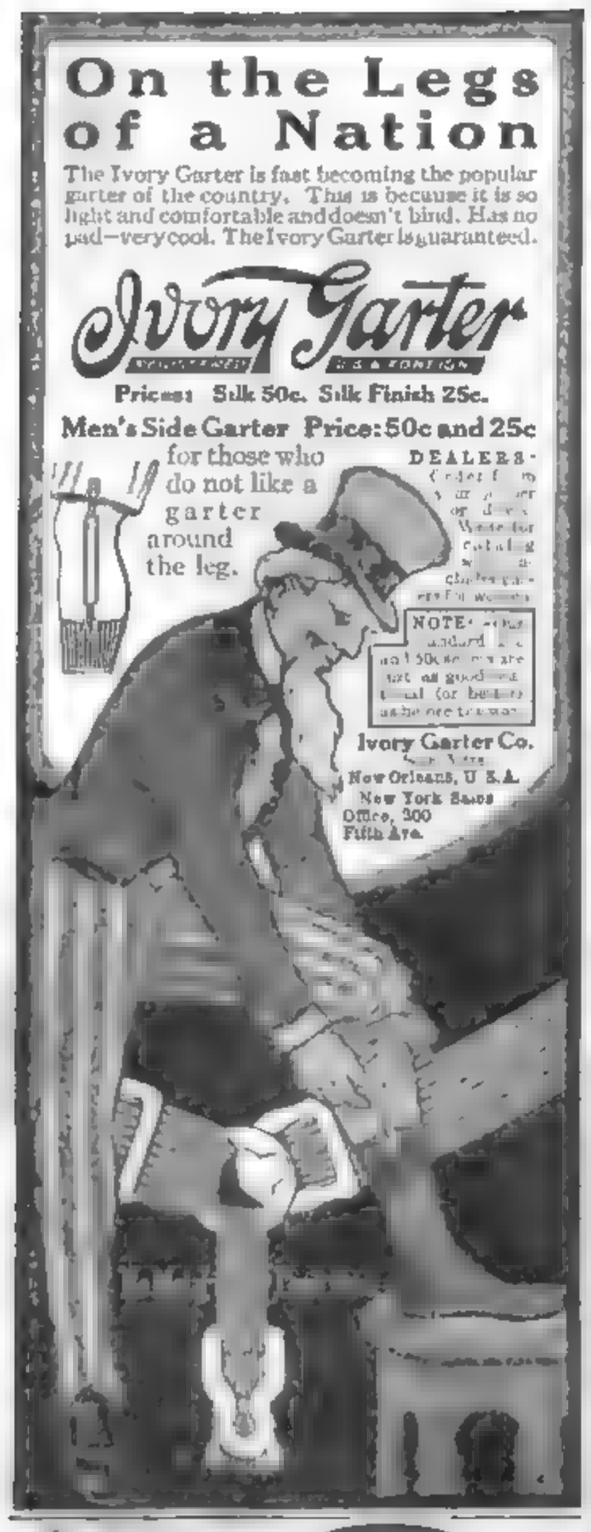
* * *

With a Westinghouse Toaster-Stove, Percolator and Turnover Toaster you can cook yet keep cool in hot weather. No flame, no hot stove. Convenient, attractive, clean. Sold by light and power companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC WARE FOR THE HOME CENTRAL STATION EQUIPMENT


On the Legs of a Nation
The Ivory Garter is fast becoming the popular garter of the country. This is because it is so light and comfortable and doesn't bind. Has no pad—very cool. The Ivory Garter is guaranteed.
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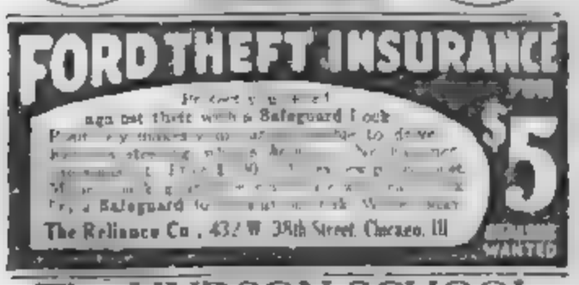

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Three Courses: Classical, Technical, Commercial.
Prepares for College or Professional School. A teacher for every eight pupils. For boys over 15.
Address The Headmaster, 34 Witherell St., Detroit, Mich.

Your Ad On Old Glory Song Books
Distribute them at low cost. Biggest houses use them. Write for sample.
Dept. A, State Register, Springfield, Ill.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE DINNER TABLE

(Continued from Page 26)

strengthen the defenses. This little group of Europeans never expected to live through it all, any more than did their compatriots besieged in the Peking legations. But the allied armies came at last, raised the siege, and advanced on Peking.

Hoover, temporarily out of occupation, followed them.

The next two or three years formed the adventurous period of his life. When he has time for reminiscence he spins yarns about it with his simple, direct trick of narrative which always reminds me of Stewart Edward White's literary method. To take only one or two instances, there was a time when a band of Cossacks, temporarily out of hand, looted their house. A typewriter, the only one in that region, fascinated these simple sons of the steppes. They could find no practical use for it, and so they poured into the works the remains of the strawberry jam on which they had gorged themselves. Mrs. Hoover met the looters coming away, her table silver sticking from their boot tops. With no weapon but the indignation of an enraged American woman, she forced them to stand and deliver.

The settlement of Hoover's affairs forced him to take a flying trip to London. His return to the compound of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company is, as he tells it, an Odyssey, whereof I can give here only a bare outline. There were at the time no regular passenger boats on the Chinese coast. He managed to lease an old broken-down steamer of something like a thousand tons burden. A colonel of the United States Army was going that way; Hoover offered him passage. A violent storm broke out. Both passengers, housed in a tiny cabin over the poop, became violently seasick. For four days the steamer fought the tempest; then it began to go to pieces. The captain, an Englishman, rushed in to say that there was mutiny aboard. The Chinese stokers refused to stay below and threatened to kill him. Would the passengers kindly come up to the bridge and help him fight for their lives?

"Let me alone!" groaned the colonel. "I want to die!"

However, the passengers were trying to crawl forward when the captain, by promising to seek a harbor, persuaded the crew to go back to the engines.

I have forgotten the exact geographical lay of the land, but the harbor where they finally took refuge was on a bay, at the time half ice-locked. Across this bay stood a station of his company, and, a little farther on, the terminus of the company's railroad, leading to the head compound. Racing against time, he found the captain of a stout, low-draft tug who was willing for much money to buck ice cakes and take chances. Half a mile from shore the tug struck a pack of mushy ice, against which it could make no headway. By sounding with a pole Hoover found that the water came up only to his chest. He and his Chinese servant packed his papers and bags on their heads and plunged in. Through the mushy ice, and in deadly fear of striking water holes, they wallowed ashore.

Taken for a Hobo

There was a fire at the company's station and the local manager was just sitting down—to a chicken dinner. Hoover got the first civilized meal he had had for a week, and dried out. Next morning he found his clothes shrunken, stained and torn by the salt water and the ice. Nevertheless, they were dry. He dressed and hiked on to the railroad terminus.

A train was drawn up at the railhead—an engine, a dozen flat cars loaded with the luggage and members of a Sikh battalion, and finally, at the rear, his own private car, occupied by the English officers in command.

Now the British officer, as I can personally testify, is usually a good fellow. However, one meets now and then in every professional army the kind of martinet officer who always says "No" when he can, and has no covenant with civilians. The colonel in command of the Sikh battalion, it appeared, belonged to that class.

"I am managing director and chief engineer of the company that owns this road," said Hoover to the colonel. "Excuse my appearance. I've been traveling fast. That is our private car and you're going my way. Do you mind if I come in with you?"

The colonel cast a cold eye over his eccentric appearance and turned away, announcing explosively that he had no place for loafers.

"I was so worn out," says Hoover, "that I hadn't any spirit left. This was in the East, mind you, where the law of white men is to look out for each other, and I considered it outrageous. But I just climbed on to a flat car and sat down with the Sikhs."

The train pulled out, ran a few miles to an uninhabited stretch of country, stopped, started after a time, ran slower and slower, and stopped again. Hoover saw that something must be the matter with the locomotive and went forward. In those days of army occupation China was short of rolling stock, even for the railroads she had. The engines had been worked to death. An examination showed that the boiler tubes of this one were leaking into the fire box, putting out the fire.

Hoover, who was recognized by the engineer, took command. He tried jury repairs with what materials he had. They would not work. At about this time the colonel strolled along to find out why the train did not proceed. Perceiving that Hoover really was in authority, he changed his manner and tried to be cordial. Hoover remained haughty. Then he had an idea: "A whale of a hot flamy fire" would dry up the water as fast as it leaked into the fire box.

Along the way stood cornstalks, piled up for fences. Hoover bargained with the Chinese owners and set the Sikhs to gathering up this fuel. The device worked; the engine got up steam and pulled the train for several miles along the level country. However, when it came to a long grade it stalled again. The load was too heavy.

And the Colonel Waited

"I'm going to uncouple the engine and run forward to the roundhouse for another," he reported to the colonel, who had again come nervously forward.

"Mind you do it quickly!" said the colonel.

Hoover said never a word; but at the roundhouse he gave these orders:

"I've left the train down the road. Send an engine back for it—in time. Remember that we have much to do with our engines here, and there is no hurry. Almost any time will do—twenty-four hours from now, say; or even thirty-six!"

Then he took another engine on to the compound; and so the managing director came back to his job, bringing orders.

During those days of foreign occupation in China his compound was a romantic spot. Not only from Hoover but from others who worked with him there I have heard such tales of it as Kipling never wrote. Sometimes these tales are comic and sometimes very tragic. The allied European armies used to take turns in policing the district, and the officers, by permission, were usually quartered in the compound—a soft assignment, for here were houses with European conveniences.

One night, just after the Germans came to take their turn, Hoover's Chinese servant woke him with the news that bad things, very bad, were happening down at the works. He ran out, to discover the whole Chinese population beating at the gates of the company wall. Hoover ordered the gates opened; and thousands of Chinese men, women and children packed the machine shop. The Germans, a little drunk that night, had begun to attack the women. For a dishonored Chinese woman suicide is the only course. Next morning the little river that flowed through the town was choked with bodies. Long before this war Hoover understood what German frightfulness meant; and in vain he used to try to warn the unsuspicious English.

He left China to form in London a partnership with an Englishman. The foundation of this firm was in the Chinese coal fields; but they branched out into other quarters of the world. It is hard to describe in one word Hoover's niche in the mining industry. He describes himself as a mining engineer; and, indeed, he is among the leaders in that profession. Yet he was from this time forth an *entrepreneur*—to use a French word for which we have no exact equivalent. He laid out mining enterprises, found the capital for them and managed them. Perhaps that old Western phrase, "just mining man," describes him best of all.

The great crisis of his early career came a few years later. The firm had now many companies under direction or control. Needing a rest, his English partner took advantage of a quiet season and went tiger hunting in Mongolia—a month, at least, from telegraphic communication. Hoover, the junior partner, was left alone on the job; and a calamity broke out of a blue sky. An employee, so trusted that he was like a partner, was discovered in defalcation. As his case was investigated Hoover discovered an astonishing state of affairs. This man had been falsely issuing stock and selling it on his own account. The defalcation, one of the largest in history, ran to more than a million dollars.

What followed I know not from Hoover, but from his English friends. The firm was not legally liable for the false stock. The purchasers, under the legal maxim of *caveat emptor*, had to take their chances when they bought it. But was not the firm liable morally? Many people had sunk all their savings in this stock. Furthermore, if the firm allowed the matter to stand as it was, this event would always remain a blot. The decision was up to Hoover; his partner was clean out of reach. Promptly he announced that the firm would stand the loss. It would consider the spurious stock, falsely issued in its name, as genuine. The senior partner returned from Mongolia to face three years of the closest, hardest work. But the firm pulled out. The British, honest themselves, dearly love an honest man; and this decision, hard though it was, made Hoover in London.

There followed ten years or so in which Hoover's activities reached every corner of the globe. He was interested in Australia, China, Peru, California, Mexico, Alaska, South Africa, Burma and Belgium. One of the firms for which he was executive head was mining in Borneo, where American superintendents and foremen ruled over a working force of head-hunters. A Russian nobleman had a principality rich in coal and iron. He wanted it developed. In view of existing Russian laws it seemed better to lease the whole principality outright; so Hoover's company is still running not only the mines but the farms of this estate.

For the greater part of his active fighting thirties, he lived "on the jump." He took a P. & O. steamer from his headquarters in London to the Orient as a New York business man takes a train to Chicago. In the intervals of seasickness—Hoover has never quite conquered that scourge of the landsman—he worked over letters with his secretary; at Aden, or the Indian ports, he sent or received a sheaf of cables.

At the Roman Mines

Stanford University, in which he has always maintained a loyal interest, made him a trustee. Hoover, traveling from London to San Francisco via the fastest transatlantic steamer and the Overland Limited, always made the meeting of the Board of Trustees.

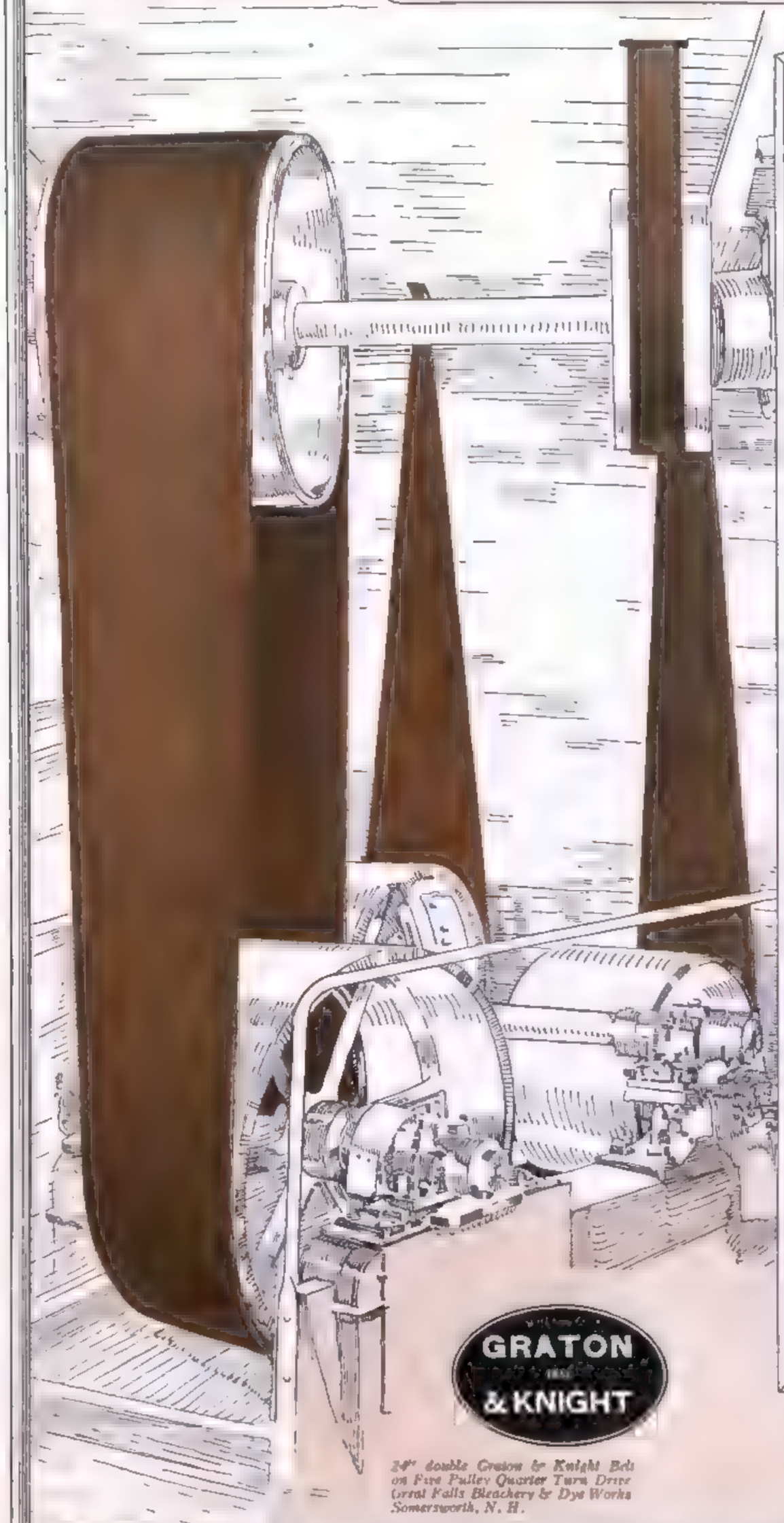
Before he was forty I heard some of his business contemporaries declare that he was the greatest technician of the mining world. And out of this bewilderment of interests his special talent began to appear. He was, above all things, an organizer. The best thing he did was to take a large property that had not been paying and, by readjusting its parts, make it pay. Such a talent is especially useful in the field of the base metals, where profits are figured on a very narrow margin; and he was probably the most expert base-metal man in that square mile of London from which the world's mining is controlled. He was especially strong in zinc. Companies of which he was the practical force controlled nearly thirty per cent of the world's zinc output. And still, before the war, only his profession knew of him.

Hoover's work was not only big—it was sometimes romantic. Once the Italian Government turned its attention to those iron mines in the Alps from which the old Romans made the steel that carved out an empire. Hoover was employed to find out whether these mines were still workable. For part of a summer he climbed and motored in the Alps while his workmen

(Continued on Page 56)

GRATON & KNIGHT
Standardized Series
LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by Us for Belting Use



GRATON & KNIGHT

24" double Graton & Knight Belt on Five Pulley Quarter Turn Drive Great Falls Bleachery & Dye Works Somersworth, N. H.

It Begins in the Tannery

Leather is the standard belting material.

To us, the largest belting makers in the world, every possible belting material lies open for selection and use. But the belting experience of generations points to the unescapable fact that leather has the properties necessary to make good belting.

Leather that is properly tanned for belting is tough, flexible, durable and prehensile. It preserves the natural softness and mobility of the skin, ensuring an effective grip on the pulley surface.

We have standardized these requirements of perfectly tanned belt leather. The standard in each case is the highest *working* efficiency in the finished belt.

Since the market cannot supply tanned belt leather that continuously measures up to Graton & Knight Standards, we tan our own hides. Last year, we tanned 285,000 of them, in our own tannery. We tanned them for *belts*. We tanned them to definite and uniform standards of belting requirements.

This standardization of material is the foundation of Graton & Knight quality.

It makes the Standardization of Graton & Knight Belts an actual, practical thing.

Think what other standardized products have done for you —and consider the standardization of belting on that basis. Let us send you complete information on the subject.

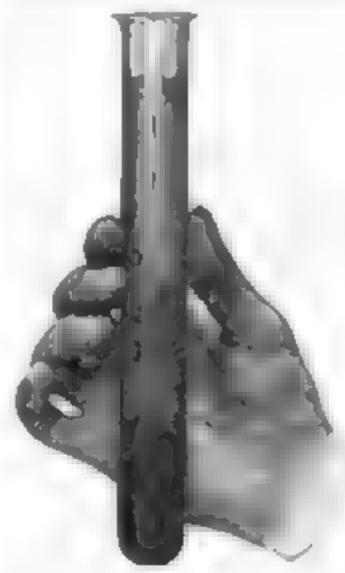
The Graton & Knight Mfg. Company

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting

Worcester, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Branches and Distributors in Principal Cities

Belting Dealers should communicate with us. We have a proposition for representatives in unassigned territory.



And this was called oil!

A chemist's report on a sample taken from a crank-case

An operator of motor trucks in Rochester, N.Y., who was getting irritating results from his lubrication, furnished us with a sample of the used oil from the crank-case.

It proved to be 72% gasoline.

How did the gasoline get there?

As you know, there is a clearance between piston rings and pistons. The oil used on this car, being of wrong body and character, had failed to seal this clearance. Gasoline had been forced down past the piston rings with each compression stroke. The gasoline had then been churned into the oil until there was actually more gasoline than oil in the crank-case.

72% gasoline in crank-case oil is of course unusual.

But the incident brings out pointedly a very common condition.

Oil that furnishes a poor piston-ring seal always allows the escape of gasoline into the crank-case.

And it takes very little gasoline in the crank-case to seriously impair the oil's lubricating efficiency.

Motorists repeatedly report that Gargoyle Mobiloils, used as specified in our Chart, cut their usual gasoline consumption from 10 to 20%.

Why?

Because when the proper grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils is used, the combustion chambers are sealed gas-tight and power-tight. Oil of correct body keeps the gas in the combustion chambers where it belongs. It keeps the gas out of the crank-case where it *does not* belong.

We have a new 56-page booklet containing complete information about our lubricating products, a chart of recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Marine Engines.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, kindly write our nearest branch, giving dealer's name and address.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:

Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, New York, Indianapolis, Des Moines, Kansas City, Kan.

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation.—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine cylinders of different piston speed and carbon, are

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover a majority of both pleasure and commercial cars in regular use, unless otherwise noted.

Model of	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (6 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Med. 13 14 55					A	Arc				
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Auburn 4 cyl			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Autocar 2 cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Brisco	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
8 cyl			A	A						
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
Case	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. 6-40)			A	Arc						
" (Mod. 6-50)	A	A	A	A						
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Cole			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Cunningham					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
8 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Mod. C	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
8 cyl					Arc	Arc				
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	B	B				
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Empire 4 cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Federal		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Flat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Gan	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Gar Wood	A	A	A	A						
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
6 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Hudson			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Super Six	A	Arc	A	A						
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jeffery	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
" (6 cyl)	A	A								
" (Com'l)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kearns			E	E	E	E				
Kelly Springfield	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Kissel	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
King					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
" (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Kline Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Mod. 49	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Com'l)	A	A								
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Leonard Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lexington Mod. M	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" Mod. MM	A	Arc								
Lozier	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maytag	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
22-70					A	Arc				
Metz	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(4 cyl)			A	A						
Moline									A	Arc
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Moon 4 cyl					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
National	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
8 cyl			A	A						
Oldsmobile			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard					A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A
12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paige					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
(6-46)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A				
" A-A & A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A				
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
6 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Com'l	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
4 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Renault			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Republic	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Richmond	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A
Rickert	E	E								
Roamer	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F		
Rowe	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Saxon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	B	A						
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A
Velie (4 cyl)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight	A	A								
"	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Winton	Arc	Arc								
Wisconsin	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Electric Vehicles: For motor boat use and enclosed cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year round. For open cars in Summer, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year round.

Exception: For worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" bevel gear drive.

(Continued from Page 54)

uncovered old diggings, some of them unworked for twenty centuries.

Once again his attention was called to the turquoise mines of the Sinai Peninsula—the abandoned diggings from which the ancient Egyptians got the jewels for their ornaments. In the process of reaching those chambers the ancients had mined for ten centuries or more, his superintendent, a practical Cornish miner, blew up some ancient arches that stood in the way. He came at last to the chamber in the turquoise vein. It was studded with straight inscribed slabs, like a graveyard.

The Cornishman, leaving these slabs undisturbed, brought back specimens of the turquoise. They were of a green, uncommercial quality. This settled at once a minor point of Egyptology. The turquoise ornaments found on mummies are always green. It was formerly supposed that the action of air, through the centuries, had turned their color. This discovery proved that the green turquoise was fashionable in ancient Memphis, as the blue is fashionable in modern Paris.

News of this discovery, and of the strange gravestone-looking slabs, was conveyed to Professor Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist. He repaired to the spot at once; and when he began to decipher the inscriptions on those slabs he nearly died of joy. It had been crown property; and each succeeding superintendent had left a record of his name, his tenure of office, and of the sovereign reigning at the time. In fixing an accurate chronology of Egyptian dynasties it was invaluable. His joy was moderated by the discovery of the blown-up arches; for they, too, as the fragments showed, had been heavily inscribed.

So Hoover worked until he was nearing forty. There are two kinds of leaders in any industry—those who pioneer, and those who merely accumulate. One is on the job for the love of doing big things and the other for the love of money. As Andrew Carnegie said in one of his philosophical moods, "Pioneering don't pay." Often, when a great industrial leader dies, the public is surprised to see how small a fortune he leaves behind; just as it is often surprised, when the probate figures appear, at the large fortune of a man scarcely heard of before. Hoover was of the pioneer class. His fortune was by no means large. Yet, with his world-wide interests, another ten years of normal conditions would have brought him great wealth.

Hoover's friends knew that this prospect gave him no special joy. Simple in his tastes, he did not care for the things money can buy. Neither did he seem to crave power, and least of all the power that comes from money alone. His had been a peculiar development. Absorbed by European affairs he still remained intensely, vitally Western American in his tastes and beliefs.

For Love of the Game

Almost all Americans who prosper abroad develop an ambition for recognition in European society. To Hoover, European society, as such, was as though it were not. His house in Kensington—a country mansion of the eighteenth century, its walled garden now surrounded by the shops and flats of High Street and that vicinity—gathered mightily entertaining dinner parties the industrial knights-errant of the world, crossing through the industrial capital of the world on their way between California and the East Indies, Afghanistan and New York, Johannesburg and Alaska. If one met lords and ladies at that board they were entertaining lords and ladies; it was interest in life and affairs which brought them there, not social give-and-take.

For ten years Hoover had been studying the world game as it is played in Europe and Asia—in one sense an actor in the drama; in another, a detached critic. What he saw and what he could forecast set him the more strongly in his native opinions. He believed in our type of civilization—not in that autocratic *Kultur* which, getting the ascendancy in Germany, is now trying to wreck the world our fathers created with toil and wounds and weariness. Only he saw that democracy must be modernized and made efficient, as autocracy was being modernized in Germany.

When asked in England to define his political opinions he called himself a Liberal, and let it go at that, only his was an advanced liberalism, looking forward to a better organization of free society, not backward to an unsystematic freedom. More and more his own country drew him.

"I want to get into the big game at home," he said once, in the year before the war; "not the money game either, and not exactly the political game—but the big game and the real game somewhere."

When the war came, when the thought which Europe had been holding and not daring to face for fifteen years became reality, Hoover was in London. And immediately his countrymen found something for him to do. The hundred thousand American tourists caught abroad by Armageddon were pouring into London from all corners of Europe—half of them panic-stricken; the other half rather disposed to linger where their presence was an embarrassment. Getting them away with the greatest dispatch and the smallest embarrassment was the problem of our Embassies. A committee of prominent Americans among the refugees took hold of this work. But they had to go home with the rest; the need was a permanent leader—someone on the ground. And when the Americans in London looked about they realized, for the first time, that Hoover was, all things considered, the leader of the American colony.

It looked like a big job; and, though insignificant beside his later work, it was. In his hands it ran like clockwork. Within a week after he assumed office that anxious crowd which used to fill the grand ballroom of the Savoy Hotel was thinning out; by October one could, without the slightest trouble, get first-class passage westward. The tourists had been got out with no more fuss and friction than a little personal inconvenience.

A Personal Quandary

This was his first, mild introduction to the general public; and it led to his job as reliever of Belgium; for by October it became apparent that Belgium, the sport of war, stood to starve unless someone took heroic and efficient action. She could not raise her own foodstuffs and her insufficient harvest had mostly been ruined by the passage of armies or commandeered by the conquerors. Though nearly a million Belgians had fled before the German advance, seven millions remained in their homes. The Germans would not feed them unless England abandoned the blockade—an impossible condition. The Allies could not. Neutral intervention in this matter was the only hope. America was the great neutral and Brand Whitlock, our Minister at Brussels, the only mediator between the Belgian people and the will of the conqueror.

In October Whitlock and some leading Belgians held a conference at Brussels, secured a tentative guaranty from the Germans that food sent for relief of the civil population would not be appropriated, and sent a committee to London. Walter Hines Page, our Ambassador to Great Britain, had independently perceived the situation and made some diplomatic moves of his own.

The committee realized that they could not stop to wake up America; our countrymen in London must take hold.

I have no doubt that in any circumstances Hoover would have been asked to lead this work. As it was, his swift, efficient organization for the transportation of our refugees made the choice certain and unanimous. It was doubtful, our diplomats felt, that any man alive could succeed in this task; but Hoover was the best possible candidate.

Here was a personal quandary of the first class. It needs little imagination to picture what the disorganization of war had done to such interests as Hoover's—scattered world-wide, dependent on the coöperation between nations which prevails in time of peace. His affairs were in a state that seemed almost comic. Down in Borneo his American assistant engineers were working a gang of native head-hunters. Gold is the only money these savages recognize as pay, and at the beginning of the war gold was the hardest of all commodities to get. A strike was imminent; and when those simple sons of the jungle strike they begin by hunting the head of the boss.

Parts of plants he was erecting at the time were scattered in various parts of the world—on the Rhine, on interned German ships, in regions of Russia where all work

had been abandoned for mobilization. The most common prudence demanded that he should devote all his time to his personal affairs, so that he might save something from the wreck.

Yet Hoover had been called to a great and perhaps impossible job of pure philanthropy. From Belgium the hungry were calling. After all he had his technic as an engineer. After the war he could at least take care of himself. He still had his brains and his technic as an engineer. One of his lieutenants has quoted to me the words in which he announced that he had taken the plunge: "Well, let the fortune go to thunder!"

What his associates scarcely expected of Hoover, who had always been a master technician rather than a business man, was his handling of the financial problem. Twenty million dollars a month does not raise itself! In the beginning, and while there was still a chance that Belgium's servitude might be short, he had tried to do the job on charity. By the time the necessary budget had passed three million dollars, by the time American charity had been tried out and found wanting, the commission saw plainly that charity alone would never serve. Government subsidies must be arranged and government backing for issues of local Belgian currency, designed to buy food and secured by Belgian property. These financial arrangements Hoover made as fast as the need arose—wrung the money out of nations that seemed to be wringing themselves dry for the war.

Though the British Government was, on the whole, benevolently friendly, a certain body of private opinion held that Belgian relief vitiated that blockade. Germany had promised not to commandeer the food; from thirty to sixty young Americans were stationed in Belgium for the purpose of checking up receipts against consumption and guaranteeing to the Allies that Germany kept her pledge. Yet here and there some Prussian official, exceeding his instructions, would seize a few cows, a supply of eggs or something else his men wanted. Leakage of this kind—it amounted in all to less than one per cent—would be exaggerated as the news passed through Belgium, across the Border and into England.

Then some muddled opponent of the commission would start another attack. Still, the great trouble was always with the Germans; though misunderstandings with our own Government were not unknown. Crisis followed crisis. Hoover was always tackling a desperate situation and fighting his point through. Many of our negotiations, in strict diplomatic precedent, should have passed through our Embassies.

Always on the Jump

However, Ambassadors Gerard and Page, who know a diplomat when they see one, cheerfully gave up their own prerogatives in the interests of speed and let Hoover make his representations direct. And by the time we came into the war and American direction had to be withdrawn, the Commission for Relief in Belgium was established in the international habits of wartime Europe.

When invaded France was added to the responsibility of the commission the money first advanced by the French came across the Channel in the following check form: "Pay to Herbert C. Hoover, or order, twenty-five million francs." Every remaining dollar of that money was, of course, turned over, on the accountants' showing, on the night when America stepped out of the commission and Holland and Spain stepped in. But never, I suppose, has a single private citizen held such trust funds. No antagonist of the C. R. B. has ever so much as mentioned this trust. The chancelleries of Europe had studied their man, had looked him up; and on this point they were satisfied.

Hoover had lived for ten years on the jump. So he continued to live for the two and a half years which elapsed between the foundation of the Belgian work and our declaration of war against Germany. Only, as all must know who have tried European travel in these days, the jumping was very bad: mine dodging; submarine dodging; wearisome detentions and searchings at Borders; cold; insufficient food.

The work, the worry and the hard travel told on Hoover by last year. He began to lose weight at an alarming rate; but still he would not rest. An abscess in his ear laid him up for a time and forced him to relax a little. By last winter affairs were running steadily enough in Europe, and American charity needed stimulation. He crossed to America and started a campaign for more funds. Though he was talking for Belgium nearly every day—and nothing tells on him like public speaking, he having a fairly boyish dread of an audience—though he was running the larger policies of the commission by cable, the change served as a rest. When, on the approach of war, he sailed back to see his men safely out of Belgium and to transfer the commission, he was in good condition again.

He faced an uncertain future. Students of this war, from the American angle, believed that he knew more about its larger aspects than any other man available to our Government. I break here a journalistic secret. In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of March twenty-fourth I published an interview with an eminent American, under the title First Aid to America. The victim was Hoover. This interview concerned our best course of action in case of war with Germany; and at the time his position as mediator for Belgium with Germany required that he should not even hint at the possibility of war—in public.

A Title No Temptation

The Government had been watching him, and especially that quiet gentleman who looks round for the President. His friends felt sure that when the declaration came his services would be claimed in some capacity or other. The fact was—as I think Hoover well knew—that if the American Government did not call on him our allies would. Already two important posts in the civilian conduct of the war had been offered him by the British. But to "go British" openly, in those days of our neutrality, would have wrecked the commission. Not only would it have taken away the head of the work but it would have proved to the German militarist mind that the commission was not neutral—that its agents were simply "a hundred allied spies."

Further, Hoover would have been obliged to surrender his American citizenship; and he was not willing to do that. Had he stepped into a job of munitions-management at the beginning of the war—and he had the chance—he would be one of the great ones of England now; Sir Herbert Hoover, doubtless, with a peerage coming to him after the war. To anyone with social ambition—for the socially ambitious American dearly loves a title—this would have been an inducement. I can say, without reserve, that it was no inducement to Hoover.

But now things had changed. We were about to become allies with the British; he could accept a British post without loss of his citizenship or concession of his Americanism. He understands the English and the English understand him; they would have worked well together.

He had shot from Cadiz to Madrid, and from Madrid to Paris; had spent a day or two negotiating with the French; had visited the reconquered district about Noyon; had proceeded to London; had completed the winding up of the commission—when the expected war came. Almost immediately the cable brought the news that Hoover had been appointed virtually food controller for America.

As I read over what I have written I wonder whether the reader does not picture Hoover as a restless man, driven by devils of nervous energy. So it might seem from his acts. As a matter of fact, he is the calmest, most restful individual in the world.

Just below six feet in height, he has a pair of broad shoulders and a rather spare figure, which ought to be athletic, and isn't. Muscular exercise bores him: he admits that he never walks when he can ride, and that the one luxury he would find it hard to give up is an automobile. His face inclines to be powerfully heavy in repose; but it has its shrewd features—as, for example, a nose with an aggressive angle. His eyes, hazel-gray and rather prominent, have the effect of seeing far. About eyes and mouth he has too many wrinkles for his forty-two years; but they are sun wrinkles, not age wrinkles—they come from his long journeys across tropic sands.

His general appearance, indeed, is youthful. The hair above his compact forehead is a dark mouse color, without a suggestion of gray or of baldness—even about the temples, where most of his contemporaries have begun to betray their years. His wide

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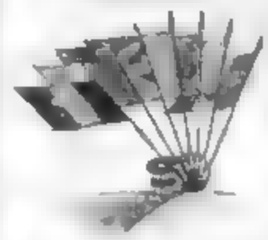

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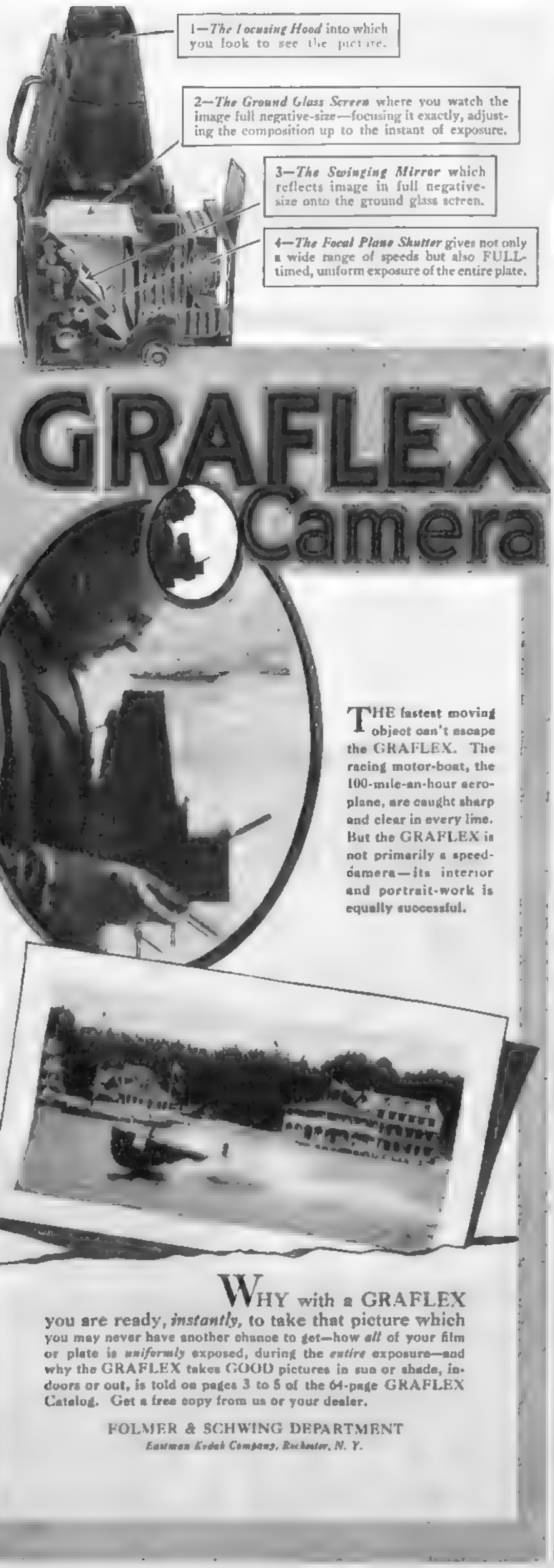
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mouth is a steel trap when it is closed, and engaging when he smiles. "A sweet smile," say the women of his acquaintance; and it relieves the power of his upper face.

He carries behind that firm brow of his a mind like a great machine; perfectly made in the beginning; perfectly tuned up to its work. He has a capacity for thinking at will, as another man walks or runs or throws a ball at will; and that, it seems to me, is the rarest of human gifts.

Finally, with a little outward gesture which says, "That is finished," he sits down; and, stopping here and there to choose the right word, he states the conclusion—and dismisses the subject.

At times he fairly thinks himself thin; that was the cause for the loss of weight which alarmed his associates last year, and that is the reason why, without exercise, his figure remains trim—that and his abstemious personal habits. He smokes cigars in moderation; he eats sparingly; and, though not a professed teetotaler, he uses alcohol very, very little. Intense brain work burns up tissue, as well as intense physical work.

He likes, on fine Sunday afternoons, to take his wife, his boys and his dog, together with any friend who happens along, on an automobile trip to the country. Choosing a secluded spot, where there is plenty of deadwood, he sets the rest of the company at breaking sticks and unpacking hampers. Then he, assisted by the boys, builds a scientific camp fire, and cooks bacon and eggs. That is his nearest approach to recreation in the ordinary sense.

Hoover's other diversions are all intellectual. He reads deeply in the philosophy of history and politics, and, naturally, of science. For lighter reading he chooses by preference detective mystery stories. Though he has a fine taste in literature and the arts, he follows these tales like the true enthusiast over mystery fiction; not for character or style or illumination on life—which they seldom contain anyway—but as a mental game, trying to outguess the author and anticipate his solution. It is a sport akin to working out chess problems. When he has time he reads the American magazines; and Ma Pettingill is his favorite character in current fiction.

A Laboratory Translation

In his thirties, when he had more leisure than he has enjoyed since the war began, he made, for recreation, several journeys up the lost trails of knowledge. There fell into his hands a first edition of Agricola. This old person was a contemporary of Luther. His book, a standard prize of the bibliomaniac largely because of its woodcuts, was the working library of all practical miners in the sixteenth century.

A few years ago the scholars of the mining world began to notice it; but none had ever been able to make a translation. Though he wrote in the best medieval Latin, Agricola's technical terms, and especially those describing certain substances, had perished from the language of the world. Without some key to those technical terms, translation was impossible.

Hoover went to work on the problem. He had nearly forgotten his Latin; but Mrs. Hoover retained most of hers. She brushed up and made a running translation. Hoover fitted up a chemical laboratory in a room of his London house; and, between his journeys to the far corners of the earth, he did scientific detective work on Agricola. For example: Substance A, mentioned by Agricola, was known; Substance B was unknown. But somewhere Agricola stated that Substances A and B in combination produced a certain known effect. Given such data, the chemist can work back and ascertain Substance B.

Problems like this were the simplest in the great puzzle. It was almost four years before Hoover worked out the last problem. The result was a privately printed book under the names of Herbert Hoover and Lou Henry Hoover—a replica of Agricola, even to his hundreds of woodcuts; but a full English translation. It is a masterful piece of straight English too, especially the introduction. And in the last analysis it was only a piece of play!

Among his papers are the notes for a treatise on Chinese mathematics, in whose involved and cumbersome processes he became interested during his Boxer days. He has similar notes on the metallurgical history of Europe.

These many years he has been watching the European game of politics, finance and diplomacy, a close insider in some of his acts, a New World outsider in his point of view. He has been meditating and taking notes on European affairs; and some day he may have a book on the philosophy of recent history in Europe, from which, having heard his views, I expect great things. To the score of his literary work must be added a treatise on practical mining, now a standard book in his profession. That, however, scarcely comes under the head of recreation.

He likes good talk—hot debate or pleasant narration about a dinner table. To such conversation he brings not only wisdom but a dry Yankee wit, and a streak, now and then, of infinite irony on this world and its affairs. Doubtless he gets that quality, together with his capacity for thought, from his mother's side of the house. She was of pure French blood—a Huguenot family, which came to the United States by way of Canada. On his father's side he is of Quaker extraction; and the name comes from a remote Dutch ancestor.

Talk to Hoover in his office for ten minutes and you would doubtless think him cold; talk to him for an hour and the dullest observer would have a feeling of an inner warmth, expressing itself neither in anything he says nor in any trick of his personality, but undoubtedly there. His associates admire, more than any other practical quality in him, his persuasiveness.

Mr. Lloyd George Convinced

All the Cabinets, war councils and national committees before which he has argued for Belgium tell stories of this persuasive quality. Lewis Freeman has recorded how, early in the war, Lloyd George put down his foot on some project of the commission that he regarded as prejudicial to British interests. Hoover went to see him; and the order was at once revoked. "I couldn't say anything," Lloyd George reported afterward at the Liberal Club; "by the time he had talked to me for fifteen minutes there was nothing more for a reasonable man to say!"

In the first autumn of the war a great American charity which had done much for Belgium but might do more grew decidedly offish. "Who the blazes was Hoover?" they asked quite naturally. Who had ever heard of him before? How did they know that he was honest and efficient? However, they suspended judgment while an agent traveled to London for a confidential investigation. He saw Hoover. Twenty-four hours later he telegraphed: "You can play the limit on this man!"

Northern France reached the verge of starvation. Emissaries came up to Brussels begging the commission to take on two million more people. There were no funds for this purpose. Hoover rushed over to Paris. Now I have explained that there was among the Allies a minor party which looked with suspicion upon this work. Reports from these people had preceded him to France; and I know now that the French Government, naturally and probably rightly suspicious of anything which had contact with Germany, was skeptical. Indeed, Hoover had perhaps only one friend at that court.

Within three days after he arrived the French had given him the funds for immediate needs. Within a month or so they were paying in to his personal account the sum needed to supply the whole two millions. Now no one is more enthusiastic over the commission than the French official. France, indeed, put the crown of honor on our work for Belgium.

The very week before Hoover, anticipating the war, withdrew his men, the mayors of the rescued towns between Noyon and Saint-Quentin had him lured into their district; and in the battered town hall of Noyon, with the wreckage of German occupation all about, they testified to their gratitude with a delicacy, an enthusiasm and a taste that only the French know how to express.

This persuasiveness of Hoover is not all pure reason. Something of the man pierces his words, and the quality which anyone must feel is his absolute basic sincerity. Other men in a like position are usually only in part disinterested. They have mixed motives. They are working for humanity—yes. They are also working, consciously or unconsciously, for a ribbon in the buttonhole, a seat among the mighty, a title; or that vague end which had been the wreck of so many philanthropies—"credit for my work."

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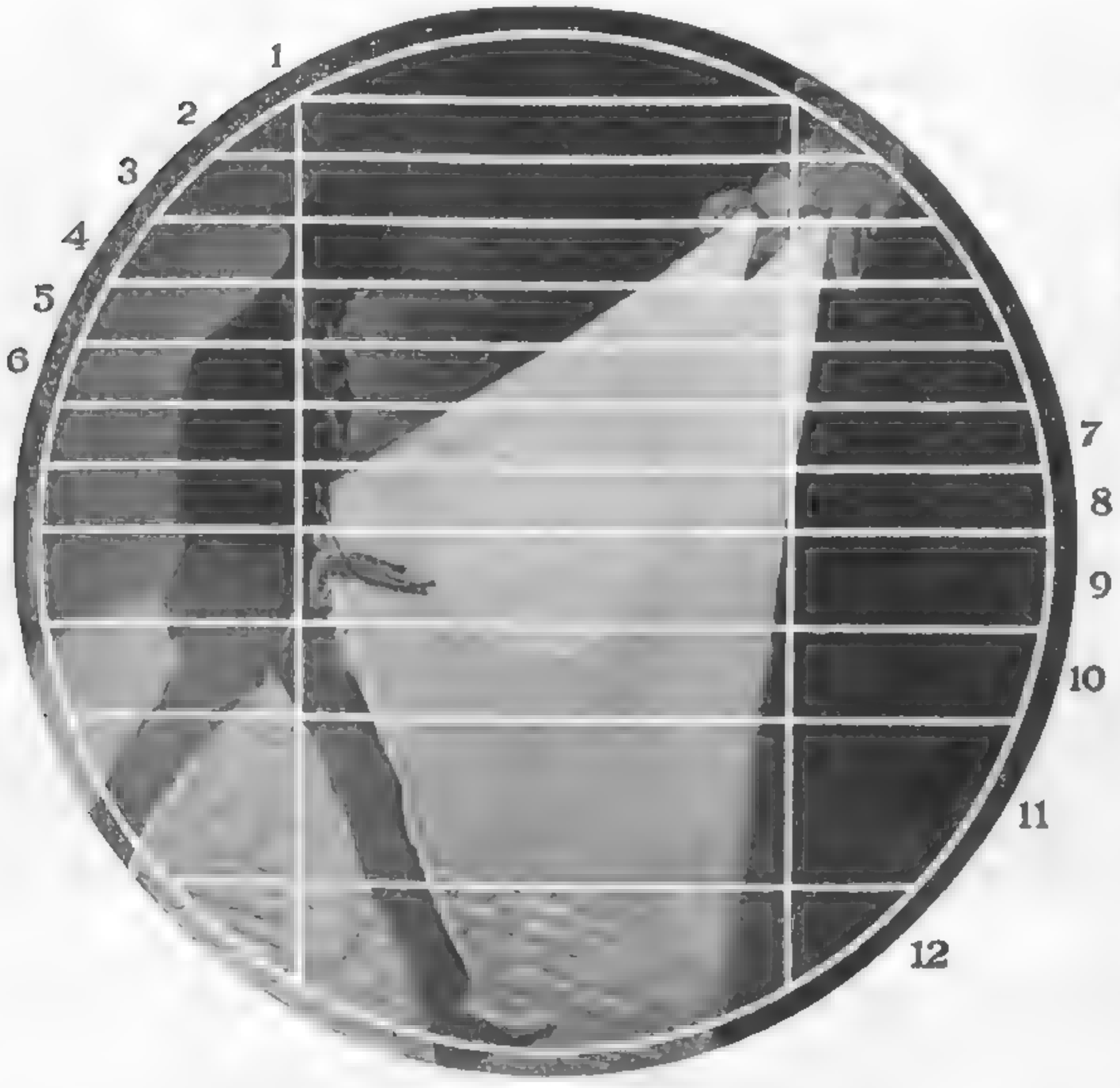

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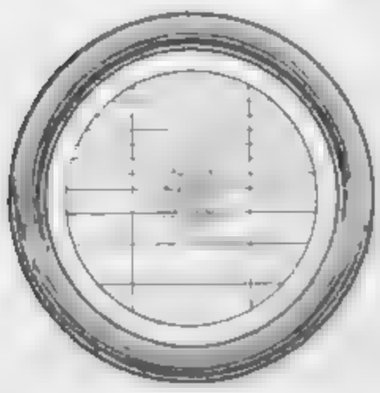

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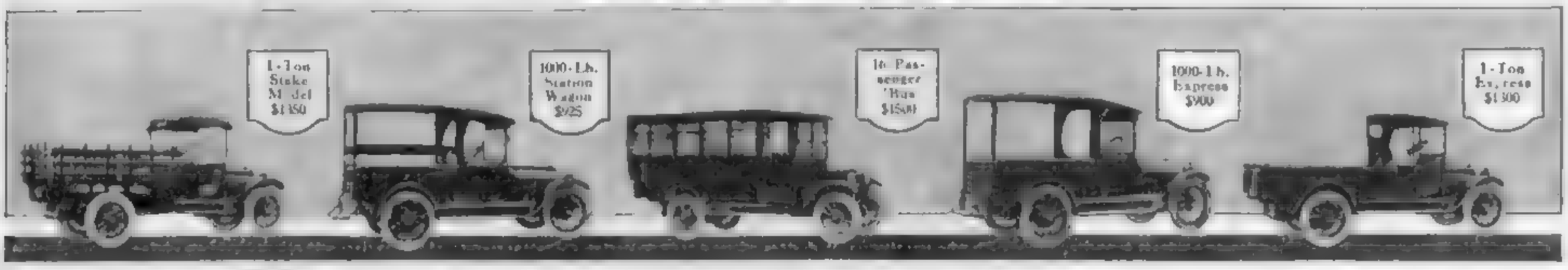


(Concluded from Page 58)

But no part of Hoover mixes itself with his ends. He is doing a job for other people; simply that and nothing more. The average man in that position does well to be eighty per cent pure in motive. Hoover, so far as I could ever see, is one hundred per cent, net.

That explains not only his persuasiveness but the extraordinary loyalty he inspires in his assistants in the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

Last week a Frenchman had luncheon with a group of our young Americans who, under orders, had just left their food districts and come out of Belgium.

"Why, those boys would die for him!" said he afterward.

Other men, big in their professions, and therefore humanly vulnerable to that love of glory that goes with bigness, have dropped their careers to work like beavers for the commission. I do not profess to give a complete list; but among engineers there are such men as Honnald, Poland, Shaler, White, Lucey, Hunseker, Rickard and Bates; among scholars and social workers, Angell, Kellogg, Giddings and Robinson Smith; among writers and journalists, Hunt, Whitney, Mrs. Kellogg, Baker and Goode; and working in the background have been our diplomats.

Now, with one or two small exceptions, personal jealousy has not figured in the troubles of the C. R. B. These men have been as eager to give the credit to "the Chief" as the Chief has been to give the credit to the job alone.

You see, Hoover is essentially good. I have to fall back on that Sunday-school word, for nothing else conveys my thought. A large goodness is the crown of his character; and, together with his extraordinary mind, it explains what he has done.

OBEY THE LAW; KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT

(Continued from Page 7)

who are the Germans in this country, where they live, their occupations, their age, and the number of their dependents.

The Canadian Government delayed making a census of alien enemies, and was sorry for it afterward. The virtually unanimous opinion of Canadian officials is that a grave mistake was made in not starting general registration of enemy aliens on the outbreak of war. This mistake causes great suffering to many persons, as many needless arrests were made because of a lack of proper information. It was not until the end of October, 1914, that aliens were required to register in Canada. The United States is now the only country at war that has not a register of the alien enemies within its borders.

To be compelled to register would not be offensive to the Germans. They are accustomed from their birth to being on the books of the police and to keeping their own government minutely informed as to their movements in time of peace as well as in time of war. So accustomed have they grown to having their names on official books that many of them feel they are unprotected, or at a loose end, unless they are registered somewhere. It was a common experience all through the first eighteen months of the war for the Germans in England to come to the American Embassy in London, or to the consulates in various parts of Great Britain, and ask to have their names written in a book. The procedure was meaningless, but it seemed to give them a great deal of comfort.

The silliest project that has been advanced in connection with internment in the United States is the proposal that the interned aliens and prisoners of war in Great Britain and France be transported to the United States and cared for here for the duration of the war. This is wholly impracticable. If by any remote mischance it should be put into practice the three governments concerned would repent the day they put it into effect. The proponents of the scheme urge that Great Britain and France are short of food, and that by bringing the prisoners here we could save our allies the burden of feeding them. They profess to believe, also, that while the prisoners were in transit the westbound ships from allied ports would be safe from submarine attack.

German Reprisals

Nobody who knows the German believes that any ship would be spared merely because it had German prisoners on board. On the contrary, they would expect to find, as soon as the movement of prisoners from Europe to the United States began, that every German submarine would carry as many British and French prisoners of war as could be stuffed into it without incommoding or hampering the crew. The Germans have not hesitated to torpedo British hospital ships bringing German wounded from France to England.

When it comes to making reprisals for real or fancied injuries, the German is prepared to proceed to greater lengths of brutality and inhumanity than any civilized government in the world.

Take two outstanding instances: In the early days of the war, when the first German submarines were being captured or destroyed by the British, Winston Churchill was at the Admiralty and announced that German submarine crews would not be interned with other German prisoners, but would receive special treatment and would be detained in a place apart. This meant in practice that submarine officers and men were housed in naval detention barracks, in permanent structures, where they were most comfortable and had every facility for exercise and recreation. Materially and physically they were very much better off than men in the ordinary places of internment. But the Germans instantly, by way of reprisal, picked out thirty-five British officers and placed them separately in solitary confinement in fortresses. Some of these officers had been wounded. The British Government was forced to withdraw from the attitude it had taken and distribute the captured submarine crews with the other prisoners in the camps for soldier prisoners of war. Not until they had been definitely and officially assured that this had been done, did the Germans begin slowly to release the British officers from solitary confinement.

Prisoners Sent to Russia

The second instance grew out of the moving of German prisoners from Great Britain to another country. Sir Edward Grey handed to Ambassador Page in London, on April 4, 1916, this memorandum:

"His Majesty's Government has decided to transfer a number of German combatant prisoners of war from internment camps in the United Kingdom to France, in order that they may be available for employment in the latter country.

"The first batch will be dispatched to Rouen on the fifth of April, and will consist of seven hundred and fifty prisoners. They will be employed on work at the port.

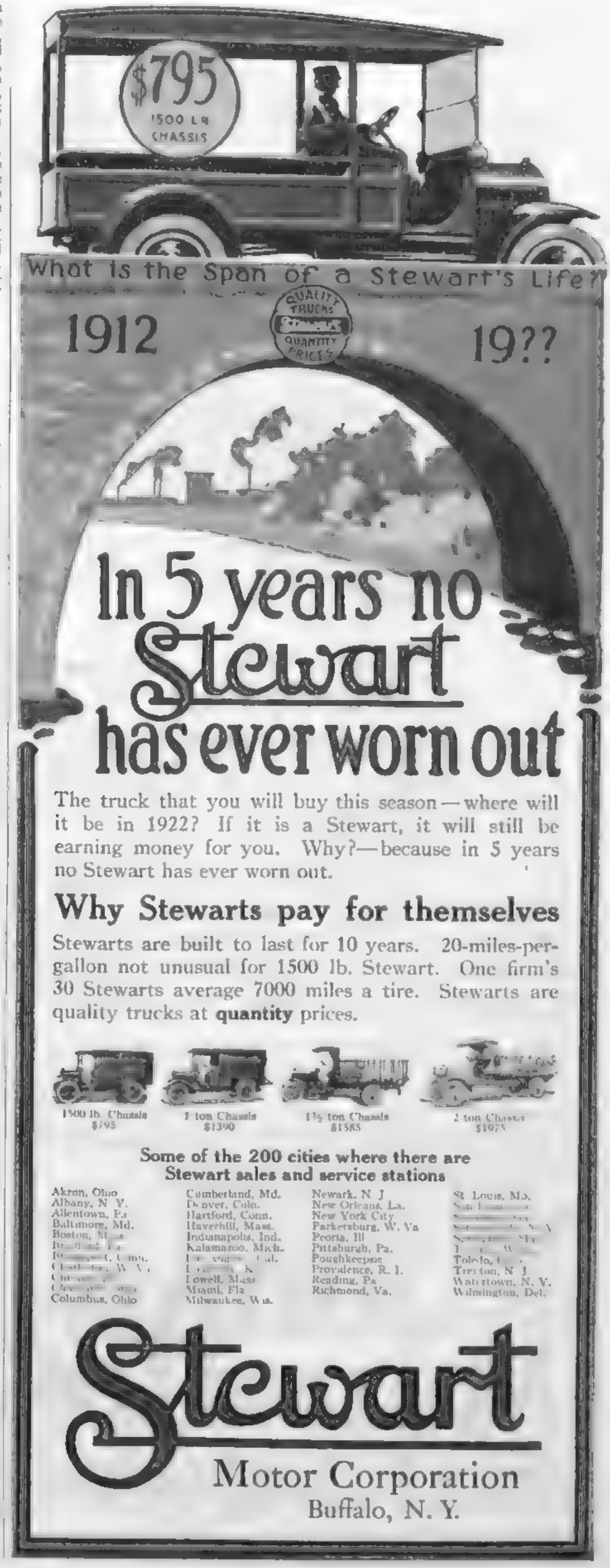
"A second batch will be sent to Havre at a later date for similar employment.

"They will be engaged, under British supervision, in clearing cargo ships of goods, other than munitions of war, in order to relieve the congestion of the ports; or on other work which does not include the handling in any way of munitions of war."

As soon as the news of this reached Berlin, the reply came back by telegraph that the German Government had decided to send two thousand British prisoners of war to work in Russian territory under German occupation. To this day no satisfactory report has ever been received of the condition and treatment of these British soldiers in occupied Russian territory. Repeated requests made by the American Embassy at Berlin to be allowed to visit them were refused. How they are housed, how they are fed, what work they are doing, how they are treated—these things have never been fully disclosed.

Idleness is the root of most of the trouble in internment camps. In the event that internment on a large scale has to be undertaken here, work has been planned and provided for prisoners. Public work that may be carried on by the interned aliens may be divided into three classes:

1. Public work carried on by the Federal Government. Under this may be mentioned road building in National Parks and in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But think a moment. What kind of a fire extinguisher? Your fire department asked itself that question when it bought its engine or truck. Now *select* your protective device just as they do.

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2. Public work carried on by the states with Federal aid; farm experiment stations carried on by the states with Federal aid; state roads constructed with Federal aid.

3. Public work carried on by the states; construction of state roads; preparation of cut-over lands for agricultural purposes and farming thereon, and farming on state-owned lands; irrigation work conducted by the various states.

In establishing the more permanent internment stations the need for labor in each given locality must be considered. All such labor should only be undertaken when the company hiring the aliens can give satisfactory assurance that proper supervision will be given.

The paroling of aliens must be so conducted that their labor will not interfere with the free labor of the country. Such employment as railroad construction, the harvesting of crops, the raising of agricultural commodities, and in certain instances mining operations, may be considered. The assistance of Federal, state and philanthropic agencies should be secured for the paroling of these prisoners, and in the investigation of employers desiring such labor.

Caring for Alien Women

The guarding of prisoners would be done by troops detailed for such purposes from the Department of War. Officers should be selected whose experience in civil life has given them knowledge of the various subjects that make up the several departments of internment.

Plans for recreation and education would be worked out with the international council of the Y. M. C. A. This council is carrying on similar enterprises in the various camps of all belligerent nations. The educational work is carried on by the Y. M. C. A. representatives, supplemented by the prisoners. Recreation and education would be matters for consideration only after and in the event that internment camps were found to be necessary.

The delicate and troublesome problem of the treatment of the wives and children of aliens interned has been handled very practically in the Dominion of Canada by issuing rations to those dependents at the places of their residence. The care of dependent women and children of interned civilians has proved a fruitful source of unending annoyance and friction in Europe. No women have ever been put in internment camps in England. All German women in England have been perfectly free to return to Germany whenever they saw fit; or, if they preferred, they were allowed to remain in England. Many were repatriated; but as many more chose to stay behind. The greater number of them had no means of support. A way had to be found to take care of them.

An English woman married to a German becomes thereby a German subject; so that when the war broke out, and the British Government began to intern German civilians, the curious and puzzling situation was disclosed that literally thousands of women born in England, and who had never been twenty miles from their birthplaces, were suddenly discovered to be German subjects and enemy aliens. A plan was finally arranged under which the American Embassy at London, from German funds in its possession, made a weekly subsistence allowance to the German-born wives of interned German civilians.

The British Government undertook to make a weekly allowance to the English-born and French-born wives of the interned Germans. In the beginning this allowance was ten shillings a week for each woman and three shillings a week for each child; but, as the war continued and the cost of living increased, the allowance had to be raised. Some such plan would have to be followed in this country, as it would be impracticable in the highest degree to attempt to intern wives and children with the heads of families.

It is quite probable that the number of interned aliens in this country to-day will be increased, despite the Administration's desire to keep the number of interned down to the smallest possible limit. Many Germans have already sought to be interned, either on the ground that because they were alien enemies they could not find employment or because they feared the hostility of their neighbors.

At the very outbreak of the war the Dominion of Canada, where conditions are very similar to ours, was absolutely unprepared to meet the situation. The Department of Police was forced to guard public works, waterways, railroads and public buildings; and, therefore, was compelled to enlist large numbers of citizens to assist in the care of enemy aliens and in guarding public works. Feeling against those of enemy nationality was so intense that, when a few acts of depredation were committed which were attributed to enemy aliens, employers refused to retain in employment any of German, Austro-Hungarian or Turkish nationality. Threatening mobs menaced the German clubs and German centers, and the public demanded that persons of enemy nationality should be placed under restraint.

Internment was found necessary in Canada, as well as in England and France, to prevent the committing of depredations by enemy aliens and the transmission of information; to protect the subjects of enemy nationality from hostile acts of citizens; to protect enemy aliens from becoming destitute through refusal of employment by citizens. Broadly speaking, internment camps have been required in Canada as much to protect the enemy alien as for the safety of the community.

We have this advantage over all the European countries that found it necessary to intern enemy alien civilians: We have had time to work out a comprehensive plan and policy of internment, and erect a framework organization that can be made effective without delay. In making this plan we have had an opportunity to study the defects and disadvantages of the European system. The American Embassies at Paris, Vienna, Berlin and London had general supervisory inspection of the prisoners' camps in France, Austria, Germany and England. Americans attached in one capacity or another to these embassies know intimately the details of camp management. Their experience and their records ought to enable us to establish and maintain places of internment in the United States with the least possible friction and confusion.

The Camp at Knockaloe

The internment of German civilians in England was a lengthy and rather deliberate process. The government was rather hustled by public opinion. Certain of the London newspapers were foremost in agitating the public mind against the Germans in England and urging their internment. Virtually all the chief London hotels were managed and staffed by Germans. The thousands of German waiters in England who had come over from their own country to learn the language were among the first to be interned.

The first batch of German civilians to be arrested and interned in England were sent to Newbury Race Course and housed in stables and in tents. Others were put on ships anchored in Southampton Water off Ryde, on the Isle of Wight, or in the Thames, near Southend. The first military prisoners brought over from France were confined on ships.

Later, as the number of prisoners grew, places of internment were constructed in various parts of Great Britain. The largest camp for civilians was established at Knockaloe, near Peel, on the Isle of Man. It was built to contain thirty thousand prisoners, and was virtually a city in itself, with its own water and drainage system, electric lights, recreation grounds, garden patches, recreation halls, workshops and bathing and washing facilities. Every building in this camp was erected for the particular purpose for which it was intended. These included warehouse, cold-storage room, quartermaster's supply depot, a post office, a hospital, and a number of small shops or canteens, where the prisoners might purchase tobacco, cigars, chocolate, fruit and minor table delicacies.

In the beginning large huts were erected at this camp, each to house two hundred and forty men. These were found to be too large for practical purposes of administration and discipline, and later the standard of British army huts, housing thirty men, were erected.

(Continued on Page 65)

The Car of the American Family

A National Reputation Made International

We believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

Evidence of an extraordinary sort supports this conviction.

The work it is doing the world over is nothing short of wonderful.

In Bombay, India, it has been given semi-official recognition.

No other car will be used there, hereafter, by the British government.

Hupmobile Kept; Other Cars Sold

At the end of the campaign in German East Africa, the British government sold at auction all the surplus motor cars in its possession.

These cars had been used in its war operations.

The government ordered, however, that all its Hupmobiles should be retained in service; and has since ordered several hundred more Hupmobiles for military use.

Border Performance Called Remarkable

On our own border, reports of Hupmobile performance are so remarkable that, for military reasons, propriety forbids their publication.

In the mountains of Mexico, Hupmobiles owned by the rebel chieftain Villa have borne the brunt of his road operations.

His representatives have sought, and been refused, two hundred Hupmobiles to be used as the backbone of their army transport system.

War Work Shows Greater Value

These evidences of rugged fitness for war work are merely side-lights, which make the *greater* value of the Hupmobile stand out in bold relief.

That greater value is in the service of the home.

Not without reason has the Hupmobile been called the car of the American family.

It is the car of cars for the domestic circle seeking service free from excessive cost.

Re-Sale Value Very High

It is economical because of its simple four-cylinder construction, standardized by years of progression.

It is rugged; it is superlatively smooth; and it is astonishingly swift in pick-up.

It asks no odds on any point of performance, from any multi-cylinder car it may meet in competition.

It has a very high re-sale value.

Sound, Safe, Sure Investment

From every angle, it is not only a most excellent and efficient motor car—but a safe, a sure, and a sound investment.

To repeat—now, more than ever, we believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

Year-Ahead Beauty Features

Over and above its reputation for ruggedness, the new Hupmobile has won recognition as the year-ahead beauty car. The following are typical of its 25 new style features:—

Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery

Improved cushions and lace type back springs in seats

Leather-covered molding finish along edges of upholstery

Neverleek top, black outside, tan inside—waterproof

Tonneau gipsy quarter curtains, integral with top

Front and rear edges of top finished with leather-covered molding

Hupmobile-Bishop door-curtain carriers, folding with curtains—exclusive

Bright leather hand grip-pads on doors

Large door pockets with special weighted flaps

Body a new color—Hupmobile blue

New variable dimming device, graduates brilliance of headlights

New soft operating clutch

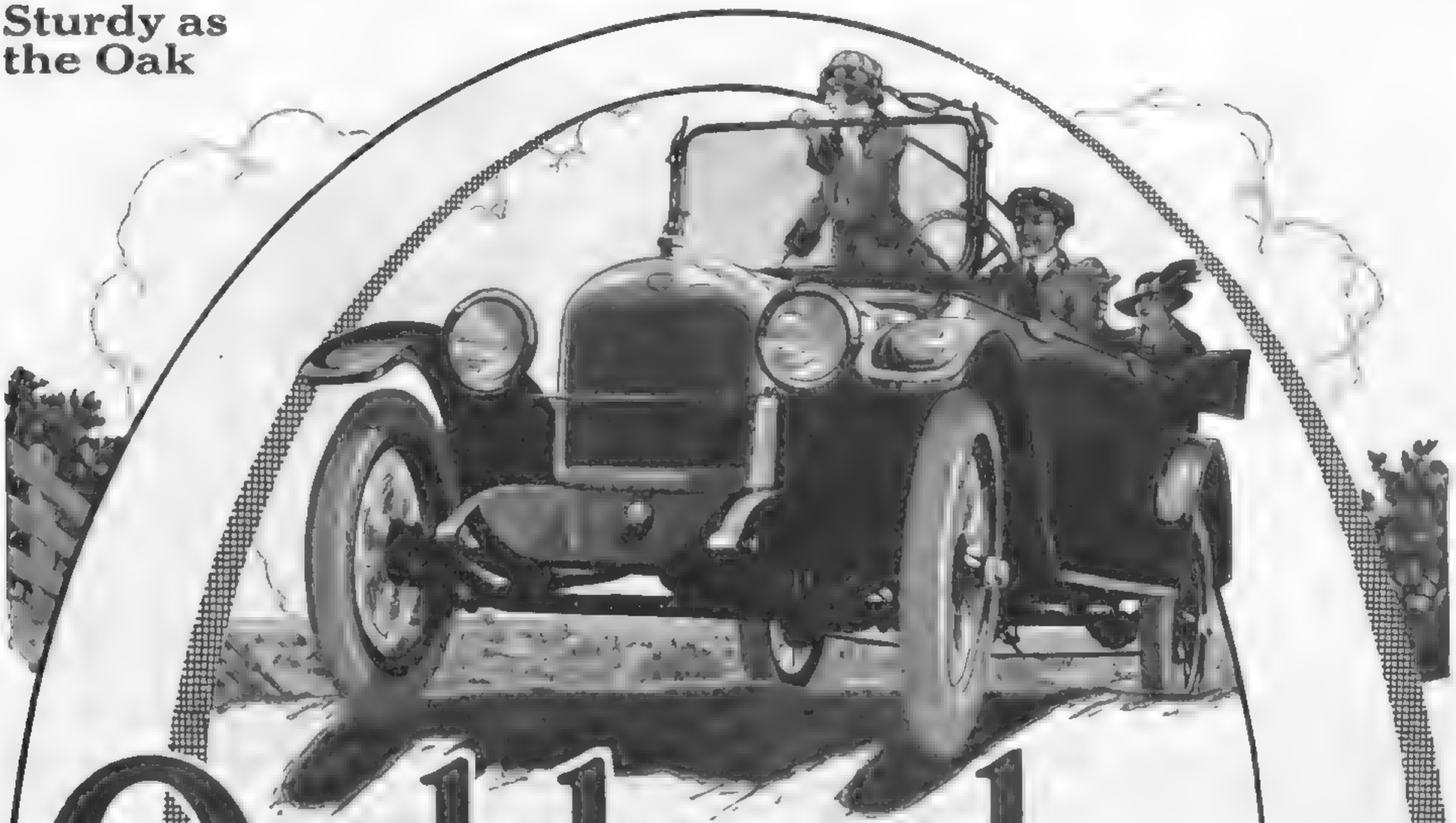
Four Models—Two Chassis

Five-passenger Touring Car, Roadster, Sedan—119-inch wheelbase; seven-passenger Touring Car, 134-inch wheelbase.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

The New Hupmobile

Sturdy as the Oak



Oakland

Power for Every Need

Over hill—down dale—rolling along at top speed, or creeping at snail's pace, the *Oakland Sensible Six* gives the utmost in motoring satisfaction at *sensible* cost.

Sturdy, dependable always—it is the finest combination of these qualities you want most in a motor car—power, riding comfort, economy of operation.

The valve-in-head motor develops 41 h. p. at 2500 R. P. M.—and there's only 53 pounds of car *weight* to each horse*power*. In quick pick-up and flexibility its performance is astonishing.

And *Oakland Sensible Six* is a car of wonderful comfort. Its long wheelbase (112"), semi-elliptic springs (51" in rear), the oversize tires (32 x 4") insure easy riding on roughest roads. Its style and beauty distinguish it in any company. It is a quality car at a *sensible price—$945.00.*

If you need a larger car with maximum speed and pull, investigate the *Oakland Eight*—a big, luxurious, seven-passenger touring car of 73 h. p.—and remarkable value at *$1585.00.*

We have an unusual book for you called "How to Buy Your Car Intelligently". Write for a Copy.

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Michigan

Sensible Six

(Continued from Page 62)

There are four types of camp in Great Britain. The Knockaloe type was intended for the ordinary run of civilians, including barbers, waiters, workingmen, merchant seamen—on the whole, rather a rough lot, without any pretensions to gentility.

There were other civilian camps, such as Lofthouse Park, Wakefield, for men of a higher social type—professional men, colonial officials, professors, doctors, lawyers and merchants. These men were permitted, on the payment of a stated sum weekly, to have better food and in some cases better accommodations than were given to the civilians who could not afford to pay anything toward their upkeep. At Lofthouse Park prisoners had tennis courts, football grounds, gymnastic apparatus, and a large recreation hall, with a piano and other musical instruments.

Admiral Von Tirpitz' son and about ninety other officers were interned at Dyffryn Aled, near Abergele, in Wales. This was an old country house, set in a park, in a lovely valley in the Welsh mountains. Other German officers were interned at Donington Hall, a country house in Leicestershire, with one of the most beautiful parks in England, containing magnificent old oaks, dating back to the Conquest, and herds of deer. Another officers' camp was at Holyport, near Maidenhead, not far from London, on the river. Holyport had been a residence, but had been used for some years for a school before it was taken over for an officers' camp.

Comforts for German Prisoners

At all these places the officer prisoners lived in the greatest comfort. They had nothing to do but play games and amuse themselves. They were allowed to have beer and wines to drink. They ran their own mess and decided for themselves what they should have to eat. An adequate number of soldier servants were assigned to them. In every way they were treated with the greatest consideration.

German military and naval prisoners of other ranks—privates and noncommissioned officers—were interned, among other places, at Dorchester, Shrewsbury, Frongoch, in Wales, and at Stob, near Hawick, in Scotland. There was another camp for soldiers on the Island of Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. In all these camps, except at Shrewsbury, the prisoners were housed in huts of the standard army pattern. These huts were precisely the same in all respects as the huts used by the British Army.

The following ration was issued free to all the prisoners, civilian and military, except officers:

Bread, one pound, eight ounces, or biscuits, one pound; meat, fresh or frozen, eight ounces, or pressed, four ounces; tea, one-half ounce, or coffee, one ounce; salt, one-half ounce; sugar, two ounces; condensed milk, one-twentieth of a tin—one pound; fresh vegetables, eight ounces; pepper, one-seventy-second of an ounce; two ounces of cheese—to be allowed as an alternative; one ounce of butter or margarine; two ounces of pears, beans, lentils or rice.

This ration was issued uncooked, and prepared by the German prisoner cooks to suit the tastes of the men and after the German fashion of cooking.

The interior organization of the camps was left to the prisoners themselves. There were hut captains and camp captains, who were usually selected by the prisoners themselves, and were authorized to treat with the camp authorities in all matters involving the whole camp. After the camp at Knockaloe, the largest place of internment for civilians in Great Britain was Alexandra Palace, near London. This was a large permanent brick structure, built for exhibition purposes, with ample gardens and grounds attached to it. In virtually all the camps there were workshops, and opportunity was given the men to sell the articles they made. The prisoners organized for themselves orchestras, brass bands, choirs and theatrical companies, and gave musical or dramatic performances once or twice a week. Some of them were surprisingly good.

It will always be to the credit of Britain that, in the face of every temptation and despite the treatment of her nationals by the Germans, she forbore treating her prisoners harshly or with anything but consideration and kindliness. The reports that reached England of the treatment of British prisoners in Germany were enough to fire the blood and evoke reprisals; but the German prisoners in England were never made to pay the slightest penalty for the abuse heaped upon the British prisoners in Germany.

All the British civilians in Germany were interned at one place—the old Ruhleben Race Track, near Berlin. This camp was under the constant supervision of Ambassador Gerard and his secretaries and attachés in the United States Embassy at Berlin. It was inspected sometimes as often as three or four times a week, and the German Government was constantly urged to improve conditions; yet so late as June 28, 1916, after the war had been in progress nearly two years, Ambassador Gerard wrote to Ambassador Page, at London, about this camp:

"I regret to state that practically no improvement in the housing of the prisoners has been made. The barracks at Ruhleben are overcrowded. The imperial authorities, after nearly two years of war, have certainly had ample time to improve accommodations for the prisoners. It is intolerable that people of education should be herded six together in a horse's stall; and in some of the lofts the bunks touch one another. The light for reading is bad, and reading is a necessity if these poor prisoners are to be detained during another winter.

"In the hayloft above the stables conditions are even worse. For example, in Barrack Number Two one-half section of the loft is, at the center, about ten feet from the floor from the highest point; and the loft slopes downward, so that at the sides it is only four and a half feet above the floor. The floor of this part of the loft is about 10.80 meters by 12.80 meters. The beds are so close together that they touch. In this confined space sixty-four men live. The light from the little windows is so faint that the prisoners' eyes will be seriously injured, if the sight is not permanently lost, and this semidarkness will undoubtedly cause depression and mental trouble.

"The heating system should be improved and provision made for the drying of clothes by radiators or a drying room in each barrack. The prisoners are obliged to answer roll calls outside, often in the rain, and have no means of drying their soaked garments.

"Many things, such as soap—usually issued to prisoners, even in jails—I am informed, have never been given to the prisoners at Ruhleben. Various authorities from time to time have promised that the housing would be bettered. The present conditions should no longer prevail; during another winter they will be impossible. . . ."

The Typhus Camps in Germany

Because of the conditions under which the prisoners were housed, typhus became epidemic at two of the German camps, Gardelegen and Wittenberg. I quote sparingly from official documents. First, about Wittenberg:

"The camp at Wittenberg is built on a flat, sandy plain, devoid of trees or shrubs. The total area of the camp is about ten and a half acres, and it is surrounded by the usual wire entanglements. It is subdivided into eight companies, or compounds, intended to be separated from each other, but not so in practice. Every compound contains, on an average, six wooden bungalows, in which the men are housed; each bungalow, in turn, being divided into two compartments or barracks—originally constructed, it is believed, to accommodate a hundred and twenty men. In fact, however, there were frequently, before and during the epidemic, from a hundred and eighty to two hundred prisoners in a barrack; so that the overcrowding was most serious.

"It is believed that before and during the progress of the typhus there were at least fifteen thousand prisoners in the camp, and there may have been as many as sixteen thousand or seventeen thousand—an enormous population for so restricted an area as ten and a half acres.

. . . . . .

"From most of the British prisoners their overcoats were taken on the day of their capture; none were given them in exchange. Their remaining clothes were often in rags; some of the men had even to use their blankets as clothing. Occasionally a prisoner had received a thin cotton shirt, but there were neither boots nor socks; many others had their feet wrapped in straw. They were provided with no change of underclothing, and there were no means

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combines with the lead and oil to form a tougher film—one that the weather cannot get back of to attack the wood. Zinc gives a finer, smoother finish to the painted surface, anchors the film to the wood and lengthens the time between paintings.

This is the way to make sure of getting enough zinc in your paint:—

If you are going to use a prepared paint, send for our list of reliable *Manufacturers of Good Zinc Paints.*

If you want your painter to mix his own paints, send for our list of reliable *Manufacturers of Good Zinc-in-Oil.*

If you want to know the best zinc mixture for any ordinary painting job, send for our indexed booklet, *Zinc-in-Paint.* It is full of helpful information that will interest any property owner. All are yours for the asking.

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Acorn Ranges

The high cost of Roast Chicken!

An important part of the stuffing of an *expensive* chicken is to stuff it into the good oven of a *fuel-saving* range.

Since the cost of living is high, since chicken is so high, why not have it roasted so well that you'll live high?

If you want a chicken roasted so you can't help sniffing round the kitchen-door while it's going on; so tender a fork will take every bit of meat from the wings and drumsticks, it must be put in a hot oven with an even heat—even top, bottom and sides—until every speck of meat is juicy and well cooked.

P. S.: Hundreds of thousands of users of Acorn Coal Ranges will tell you they are getting just such abundant even heat as that with a *light fire* at very little cost.

Made for 87 yrs.— Acorn —always Improving

RANGES

Gas, Coal, Combination and Electric

The even baking of Acorn Ranges is praised by Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen in her classes (Westfield Domestic Science School). She herself cooks on an Acorn Baby Grand gas range.

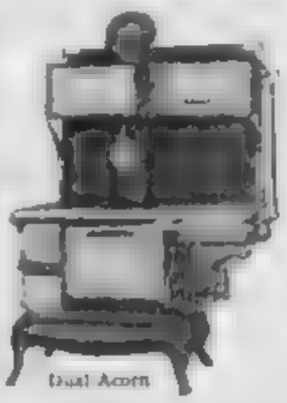
You have heard perhaps how Acorn Coal Ranges cook with a very light fire. The actual saving in coal during the life of an Acorn Range repays its whole cost over and over many times.

Baby Grand

The Acorn Baby Grand gas range, graceful in form and compact, has two baking-ovens, one broiler-oven, warming-oven, six top-burners.

Ask your dealer to show you the Dual Acorn Range for both coal and gas. It is the most scientific two-fuel range on the market. A lever does it all: Lever up, coal-stove; lever down, gas-stove.

The Acorn Electric Range has the charm of the chafing-dish and the utility of a range combined. It would not be inappropriate in the dining-room itself.



Dual Acorn

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of washing the scanty clothing they had; for at that time no washhouse existed in the camp. For personal ablutions there was only one trough or tap to each compound, and that was frequently frozen. No hot water was available except that which came from the cookhouse. As a consequence the state of the prisoners beggars description. Major Priestly found them gaunt, of a peculiar gray pallor, and verminous.

"The epidemic broke out in December, 1914. Thereupon the German Staff, military and medical, precipitately left the camp; and thenceforth, until the month of August, 1915, with the exception detailed later on, no communication was held between the prisoners and their guards except by means of directions shouted by the guards or officers remaining outside the wire entanglements of the camp. All supplies for the men were pushed into camp over chutes. The food for the hospital and medical officers was passed in on a trolley, over about twenty yards of rail, worked by winches at each end, so as to avoid all contact between the prisoners and the outside world. No medical attention during the whole time was provided by the German Staff.

. . . . . .

"During the first month the food ration for each man was half a *petit pain* and half a cupful of milk each a day. The only soup to be got was from the camp kitchen; but that came up in a wooden tub without a cover, and it arrived at the hospital—so one of the prisoners says—full of dust and dirt. It was hopeless diet for patients in a fever. In truth, the ration was not a ration at all; it was a pretense. It was not even possible to give the patients warm water with their milk.

. . . . . .

"Major Priestly saw delirious men waving arms brown to the elbow with fecal matter. The patients were alive with vermin; in the half light he attempted to brush what he took to be an accumulation of dust from the folds of a patient's clothes, and he discovered it to be a moving mass of lice. In one room in Compound Number Eight the patients lay so close to one another on the floor that he had to stand straddle-legged across them to examine them."

Systematic Barbarity

"The cruelty of the administration at Wittenberg Camp from the very commencement has become notorious. Savage dogs were employed to terrorize the prisoners; flogging with a rubber whip was frequent; men were struck with little or no provocation, and were tied to posts, with their arms above their heads, for hours. Captain Lauder reports that many of these men went so far as to look upon the typhus, with all its horrors, as a godsend; they preferred it to the presence of the German guards.

"And the callousness, during the outbreak, of even so prominent an officer as Doctor Aschenbach is illustrated by an incident related by Captain Lauder. Shortly after their arrival at the camp, Major Fry, with Captain Lauder, was begging Doctor Aschenbach, standing outside the entanglements, for some medical requisite urgently required. One of his staff, with Doctor Aschenbach, was apparently favorably inclined toward the request; but it was curtly refused by Doctor Aschenbach, who turned away with the words: *'Schweine Englander!'*"

When typhus appeared at Gardelegen the camp contained about four thousand Russian, six thousand French, seven hundred Belgian and two hundred and thirty British prisoners. Major Davy, a British army surgeon interned there, testified:

"The overcrowding was such that I have never before seen or imagined anywhere. The hut contained in the breadth four rows of straw or shaving paillasses, so arranged that laterally they were touching, and terminally only left the narrowest passageway between. Here men of all nationalities were crowded together. In these huts, devoid of tables and stools, the men lived, slept and fed. They sat on their bags of shavings to eat their meals; they walked over each other in passing in and out; they lay there sick; and later on, in many cases, died there cheek by jowl with their fellow prisoners. The atmosphere by day, and still more by night, was indescribably fetid; and this was their sole alternative for going outside in their meager garments for fresh air. . . . I have no hesitation in saying that the diet the prisoners received was not sufficient to keep an adult in a normal state of nutrition. I wish to be clearly understood; I mean that every man who subsisted on what was issued to him was gradually getting emaciated and anemic, and was constantly a prey to the pangs of hunger."

"It was no unusual sight," says Captain Brown, another of the interned officers, "to see a crowd of Russians on their hands and knees in the pit in which the potato peelings were thrown, struggling to find a stray potato or a piece of rind with a little more potato than usual. This occurred day after day.

. . . . . .

"The only other washing provision for the entire prison population of eleven thousand was one small building, which contained twenty-four to thirty-two shower jets. Companies were detailed to send men to this washhouse in turn; and at first—but only at first—the men were supplied with a very small quantity of soft soap. Very frequently, however, the bathhouse was not working, and Major Davy found many men who had been three months in the camp without having once been able to get a bath.

"The result was that, by the month of February, 1915, every man in the camp of every nationality was infected by the body louse; lice swarmed in every garment the men wore and in every blanket they slept in.

"During this period, also, prisoners were treated by their guards with the utmost harshness. Major Davy had sufficiently long experience of these guards before they abandoned the camp to satisfy him that a reign of terror and brutality existed."

Major Davy's Story of Horrors

"'At the daily roll-call parades,' he says, 'men were driven out of their barrack rooms with kicks and blows. The German underofficers were the chief offenders. The German officers, of whom one was in command in each company, were mostly elderly men, who seemed quite in the hands of their underofficers. I never once saw one check an underofficer for the most flagrant bullying.'

"It was, therefore, a band of overcrowded, half-starved, ill-clad, shivering and terrorized men that confronted Major Davy and Captain Brown on their arrival at the camp on the eleventh of February, 1915.

"'My first impression,' Major Davy writes, 'of the utter misery and desolation of it all was intensified on closer acquaintance. In passing through the camp on the day we arrived I had been struck by the complete silence everywhere. A few prisoners were standing or pacing to and fro, singly and in groups, in complete dejection and apathy. There was no talking or laughter; nobody was playing games. The only sounds heard were brutally shouted orders of the sentries, who were closely posted in every direction. Now in passing from one company to another and talking to the prisoners one could not but be struck by the gaunt, hunted look they all bore. So much wretchedness and sickness concentrated in one small area, such a sense of the absence of any sort of human feeling, made one utterly shocked and miserable. It was still sadder to me to see that what was all so horrible to me in its novelty had for them become so much a part of their life that they accepted it almost without comment.'"

The Germans deserted this camp, too, when the typhus broke out, and left their helpless prisoners to shift for themselves. The sick continued on exactly the same rations as they had been receiving—the same soup; the same black bread; the same weekly raw herring for each—a diet "tragically grotesque"—in Major Davy's words—"for a man in the middle of an acute illness."

The epidemic lasted about four months. Before it finally came to an end, over two thousand cases were dealt with out of about eleven thousand prisoners of war.

These stories and others equally as hideous are a part of the imperishable record the Germans are making in this war. Against them the historian will set the humanity shown by the French and the British, and the freedom, tolerance and consideration offered by the United States and Canada to the alien enemy within their borders in time of war.

Army Officers' Field Service Shoe

A Triumph of American Workmanship

RIGHT on the job in these stirring times, the Regal shoe makers present the best work they have ever done in this trim-looking, heavy-duty hiking boot, as tough as hickory and as easy as an old glove.

Ever since the War started, three years ago, we have through our Canadian factories constructed and compared lasts and analyzed reports of army surgeons and experts on the foot wear and foot needs of Officers in the field.

Here was the chance of a life-time to check our work against the inside facts, to discard all theory and build from the ground up. It may be, as Napoleon said, that an army travels on its stomach; but it is also true, as the American General remarked, that your fighting man is not much better than his feet.

This shoe means more to us than can ever be represented by the sale of the shoe itself. The working out of this last developed certain basic principles of foot comfort that can be applied to all Regal shoes. Besides, it is more than an Officers' shoe; it is a shoe for any man who is much on his feet in the open—a hiking shoe, a sports shoe, a good-looking all-weather shoe for comfort and service. One thing we ask you to note about this shoe. It is as American as Dan Patch, or the curved ball. The Regal Shoe Company is an American institution that has studied the typical American foot for twenty-five years. This shoe represents an American shoe ideal. It does not confound clumsiness with durability, but achieves the acme of foot comfort, toughness and service, with a trig Officer-like appearance.

The leather is genuine Shrewsbury oil-grain stock (Government Specifications). The toe is soft and without box, for added comfort. The sole is water-proofed with an oiled rawhide middle sole. The shoe is unlined and the counter is pocketed between the outside heel-foxing and the heel-leather of the shoe—so the inside of the heel is perfectly smooth. There is a half-bellows tongue. All stitching is quadruple.

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THE MERCHANT WHO OPERATES THE RUSH HAS CUT HIS DELIVERY EXPENSE TO THE BONE.

The wonderful RUSH counterbalanced crankshaft motor—*no distortion, no lost power and practically no vibration*—drives down his gasoline, oil and repair-shop bills.

In combination with Rush spring suspension, Rush flexible pressed steel frame and Rush pneumatic, air-check shock absorbers (standard equipment), it insures him against the loss by damaged goods—and loss of his customers' good will.

When a Rush truck pulls out with a half-ton of perishable merchandise the goods get there—*and they get there in the condition they left the store.*

Vibration and rough riding over cobbles and badly paved streets are the arch enemies of all save the hardiest wares.

The Rush counterbalanced crankshaft absorbs the jerk of the power impulses and continues the driving force by its own momentum. Eighty-two inches of spring suspension—*springs built especially to carry dead weight*—and shock absorbers designed to annul the rebound, take up every jolt of the road. The Rush frame is built to yield to ordinary road bumps, resilient and at the same time over-size and sturdy.

Electric starting and lighting equipment is another of the unrivaled galaxy of features that makes the Rush an unequaled value in the light delivery field. *Write for our booklet "Delivery Economy", giving more than twenty-five reasons for Rush supremacy.*

RUSH MOTOR TRUCK CO., Philadelphia.

Panel Body

$870

THE YELLOW KID

(Concluded from Page 10)

"They'd stick you in the calvary and leave you ride a motorcycle," says Childs.

"I don't know how," says Crosby; "and, besides, a man couldn't ride no motorcycle acrost the ocean."

"Oh, yes, they could," says Childs, "if the tires was blowed up tight enough. And, anyway, they's lots of us would have to do our fightin' here in this country, to keep the Germans from breakin' up the League."

I went in to breakfast with the kid the mornin' we landed in Boston. I had a paper myself and they was a piece in it sayin' that this country was thinkin' about callin' on all the young men o' nineteen and twenty, to train 'em for war—that is, all the ones that wasn't married. Childs, settin' at the next table, read it and couldn't get over to us fast enough.

"Crosby," he says, "how old are you?"

"Twenty," says the kid.

"You're in tough luck, old boy!" says Childs; and he begin readin' out loud. It was a cinch this time, because the readin' matter was really there.

"Congress," it says, "is considerin' a proposition to start universal military trainin' on account o' the strained relations with Germany and the prospects o' war. The plan is to draft every unmarried man in the United States o' the ages o' nineteen and twenty, and make 'em fit for war."

Anyway, it was somethin' like that.

"It looks like your baseball career was pretty near over," Harry says to the kid. "It's a crime too! You've had a great year, and without knowin' nothin' about pitchin' at that. But still, it ain't hard to learn to shoot and duck bullets; and they's a whole lot o' satisfaction in knowin' that you're workin' for the Stars and Stripes."

"When does this business come off?" says Crosby.

"Oh, not for a couple months," says Childs. "They'll probably leave you stick with us through the city series."

Then Childs got up and left us.

"Bill," says Crosby to me, "they ain't no kiddin' about this, is they?"

"No, Lefty," I says. "It's there in the paper, all right. But it just says they're thinkin' about it. If I was you I wouldn't start worryin' yet."

"Bill," he says, "before I'll join a army I'll walk out in Lake Michigan till my hat floats."

"Quit frettin' over it," says I. "You won't be able to pitch in this series, and you know we want some o' these games."

"But they're goin' to draft all the twenty-year-olds," he says, "and I just broke into that class. I wisht to the devil I was your age."

"Yes," I says; "or married."

"Married!" says Crosby. "That's right! It's just the single fellas that's gone."

"They ain't nobody gone," says I. "But if you don't quit worryin' you'll be just as good."

Childs spoiled whatever chance the Kid had to quit worryin' by sayin' to him, just before we started the game:

"Well, Lefty, they's one pipe: You'll be the handsomest guy in the army."

Before Crosby was taken out, Harry probably regretted that remark; because in the five innin's he pitched our outfielders must of ran back to the fence fifty times.

VII

JOE MARTIN told me about the kid bracin' him in the hotel that night.

"Joe," Crosby says to him, "I'd kind o' like to get acquainted with a girl."

"Good Lord!" says Joe. "What girl?"

"It don't make no difference," says the kid. "Some girl that ain't married, but might like to be, and ain't liable to want to spoon or make eyes or nothin' like that."

"Are you thinkin' o' gettin' married?" Joe ast him.

"Yes; only keep it quiet," says Lefty.

"And do you expect a girl to marry you for your money?" says Joe.

"You know I got no money," Crosby says.

"Well," says Joe, "if you got no money and you want to get married, you got to find a girl that's fond o' you. And a girl that's fond o' you might want to hold hands some time."

"Ain't they no sensible girl that might take me?" says the kid.

"What girls do you know?" Joe ast him.

"Joe," he says, "I ain't met a girl since I was fifteen or sixteen years old."

"Oh, yes, you have," says Joe. "How about that girl you was so nice to in Detroit?"

"Do you mean that girl you introduced me to?" says Crosby.

"Sure!" says Martin. "Mary Lloyd, the telegraph operator."

"Do you think she'd like me?" ast the kid.

"Well," Joe told him, "she ast to meet you, and she certainly was broke up the way you treated her."

"But what kind of a girl is she?" he says. "She ain't too soft?"

"I never caught her at it," says Joe.

"But she's probably sore at me," says Crosby.

"You can apologize to her," says Martin.

"But we won't be in Detroit for ten days," says the kid.

"Write her a letter," says Joe.

"I don't like to write letters," Crosby says. "Joe, will you write her a letter for me?"

"That'd make her sorer than ever," says Martin. "Besides, I don't know what you're tryin' to pull off."

"I'm on the square," says the kid. "If she'll marry me—why, I'll take her."

"That's damn' sweet o' you!" says Joe. "But what's your idear in gettin' married?"

"Never mind, Joe," says the kid. "I just feel like I want to."

"Well," says Joe, "if you want to square it with Mary, and you don't feel like writin' to her, why not send her a night letter?"

"What's that?" says Crosby.

"It's a telegram that goes at night, and you can say about fifty words for fifty cents," Joe told him.

"But I don't know no fifty words to say," says the poor kid.

To make it short, Joe done it for him, either because he was sorry for the kid or because he thought it was a joke or because he ain't none too good friends with Harry Childs. The telegram said that the kid was sorry he'd froze her, that he'd been feelin' tough that afternoon, that he apologized, and would she please forgive him, because he thought a whole lot of her.

The answer come next day, at noon. Mary wired that she'd pay more attention to him if he said all that to her face.

VIII

HARRY CHILDS' lucky spell ended when we stopped over for a game in Cleveland on the way home. He changed his mind at the last minute about makin' a slide to the plate, and they carried him off with a busted leg.

So Harry Childs didn't make the last trip to Detroit.

Young Mr. Crosby did, though he was so scared leavin' Chi that I and Gil and Martin was afraid he'd throw himself offen the train in the night.

The three of us talked it all over.

"He'll fall down, sure!" says Gil. "She'll give him an unmerciful pannin' and he'll faint dead away."

"But suppose he don't," I says. "Suppose he goes through with it and wins. Are we bein' fair to Harry?"

"Why not?" says Martin. "Childs played jokes on him all season. It's pretty near time the kid got back."

"I'm for helpin' him," says Gilbert.

"Me too," says Joe.

"All right; you're on!" I says; and we begin discussin' how to go about it.

We finally fixed it up that we'd get a taxi to come to the hotel at Mary's lunchtime. Then we'd coax 'em into it and slam the doors, and tell the driver to break all the laws o' Michigan.

Because, as Joe said, if we put 'em together where Crosby could get away, he'd get away sure!

They's nothin' more to it. They were back from their ride at one o'clock, both o' them as red as an open switch. But the smile Mary give us was an inch or so wider than we ever got before.

Crosby come blushin' acrost the lobby.

"Well?" we says.

"Well, boys," he says, "it wasn't bad."

"What do you mean—wasn't bad?" says Martin.

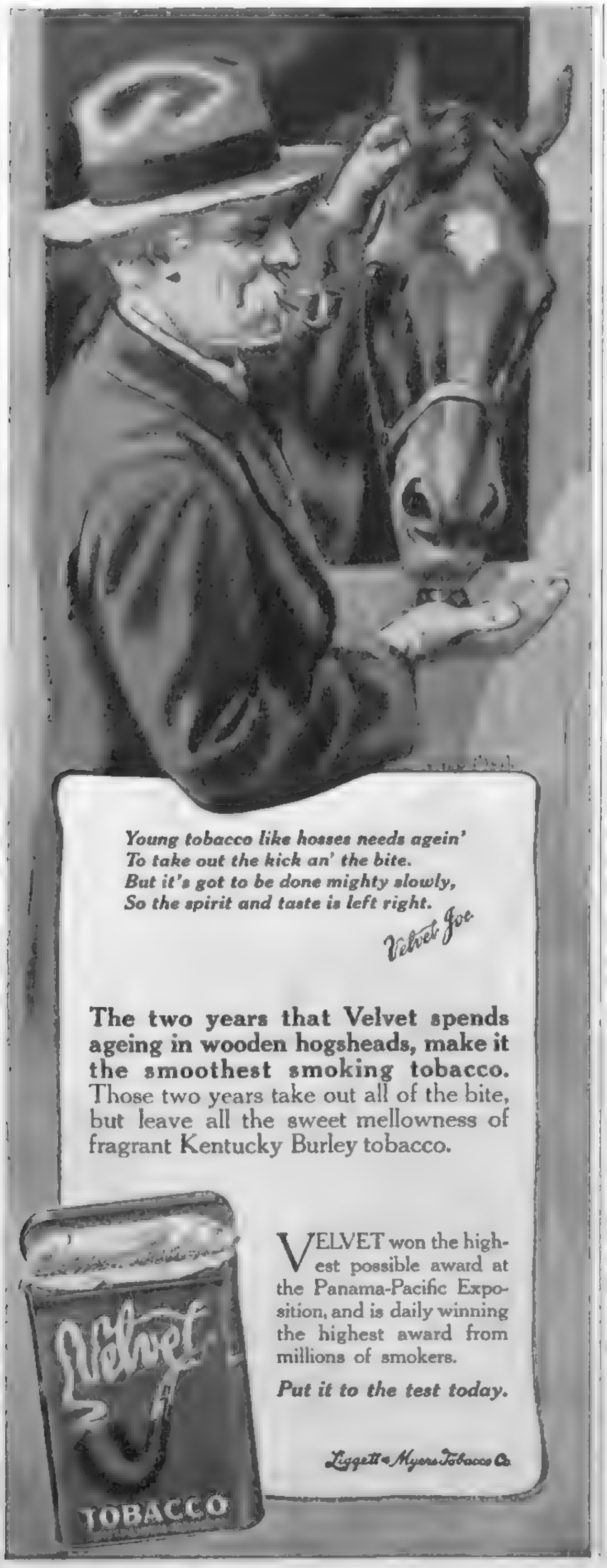
"Her," says the kid.

"Not half as bad as one o' them German centipede guns," says I.

"Not half!" says Crosby.

I suppose by this time she's got him through the First Reader.

AT WORK
FOR THE FLAG
That is what we are all doing—whether duty calls us to the Front or demands the work of our hands and skill in the greater armies of industry.
Just as necessary in industry as is the vigilant sentry in the army, is the safeguarding of mills and factories, of lives and apparatus against the fire and accident hazards of electrical disturbances like short-circuits, overloads and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits.
The fuses used to gain this protection should be chosen with care. Safety of operation under all service conditions being the first consideration, the second is economy. What type of fuse combines safety with economy? There is one,—used in immense quantities by the U. S. Government, by munitions and arms plants, by powder mills, by great steel mills and other industrial establishments and all the way down to small shops and homes. They are
ECONOMY
renewable
FUSES
which may be used over and over again, not discarded after operation, as are "One Time" Fuses. Our inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Link instantly restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency.
The saving in annual fuse maintenance expense is 80%
Buy Economy Fuses. Most electrical dealers and jobbers sell them. But buy by name, refusing less accurately operating, cheaper and often dangerous substitutes.
Write at once for Booklet S and details of our liberal sample offer. Do this whether you use one or thousands of fuses a year.
ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts., CHICAGO
Also made in Canada at Montreal.
HOLLINGSWORTH


Young tobacco like hosses needs agein'
To take out the kick an' the bite.
But it's got to be done mighty slowly,
So the spirit and taste is left right.
Velvet Joe
The two years that Velvet spends ageing in wooden hogsheads, make it the smoothest smoking tobacco.
Those two years take out all of the bite, but leave all the sweet mellowness of fragrant Kentucky Burley tobacco.
Velvet
TOBACCO
VELVET won the highest possible award at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and is daily winning the highest award from millions of smokers.
Put it to the test today.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 23)

Nor would he allow them to have everything their own way. That he wrote me too. When it came to the question of marriage he bade them look at home. Each of them was an instance of what J. Howard could do in the matrimonial line, and what a mess he and they had made of it! He asked Jack in so many words how much he would have been in love with Pauline Gray if she hadn't had a big fortune and, now that he had got her money and her, how true he was to his compact. Who were Trixie Delorme and Baby Bevan, he demanded, with a knowledge of Jack's affairs which compelled the elder brother to tell him to mind his own business.

Hugh laughed scornfully at that.

"I can mind my own business, Jack, and still keep an eye on yours, seeing that you and Pauline are the talk of the town. If she doesn't divorce you within the next five years, it will be because you've already divorced her. Even that won't be as big a scandal as your going on living together."

Mr. Rossiter intervened on this and did his best to calm the younger brother down:

"Ah, cut that out now, Hugh!"

But Hugh rounded on him, shaking off the hand that had been laid on his arm.

"You're a nice one, Jim, to come with your mealy-mouthed talk to me. Look at Ethel! If I'd married a woman as you married her—or if I'd been married as she married you—just because your father was a partner in Meek & Brokenshire and it was well to keep the money in the family—if I'd done that I'd shut up. I'd consider myself too low-down a cur to be kicked. What kind of a wife is Ethel to you? What kind of a husband are you to her? What kind of a father do you make to the children who hardly know you by sight? And now, just because I'm trying to be a man, and decent, and true to the girl I love, you come sneaking round to tell me she's not good enough. What do I care whether she's good enough or not, so long as she isn't like Ethel and Pauline? You can go back and tell them so."

Jack Brokenshire came back, but I think he kept this confidence to himself. What he told, however, was enough to produce a good deal of gloom in the family. Though Mrs. Rossiter didn't cease to be nice to me in her noncommittal way, I began to reason that there were limits even to indifference. I had made up my mind to go and was working out some practical way of going, when an incident hastened my departure.

Doing an errand one day for Mrs. Rossiter in the shopping part of Bellevue Avenue, I saw old Mrs. Billing going by in an open motor landaulet. She signaled to me to stop and, poking the chauffeur in the back through the open window, made him draw up at the curb.

"I've got something for you," she said, without other form of greeting. She began to stir things round in her bag. "I thought you'd like it. I've been carrying it about with me for the last three or four days—ever since Jack Brokenshire got back from New York. Where the dickens is the thing? Ah, here!" She handed me out a crumpled card. "That's all, Antoine," she continued to the man. "Drive on."

I was left with the card in my hand, finding it to be an advertisement for the Hotel Mary Chilton, a place of entertainment for women alone, in a central and reputable part of New York.

By the time I had got back to Mrs. Rossiter's I had solved what had at first been a puzzle and, having reported on my errand, I gave my resignation verbally. I saw then—what old Mrs. Billing had also seen—that it was time. Mrs. Rossiter expressed no relief, but she made no attempt to dissuade me. That she was sorry she allowed me to see. She didn't speak of Hugh; but on the morning when I went she gave up her engagements to stay at home with me. As I said good-by, she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. I could feel on my cheek tears of hers as well as tears of my own as I drew down my veil.

Hugh met me at the station in New York, and we dined at a restaurant together. He came for me next morning, and we lunched and dined at restaurants again. When we did the same on the third day that sense of being in a false position which had been with me from the first, and which argument couldn't counteract, began to be disquieting. On the fourth day I tried to make excuses and remain at the hotel, but when he insisted I was obliged to let him take me out once more. The people at the Mary Chilton were kindly, but I was afraid they would regard me with suspicion. I was afraid of some other things besides.

For one thing I was afraid of Hugh. He began again to plead with me to marry him. Even he admitted that we couldn't continue to "go round together like that." We went to the most expensive restaurants, he argued, where there were plenty of people who would know him. When they saw him every day with a girl they didn't know, they would draw their own conclusions. As in a situation similar to theirs I would have drawn my own, I brought my bit of Bohemianism to a speedy end.

There followed some days during which it seemed to me I was deprived of any outlook. I could hardly see what I was there for. I could hardly see what I was living for. Never till then had I realized how, in normal conditions, each day is linked to the day before as well as to the morrow. Here the link was gone. I left nothing undone when I went to bed; I had nothing to get up for in the morning. My reason for existing had suddenly been snuffed out.

It was a time for the testing of my faith. I was near the end of my *cul-de-sac*, and yet I saw no further development ahead. If the continuous unfolding of right on which, to use Larry Strangways' expression, I had banked were to come to a stop, I should be left not only without a duty but without a law. Of the two possibilities it was the latter I dreaded most. One can live if one has a motive theory within one; without it —— And then, just as I was coming to the last stretches of what seemed a blind alley and no more, my confidence was justified. Larry Strangways called on me.

I have not said that on coming to New York I had decided to let my acquaintance with him end. He made me uneasy. I was terrified by the thought that he might be in love with me. Why I was terrified I didn't know; I only knew I was. I did not tell him, therefore, when I left Mrs. Rossiter; and in the whirlpool of New York I considered that I was swallowed up. But here was his card, and he himself waiting in the drawing-room below.

Naturally my first question was as to how he had found me out. This he laughed off, pretending to be annoyed with me for coming to the city without telling him. I could see, however, that he was in spirits much too high to allow of his being seriously annoyed with anything. Life promised well with him. He enjoyed his work, and for his employer he had that eager personal devotion which is always a herald of success. After having run away from him, as it were, I was now a little irritated at seeing that he hadn't missed me.

But he did not take his leave without a bit of information that puzzled me beyond expression. He was going out of Mr. Grainger's office that morning, he said, with a bundle of letters which he was to answer, when his master observed casually:

"The young lady of whom you spoke to me as qualified to take Miss Davis' place is at the Hotel Mary Chilton. Go and see her and get her opinion as to accepting the job!"

I was what the French call *atterrée*—knocked flat.

"But how on earth could he know?"

Larry Strangways laughed.

"Oh, don't ask me. He knows anything he wants to know. He's got the flair of a detective. I don't try to fathom him. But the point is that the position is there for you to take or to leave."

I tried to bring my mind back from the fact that this important man, a total stranger to me, was in some way interested in my destiny.

"What can I do but leave it, when I know no more about it than I do of sailing a ship?"

"Oh, yes, you do. You know what books are, and you know what rare books are. For the rest all you'd have to do would be to consult the catalogue. I don't know what the duties are; but if Miss Davis is up to them I guess you would be too. She's a sweet, pretty kitten of a thing—daughter

(Continued on Page 73)

Loyalty—first to country, then to home.

To cheer those who cannot serve as you serve but whose hearts are with you—your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Willys KNIGHT

Carbon

—*re*vitalizes this motor

Carbon accumulates in both types of automobile motors.

It *de*vitalizes the cam-and-spring-valve motor.

It *re*vitalizes the sleeve-valve motor.

When you buy a motor car you make your choice between these two types of gasoline motor—it's one or the other—there is no compromise—no other choice.

And you know exactly what to expect.

There is no compromise with carbon—it is either your friend or your foe.

If you make carbon your enemy, here's what will happen:

Your motor will gradually become carbon-choked.

The valves will gradually become unseated and noisy.

That means a gradual loss of smoothness and power.

Hardly noticeable at first, it progresses from a slight annoyance to an unbearable nuisance, then you give up your car to the repair man and go without it until he cleans out the carbon and grinds and re-seats the valves.

Your enemy, carbon, is easily routed, but instantly returns to the attack and you have the same fight in constantly recurring cycles.

But if your choice is the Willys-Knight you make carbon your friend.

Instead of two valves for each cylinder—eight for a four or sixteen for an eight to get out of adjustment because carbon attacks them separately and unevenly

you have in the Willys-Knight one positive valve action no matter how many cylinders, and carbon serves to make this type of valve action smoother instead of rougher.

So instead of getting noisier the Willys-Knight motor gets quieter with time and use.

Instead of getting rougher and less powerful it gets smoother and more powerful.

The Willys-Knight motor is also more durable than the other type—will far outrun the mileage of which the other type is capable

And the Willys-Knight motor does its quietest and most efficient work in its old age.

In comparison with the other type the Willys-Knight motor has many advantages and not one single disadvantage.

See the Willys-Overland dealer.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight Seven Passenger Touring 125-inch Wheelbase **$1950**

Four Seven Passenger Touring 121-inch Wheelbase **$1395**

Four Sedan $1950 **Four Limousine $1950**

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All prices subject to change without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles

(Continued from Page 70)

of one of Stacy Grainger's old pals who came to grief—but I don't believe she knows much more about a book than the cover from the print. Anyhow, I've given you the message with neither more nor less than he said. Look here!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Why shouldn't you put on your hat and walk down the street with me, so that I could show you where the library is? It's not ten minutes away. I've never been inside it, but everyone knows what it looks like."

Consulting my wrist watch I objected that it was but twenty minutes to the time when Hugh was due to come and take me to walk in Central Park, returning to the hotel to tea.

"Oh, let him go to the deuce! We can be there and back in twenty minutes, and you can leave a message for him at the office."

So we started. The Mary Chilton is in one of the cross streets between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. I discovered that Stacy Grainger's house was on the corner of Fifth Avenue and a corresponding cross street. It is a big brownstone house, in the eighteen-seventy style, of the type which all round it has been turned into offices and shops. All its many windows were blinded in a yellowish holland stuff, giving to the whole building an aspect sealed and dead.

I shuddered.

"I hope I shouldn't have to work there."

"No. The house has been shut up for years." He named the hotel overlooking the park at which Stacy Grainger actually lived. "Anybody else would have sold the place; but he has a lot of queer sentiment about him. Of the two or three devotions in his life one of the most intense is to his father's memory. I believe the old fellow committed suicide in that house, and the son hallows it as he would a grave."

"Cheerful!"

"Oh, cheerful isn't the word one would associate with him first ——"

"Or last, apparently."

"No, or last; but he's got other qualities to which cheerfulness is as small change to gold. All I want you to see is that he keeps this property, which is worth half a million at the least, from motives which the immense majority wouldn't understand. It gives you a clew to the man."

"But what I want," I said with nervous flippancy, for I was afraid of meeting Hugh, "is a clew to the library."

"There it is."

"That!"

He had pointed to a small, low, rectangular building I had seen a hundred times without the curiosity to wonder what it was. It stood behind the house, in the center of a grassplot, and was approached from the cross street through a small wrought-iron gate. Built of brownstone, without a window, and with no other ornament than a frieze in relief below the eave, it suggested a tomb. At the back was a kind of covered cloister connecting with the house.

"If I had to sit in there all day," I commented as we turned back toward the hotel, "I should feel as if I was buried alive. I know that strange things would happen to me!"

"Oh, no, they wouldn't. It's sure to be all right or a pretty little thing like Miss Davis couldn't have stood it for three years. It's lighted from the top, and there are a lot of fine things scattered about."

He gave me a brief history of how the collection had been formed. The elder Grainger on coming to New York had bought up the contents of two or three great European sales *en bloc*. He knew little about the objects he had thus acquired, and cared less. His motive was simply that of the rich American to play the nobleman.

He was still talking of this when Hugh passed us and turned round. Between the two men there was a stiff form of greeting. That is, it was stiff on Larry Strangways' side, while on Hugh's it was the nearest thing to no greeting at all. I could see he considered the tutor of his sister's son beneath him.

"What the devil were you walking with that fellow for?" he asked, after Mr. Strangways had left us and while we were continuing our way uptown. He spoke wonderingly rather than impatiently.

"Because he had come from a gentleman who had offered me employment. I had just gone down with him to look at the outside of the house."

I could hardly be surprised that Hugh should stop abruptly, forcing the stream of foot passengers to divide into two currents about us.

"The impertinent bounder! Offer employment—to you—my—my wife!"

I walked on with dignity.

"You mustn't call me that, Hugh. It's a word only to be used in its exact signification." He began to apologize, but I interrupted. "I'm not only not your wife, but as yet I haven't even promised to marry you. We must keep that fact unmistakably clear before us. It will prevent possible complications in the end."

He spoke humbly.

"What sort of complications?"

"I don't know; but I can see they might arise. And as for the matter of employment, I must have it for a lot of reasons."

"I don't see that. Give me two or three months, Alix!"

"But it's precisely during those two or three months, Hugh, that I should be left high and dry. Unless I have something to do I have no motive for staying here in New York."

"What about me?"

"I can't stay just to see you. That's the difference between a woman and a man The situation is awkward enough as it is; but if I were to go on living here for two or three months, merely for the sake of having a few hours every day with you ——"

Before we reached the park he saw the justice of my argument. Remembering what Larry Strangways had once said as to Hugh's belief that he was stooping to pick his diamond out of the mire, I reasoned that since he was marrying a working girl it would best preserve the decencies if the working girl were working. For this procedure Hugh himself was able to establish precedent, since we were in sight of the very hotel where Libby Jaynes had rubbed men's nails up to within an hour or two of her marriage to Tracy Allen. He pointed it out as if it was an historic monument, and in the same spirit I gazed at it.

That matter settled I attacked another, as we advanced farther into the park.

"And Mr. Strangways is not a bounder, Hugh darling. I wish you wouldn't call him that."

His response was sufficiently good-natured, but it expressed that Brokenshire disdain for everything that didn't have money, which specially enraged me.

"Well, I won't," he conceded. "I don't care a hang what he is."

"I do," I declared with some tartness. "I care that he's a gentleman and that he's treated as one."

"Oh, everyone's a gentleman."

"No, Hugh, everyone isn't. I know men right here in New York, who could buy and sell Mr. Strangways a thousand times, perhaps a million times over, and who wouldn't be worthy to valet him."

His small wide-apart blue eyes were turned on me questioningly.

"You don't know many men right here in New York. Who do you mean?"

I saw that he had me there and, not wishing to be driven into a corner, I beat a shuffling retreat.

"I don't mean anyone in particular. I'm speaking in general." As we had reached an empty bench and the afternoon was hot, I suggested that we sit down.

We had been silent a little while, when he asked the question I had been expecting:

"Who was the person who offered you the—the"—I saw how he hated the word—"the employment?"

I had already decided to betray no knowledge of matters which didn't concern me.

"It's a Mr. Grainger," I said as casually as I could.

As he sat close to me I could feel him start.

"Not Stacy Grainger?"

I maintained my tone of indifference.

"I think that is his name. Do you know him? He seems to be someone of importance."

"Oh, he is."

"Mr. Strangways has gone to him as secretary and, I suppose, knowing that I was out of a situation, he must have mentioned me."

"For what?"

"As I understand it, it's librarian. It seems that this Mr. Grainger has quite a collection ——"

"Oh, yes, I know." As he remained silent for some time I waited for him to raise objections, but he only said at last: "In that case you wouldn't have much to do with him. He's never there."

"No, I fancy not," I hastened to agree, and Hugh said no more.

The new importance of the care of your gums

Unknown to you, you may be developing the most persistent of gum troubles, the greatest cause of loss of teeth.

More than half the permanent teeth lost, are lost through loosening of the tissues that hold the teeth in place.

Decay, the most dreaded enemy of teeth, claims far fewer teeth than are credited to it.

This is the most important dental discovery in a century. It has completely reversed our ideas of oral hygiene.

Most of us dread decay of the teeth. At the first hint of a decaying tooth, we see our dentist.

You should be even more careful of your gums. Unknown to you, you may be developing the persistent gum trouble which dentists say causes more loss of teeth than does decay.

Warning signals often overlooked

Even after this gum trouble has established a foothold, after the first symptoms have begun to make themselves felt, we neglect them!

Do you suffer from sensitive gums? Are your gums so tender that you dread to brush them with even the softest brush? Do you sometimes feel a loose tooth? Or have certain foods set your teeth on edge?

You should be just as fearful of these symptoms as of a decaying tooth. *You should see your dentist immediately.* These are the first signs of that unhealthy condition of the gums which is so often left unchecked until it develops into a loosening of the teeth and their eventual loss.

What dentists advise

Long before those symptoms appeared you should have been on guard against them. Modern dentistry gives to the prevention of this gum trouble an equal importance with the prevention of decay. It insists, not only on keeping the teeth clean, but also on *keeping the gums firm and hard and healthy in color.*

To meet both these requirements of modern dentistry, Senreco was formulated.

It is a tooth paste which dentists prescribe to perform this dual service. It is a wonderful cleanser—and it is more than that. It contains remedial and preventive agents—the very agents which dentists themselves apply at the chair to tone up sensitive gums and to prevent the beginning of gum trouble.

Twice a day, at the same time that you brush your teeth, you will, by using Senreco, be insuring your gums against any unhealthy developments.

A wholly new idea of cleanliness and freedom from tartar

Try a tube of Senreco. You will gain a new idea of how cleanly and wholesome the mouth can be kept. Senreco leaves a wonderfully cool, clean taste in the mouth.

Senreco polishes the teeth in a new and better way. You can actually feel it cleansing your teeth. Its cleansing agent is in *soluble form. It directly attacks the film which leads to tartar*—yet positively cannot injure the enamel of the teeth. Once your dentist has removed the tartar from your teeth, Senreco will continue to keep them free from it.

Congratulations from dentists

Here is one letter typical of many received from well-known dentists:—"*I wish to congratulate your chemists on the medicinal properties they have used in this preparation. I am prescribing Senreco exclusively and receiving most satisfactory results, which is sufficient proof of the value of your tooth paste.*" (Dentist's name on request.)

Remember how important it is to keep your gums sound and healthy at the same time that you keep your teeth clean. Ask your own dentist about Senreco's qualities. Learn for yourself how invaluable Senreco is. Use it twice daily. You will enjoy it.

Senreco costs only 25c the large tube, although it is probably the most expensive tooth paste prepared. Get a tube at your druggist's or toilet counter today. If your dealer cannot supply you send 25c direct to "Senreco," Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send 6c for liberal sample

For six cents we will send you a sample tube of Senreco, to provide you with enough for use twice daily for one week. Simply fill in your name and address on the coupon below, and mail it to us with six cents in stamps or coin. Address "Senreco," 1405 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Experimental Laboratory, Covington, Ky.

"Senreco," 1405 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me liberal sample tube of Senreco to provide me with enough for use twice daily for one week. I enclose six cents for it.

Name

Address

My dealer is

HOW do you know your neighbor's Sweet Peas are out?

"Your Nose Knows"

Perhaps they have sent you some! But more likely it's over the garden wall you'll get the pleasing fact in a delicious fragrance. *Fragrance always expresses a pleasing fact.* You never question or doubt what "Your Nose Knows". It is the *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco that expresses quality, establishes character and guarantees goodness.

Such a *pure fragrance* you will find in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

—a *pure fragrance* that comes from the best leaves of the tobacco plant, the sun-kissed Burley leaves—grown in the Blue Grass region of Old Kentucky, mellowed and carefully blended—a *pure fragrance*, solely Tuxedo's, and—"Your Nose Knows".

Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment

Your Nose Knows

He said no more, but I could see that it was because he was wrestling with a subject of which he couldn't perceive the bearings. As far as I was concerned he plainly considered it wise not to tell me that which, as a stranger and a foreigner, I wouldn't be likely to know. He consequently dropped the topic, and when he talked again it was of trivial things.

A half hour later as we were on our way homeward, he exclaimed suddenly and apropos of nothing at all:

"Little Alix, if you were to love anybody else I'd—I'd shoot myself."

His innocent, boyish, inexperienced face wore such a look of misery that I laughed. I laughed to conceal the fact that I was near to crying.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Hugh. Besides, you don't see any likelihood of my doing it."

"I'm not so sure about that," he grumbled.

"Well, I am, Hugh dear." I laughed again. "I've no intention of loving anyone else—till I've settled my account with your father."

XII

NEARLY a week later, in the middle of a hot afternoon, I came back from some shopping to wait for Hugh at the hotel. Though it was a half hour before I expected him, I was too tired to go upstairs and so went directly to the reception room. It was not only cool and restful there but, after the glare of the streets outside, it was so dim that I took the place to be empty. Having gone to a mirror for a moment to straighten my hat and smooth the wayward tendrils of my hair, so that I shouldn't look disheveled when Hugh arrived, I threw myself into an armchair.

I remember that my attitude was anything but graceful, and that I sighed. I sighed more than once and somewhat loudly. I was depressed, and as usual when depressed I felt small and desolate. It would have been a relief to cry; but I couldn't cry when I was expecting Hugh. I could only toss about in my big chair and give utterance to my pent-up heart a little too explosively.

It was five or six days since Larry Strangways' call, and no real development of my blind alley was in sight. He had not returned, nor had I heard from him. On the previous evening Hugh had said "I thought nothing would come of that," in a tone which carried conviction. It wasn't that I was eager to be Stacy Grainger's librarian; it was only that I wanted something to happen, something that would justify my staying in New York. August had passed, and with the coming in of September I saw the stirring of a new life in the streets; but there was no new life for me.

Nor, for the matter of that, did I see any new life for Hugh. He had entered now on that stage of waiting on the postman which a good many people have found sickening. Bankers and brokers having promised to write when they knew of anything to suit him, he was expecting a summons by every delivery of letters. On his dear face I began to read the evidence of hope deferred. He was cheery enough; he could find fifty explanations to account for the fact that he hadn't yet been called; but brave words couldn't counteract the look of disquietude that was creeping day by day into his kindly eyes. On the previous evening he had informed me, too, that he had left his club and installed himself in a small hotel, not far from my own neighborhood. When I asked him why he had done that he said it was "to get away from a lot of the fellows who were always chewing the rag," but I suspected the motive of economy. For the motive of economy I should have had nothing but respect, if it hadn't been so incongruous with everything I had known of him.

It was probably because my eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom in the reception room that I noticed suddenly two other eyes. They were in a distant corner and seemed to be looking at me with the detached and burning stare of motor lamps at night. For a minute I could discern no personality, the eyes themselves were so lustrous.

I was about to be frightened when a man arose and restlessly moved toward the chimney piece, not because there was anything there he desired to see but because he couldn't continue to sit still. He was a striking figure, tall, spare, large boned and powerful. The face was of the type which for want of a better word I can only speak of as masculine. It was long and lean and strong; if it was handsome it was only because every feature and line was cut to the same large pattern as the frame. Sweeping mustaches, of the kind schoolgirls are commonly supposed to love, concealed a mouth which I could have wagered would be hard, while the luminosity of the gaze suggested a rather hungry set of human qualities and passions.

We were now two restless persons instead of one, and I was about to leave the room when a page came in.

"Sorry, sir," said the honest-faced little boy, with an amusingly uncouth accent I find it impossible to transcribe, "but number four-twenty-three ain't in, so I guess she must be out."

Startled, I rose to my feet.

"But I'm number four-twenty-three."

The boy turned toward me nonchalantly.

"Didn't know you was here! That gentleman wants you."

With this introduction he dashed away, and I was once more conscious of the luminous eyes bent upon me. The tall figure, too, advanced a few paces in my direction.

"I asked for Miss Adare." The voice was deep and grave and harsh and musical all at once.

"That's my name."

"Mine's Grainger."

I gasped silently, like a dying fish, before I could stammer the words:

"Won't you sit down?"

As he seated himself near me and in a good light, I saw that his skin was tanned as if he lived on the sea or in the open air. I learned later from Larry Strangways that he had just come from a summer's yachting. His gaze studied me—not as a man studies a woman, but as a workman inspects a tool.

"You probably know my errand."

"Mr. Strangways ——"

"Yes, I told him to sound you."

"But I'm afraid I wouldn't do."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I don't know anything about the work."

"There's no work to know anything about. All you'd have to do would be to sit still. You'd never have more than two or three visitors in a day—and most days none at all."

"But what should I do when visitors came?"

"Show them what they asked to see. You'd find that in the catalogue. You'd soon get the hang of the place. It's small. There's not much in it when you come to sum it up. Miss Davis will show you the ropes before she leaves on the first of October. I'll give you the same salary I've been paying her."

He named a sum the munificence of which almost took my breath away.

"Oh, but I shouldn't be worth that."

"It's the salary," he said briefly as he rose. "You can arrange with my secretary, Strangways, when you would like to begin. The sooner the better, as I understand that Miss Davis would like to get off."

He was on his way to the door when, thinking of the tomblike aspect of the place, I asked desperately:

"Should I be all alone?"

He turned.

"There's a man and his wife in the house. One of them would be always within call. The woman will bring you tea at half past four."

I could hardly believe my ears. I had never heard of such solicitude. "But I shouldn't need tea!" I began to assure him.

He paused for a moment looking at me searchingly.

"You'll have callers ——"

"Oh, no, I shan't."

"You'll have callers," he repeated, as if I hadn't spoken, "and there'll be tea every day at four-thirty."

He was gone before I could protest further or ask any more questions.

Hugh's explanation, when I laid the matter before him, was that Mr. Grainger was trying to play into the hands of that fellow, Strangways.

"But why?" I demanded.

"He thinks there's something between him and you."

"But there isn't."

"I should hope not; but evidently Strangways has made him think ——"

"Oh, no, he hasn't, Hugh. Mr. Strangways is not that kind of man. Mr. Grainger has some other reason for wanting me there, but I can't think what it is."

"Then I shouldn't go till I knew," Hugh counseled moodily.

(Continued on Page 77)

REDDEN TRUCK-MAKER

A Ford, new or used, and $350 Redden Truck-Maker give you a sturdy, efficient one-ton truck

Used by Big Concerns

Because It Saves Them Money

You can't do better than follow the big leaders when selecting a truck —they know because they have made it their business to know.

They know to the fraction of a cent the cost per mile of hauling a loaf of bread, or a ton of coal. They know what investment and upkeep mean, and when they buy and approve the *Redden Truck Maker* there is only one answer —it saves them money.

When such big organizations as Armour & Co., Coca-Cola Co., Great Western Oil Co., General Electric Co., Consolidated Gas Co. of New York, Ward Baking Co., Barrett Mfg. Co., and hundreds of others use and recommend the Redden, you are safe in following their lead.

Our long list of satisfied users includes every line of business the world over.

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The Redden is truck-built by a company of vast financial and manufacturing resources. It is made oversize throughout for heavy, continuous service.

It slides over and is bolted through the Ford chassis, re-inforcing it—transfers the load to the heavy truck frame, wheels and axle.

It has two extra brakes on the jackshaft besides the big emergency brakes on the truck wheels. It has unusually large springs, wheels, hubs and bearings, and oversize tires.

Investigate—whether you're a manufacturer, merchant, farmer, laundryman, florist, contractor, expressman, baker, butcher, confectioner, or *whatever* your line of business.

Get a demonstration at your local dealer's under your own everyday working conditions. If no dealer has yet been appointed in your town, write to us direct.

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We want an active live dealer in your town. There is a splendid opportunity for an aggressive man to make big money.

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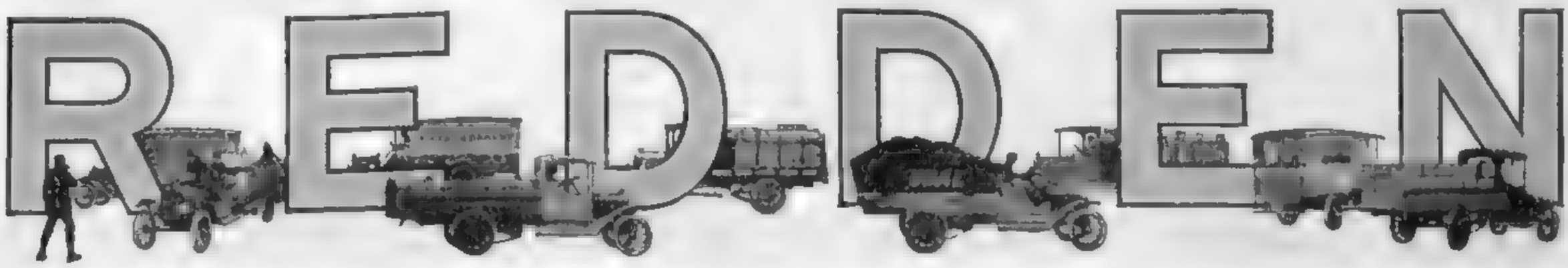

Williams'

Shaving Cream Stick Powder Liquid

Each small bit of Williams' Shaving Cream you squeeze from the tube carries comfort with it—comfort in the shaving and comfort in the after-feel.

And the next tube you buy is the same—and the next, because Williams' Shaving Cream is but another form of Williams' Shaving Soap, which began giving this same comfort to mankind 75 years ago—long before cream was invented.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid
and in round cakes

Send 12c in stamps for trial size of the four forms shown here.
Then decide which you prefer or send 4c in stamps for any one.

The J. B. Williams Co., *Dept. A*, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

(Continued from Page 74)

But I did. I went the next week. Larry Strangways made the arrangements and, after a fortnight under Miss Davis' instructions, I found myself alone.

It was not so trying as I feared, though it was monotonous. It was monotonous because there was so little to do. I was there each morning at half past nine. From one to two I had an hour for lunch. At six I came away. On Saturdays I had the afternoon. It was a little like being a prisoner, but a prisoner in a palace, a prisoner who is well paid.

The place consisted of one big handsome room, some sixty feet by thirty, resembling the libraries of great houses I had seen abroad. That in this case it was detached from the dwelling was, I suppose, a matter of architectural convenience. Bookshelves lined the walls right up to the cornice. The dull reds and browns and blues and greens of the bindings carried out the mellow effects of the oriental rugs on the floor. Under the shelves there were cupboards, some of them empty, others stocked with portfolios of prints, European and Japanese. There were no pictures, but a few large pieces of old porcelain and faïence, Persian, Spanish and Chinese, stood on the mantelpiece and tables. For the rest the furnishings consisted of a bust or two, a desk or two, and some decorative tables and chairs.

My chief objection to the life was its seeming pointlessness. I was hard at work doing nothing. The number of visitors was negligible. Once during the autumn an old gentleman brought some engravings to compare with similar examples in Mr. Grainger's collection; once a lady student of Shakspere came to examine his early editions; perhaps as often as twice a week some wandering tourist in New York would enter and stare vacantly and go as he arrived. To while away the time I read and wrote and did knitting and fancy work, and at half past four every day, as regularly as the hands of the clock came round, I solemnly had my tea. It was very good tea, with cake and bread and butter in the orthodox style, and was brought by Mrs. Daly, the motherly old Irish caretaker of the house, who stumped in and stumped out, giving me while she stayed a good deal of detail as to her "sky-attic" nerves and swollen "varikiss" veins.

I am bound to admit that the tea ceremony oppressed me—not that I didn't enjoy it in its way, but because its generosity seemed overdone. It was not in the necessities of the case; it was above all not American. On both the occasions when Mr. Grainger honored the library with a call I tried to screw up my courage to ask him to let me off this hospitality, but I couldn't reach the point. I was not so much afraid of him as I was overawed. He was perfectly civil; he never treated me as the dust beneath his feet, like Howard Brokenshire; but anyone could see that he was immensely and perhaps tragically preoccupied.

I was having tea all alone on a cold afternoon in November when the sound of the opening of the outer door attracted my attention. At first one came into a vestibule from which there was no entrance, till on my side I touched the spring of a closed wrought-iron grille. I had gone forward to see who was there and, if necessary, give the further admission, when to my astonishment I saw Mrs. Brokenshire.

She was in a walking dress with furs. The color in her cheeks might have been due to the cold wind, but the light in her eyes was that of excitement.

"I heard you were here," she whispered as she fluttered in, "and I've come to see you."

My sense of the imprudence of this step was such that I could hardly welcome her. That feeling of protection which I had once before on her behalf came back to me.

"Who told you?" I asked, as soon as she was seated and I was pouring her out a cup of tea. For the first time since taking the position I was glad the ceremony had not been suppressed.

She answered while glancing into the shadows about her.

"Mildred told me. Hugh wrote it to her. He does write to her you know. She's the only one with whom he is still in communication. She seems to think the poor boy is in trouble. I came to—to see if there was anything I could do."

I told her I was living at the Hotel Mary Chilton and that if necessary at any time she could see me there.

She repeated the address, but I knew it took no hold on her memory.

"Ah, yes; the Hotel Mary Chilton. I think I've heard of it. But I haven't many minutes, and you must tell me all you can about dear Hugh."

As my anxiety on Hugh's account was deepening I was the more eager to do as I was bid. I said he had found no employment as yet and that in my opinion employment would be hard to secure. If he was willing to work for a year or two for next to nothing, as he would consider the salary, he might eventually learn the financial trade; but to expect that his name would be a key to open the door of any bank at which he might present himself was preposterous. I hadn't been able to convince him of that, however, and he was still hoping. But he was hoping with a sad worried face that almost broke my heart.

"And how is he off for money?"

I said I thought his bank account was running low. He made no complaint of that to me, but I noticed that he rarely now went to any of his clubs, and that he took his meals at the more inexpensive places. In taxis, too, he was careful and in tickets for the theater. These were the signs by which I judged.

Her eyes had the sweet mistiness I remembered from our last meeting.

"I can let him have money—as much as he needs."

I considered this.

"But it would be Mr. Brokenshire's money, wouldn't it?"

"It would be money Mr. Brokenshire gives me."

"In that case I don't think Hugh could accept it. You see, he's trying to make himself independent of his father, so as to do what his father doesn't like."

"But he can't starve."

"He must either starve, or earn a living, or go back to his father and—give up."

"Does that mean that you won't marry him unless he has money of his own?"

"It means what I've said more than once before—that I can't marry him if he has no money of his own, unless his family come and ask me to do it."

There was a little furrow between her brows.

"Oh, well, they won't do that. I would," she hastened to add, "because" she smiled like an angel—"because I believe in love; but they wouldn't."

"I think Mrs. Rossiter would," I argued, "if she was left free."

"She might, and of course there's Mildred. She'd do anything for Hugh, though she thinks—— But neither Jack nor Pauline would give in; and as for Mr. Brokenshire—I believe it would break his heart."

"Why should he feel toward me like that?" I demanded bitterly. "How am I inferior to Pauline Gray, except that I have no money?"

"Well, I suppose in a way that's it. It's what Mr. Brokenshire calls the solidarity of aristocracies. They have to hold together."

"But aristocracy and money aren't one."

As she rose she smiled again distantly and dreamily.

"If you were an American, dear Miss Adare, you'd know."

Before she said good-by she looked deliberately about the room. It was not the hasty inspection I should have expected; it was tranquil, and I could even say that it was thorough. She made no mention of Mr. Grainger, but I couldn't help thinking he was in her mind.

At the door to which I accompanied her, however, her manner changed. Before trusting herself to the few paces of walk running from the entrance to the wrought-iron gate she glanced up and down the street. It was dark by this time, and the lamps were lit, but not till the pavement was tolerably clear did she venture out. Even then she didn't turn toward Fifth Avenue, which would have been her natural direction; but rapidly and, as I imagined, furtively she walked the other way.

I mentioned to no one that she had come to see me. Her kind thought of Hugh I was sorry to keep to myself; but I knew of no purpose to be served in divulging it. With my maxim to guide me it was not difficult to be sure that in this case right lay in silence.

A few days later I got Hugh's doings from a new point of view. As I was going back to my lunch at the hotel, Mrs. Rossiter called to me from her motor and made me get in. The distance I had to cover

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You know the flustery type of man, fidgety with nervous energy that keeps him on the rack. A great pretense of *doing*—nothing *done!*

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They relish keenly the judicious mildness of good ROBERT BURNS—a soothing flavor tanged with ripe Havana.

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The *blend* and the curing explain it. His Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

So ROBERT BURNS, effecting healthy compromise between smokers' palates and smokers' consciences, moves forward with the times, a better and more satisfying cigar today than ever.

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Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.

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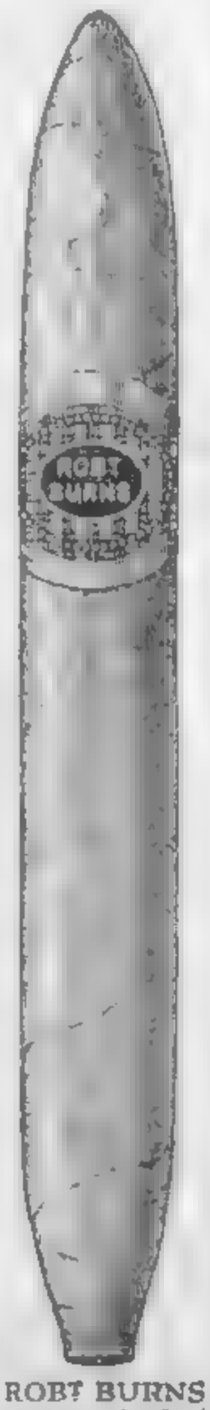

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An ideal electric motor driven outfit for the [illegible] home having city water service. Tank with automatic pump that starts, stops and oils itself without attention. Widely used for pumping soft water in city homes. Find out about this outfit.

A Leader System will pump water from deep or shallow well, cistern, lake, spring or river, at any distance. Operated by electricity, gasoline engine, line shaft or hand.

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More than 50,000 Leader Systems are now in service throughout this country. And they are in service every day. We stand back of each system bearing the Leader name.

Find out how little it will cost to install a Leader System in your country home. And remember that our power outfits can readily be installed in place of your hand pumping outfit. Buy no home water system until you have investigated the Leader line.

This sign marks the window of every plumber who sells Leader Home Water Systems. He will install your Leader System. Ask him for prices

Prices: 50 gallon tank with 180 gallon per hour pump, $120.00; 100 gallon tank, $135.00 F. O. B. Decatur, Ill., or Owego, N. Y.

Write Our Nearest Jobber

These prominent firms can show you Leader Systems in operation. They will give you the name of your local Leader agent. Write for information.

SAN FRANCISCO — Pacific Hdw. & Steel Co.
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ST. LOUIS — The Ahrens & Ott Mfg. Co.
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TOLEDO — The National Supply Co.
DETROIT — Kerr Machinery & Supply Co.
CHICAGO — Cameron Schroth Co. — Hoeltzer Bros. — Kelsey Mackay Co. — Davies Supply Co.
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being alight she drove me up to Central Park and back again to have the time to talk.

"My dear, he's crazy. He's going round to all the offices that practically turned him out six or eight weeks ago and begging them to find a place for him. Two or three of papa's old friends have written to ask what they could really do for him—for papa, that is—and he's sent them word that he'd take it as a favor if they'd show Hugh to the door."

"Of course if his father makes himself his enemy ——"

"He only makes himself his enemy in order to be his friend, dear Miss Adare. He's your friend, too, papa is, if you only saw it."

"I'm afraid I don't," I said dryly.

"Oh, you will some day and do him justice. He's the kindest man when you let him have his own way."

"Which would be to separate Hugh and me"

"But you'd both get over that; and I know he'd do the handsome thing by you as well as by him."

"So long as we do the handsome thing by each other "

"Oh, well, you can see where that leads to. Hugh'll never be in a position to marry you, dear Miss Adare."

"He will when your father comes round."

"Nonsense, my dear! You know you're not looking forward to that, not any more than I am."

Later, as I was getting out at my door, she said, as if it was an afterthought:

"Oh, by the way, you know papa has made me write to Lady Cissie Boscobel?"

I looked up at her from the pavement.

"What for?"

"To ask her to come over and spend a month or two in New York. She says she will if she can. She's a good deal of a girl, Cissie is. If you're going to keep your hold on Hugh —— Well, all I can say is that Cissie will give you a run for your money. Of course it's nothing to me. I only thought I'd tell you."

This, too, I kept from Hugh; but I seized an early opportunity to paint the portrait of the imaginary charming girl he could have for a wife, with plenty of money to support himself and her, if he would only give me up.

This was as we walked home one night from the theater—I was obliged from time to time to let him take me so that we might have a pretext for being together—and we strolled in the shadows of the narrow cross streets.

"Little Alix," he declared fervently, "I could no more give you up than I could give up my breath or my blood. You're part of me. You're the most vital part of me. If you were to fail me I should die. If I were to fail you —— But that's not worth thinking of. Look here!" He paused in a dark spot beside a great silent warehouse. "Look here. I'm having a pretty tough time. I'll confess it. I didn't mean to tell you, but I will. When I go to see certain people now—men I've met dozens of times at my father's table—what do you think happens? They have me shown to the door, and not too politely. These are the chaps who two months ago were squirming for joy at the thought of getting me. What do you think of that? How do you suppose it makes me feel?" I was about to break in with some indignant response when he continued placidly: "Well, it all turns to music the minute I think of you. It's as if I'd drunk some glowing cordial. I'm kicked out, let us say—and it's not too much to say—and I'm ready to curse for all I'm worth, but I think of you, I remember I'm doing it for you and bearing it for you, so that one day I may strike the right thing and we may be together and happy forever afterward, and I swear to you it's as if angels were singing in the sky."

I had to let him kiss me there in the shadow of the street as if we were a footman and a housemaid. I had to let him kiss away my tears and soothe me and console me.

I told him I wasn't worthy of such love and that, if he would consider the fitness of things, he would go away and leave me, but he only kissed me the more.

Again I was having my tea. It had been a lifeless day and I was wondering how long I could endure the lifelessness. Not a soul had come near the place since morning, and my only approach to human intercourse had been in discussing Mrs. Daly's "varikiss" veins. Even that interlude was over, for the lady would not return for the tea things till after my departure. I was so lonely—I felt the uselessness of what I was doing so acutely—that in spite of the easy work and generous pay I was thinking of sending my resignation in to Mr. Grainger and looking for something else.

The outer door opened swiftly and silently, and I knew someone was inside. I knew, too, before rising from my place, that it was Mrs. Brokenshire. Subconsciously I had been expecting her, though I couldn't have said why. Her lovely face was all sparkle.

"I've come to see you again," she whispered as I let her in. "I hope you're alone."

I replied that I was and, choosing my words carefully, I said it was kind of her to keep me in mind.

"Oh, yes, I keep you in mind, and I keep Hugh. What I've really come for is to beg you to hand him the money of which I spoke the other day."

She seated herself, but not before glancing about the room, either expectantly or fearfully. As I poured out her tea I repeated what I had said already on the subject of the money. She wasn't listening, however. When she made replies they were not to the point. All the while she sipped her tea and nibbled her cake her eyes had the shifting alertness of a watchful little bird's.

"Oh, but what does it all matter when it's a question of love," she said, somewhat at a venture. "Love is the only thing, don't you think? It must make its opportunities as it can."

"You mean that love can be—unscrupulous?"

"Oh, I shouldn't use that word."

"It isn't the word I'm thinking of. It's the act."

"Love is like war, isn't it? All's fair!"

"But is it?"

Her eyes rested on mine, not boldly but with a certain daring.

"Why—yes."

"You believe that?"

She still kept her eyes on mine. Her tone was that of a challenge.

"Why—yes." She added perhaps defiantly: "Don't you?"

I said decidedly:

"No, I don't."

"Then you don't love. You can't love. Love is reckless. Love ——" There was a long pause before she dropped the two concluding words, spacing them apart as if to emphasize her deliberation: "Love—risks—all."

"If it risks all it may lose all."

The challenge was renewed.

"Well? Isn't that better than ——"

"It's not better than doing right," I hastened to say, "however hard it may be."

"Ah, but what is right? A thing can't be right if—if"—she sought for a word—"if it's killing you."

As she said this there was a sound along the corridor leading from the house. I thought Mrs. Daly had forgotten something and was coming back. But the tread was different from her slow stump, and my sense of a danger at hand was such as the good woman never inspired.

Mrs. Brokenshire made no attempt to play a part or to put me off the scent. She acted as if I understood what was happening. Her teacup resting in her lap, she sat with eyes aglow and lips slightly apart in a look of heavenly expectation.

I could hardly believe her to be the dazed, stricken little creature I had seen three months ago.

As the footsteps approached she murmured "He's coming!" or "Who's coming?" I couldn't be sure which.

Mr. Grainger entered like a man who is on his own ground and knows what he is about to find. There was no uncertainty in his manner and no apparent sense of secrecy.

His head was high and his walk firm, as he pushed his way amid tables and chairs to where we were sitting in the glow of a shaded light.

I stood up as he approached, but I had time to appraise my situation. I saw all its little mysteries illumined as by a flash. I saw why Stacy Grainger had kept track of me; I saw why, in spite of my deficiencies, he had taken me on as his librarian; but I saw too that the Lord had delivered J. Howard Brokenshire into my hands, as Sisera into those of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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"GO-GETTER" PERSHING

(Concluded from Page 20)

Were he twenty years younger, the girls would say he had a head like a Greek god's, for his features are finely chiseled. But there is power in every line of them. His chin thrusts forward—it is the aggressive chin of a fighter; in fact, Pershing is undeniably handsome. But that can be forgiven because of his brains.

One's first impression of the general is sternness. Then he smiles, and the impression vanishes. His face lights up and becomes animated. The cold appraising gleam that he turned on you changes to a kindly twinkle, and you begin to warm to Black Jack. But he has a temper. You ought to see him when something he has planned goes wrong through the disobedience or carelessness or stupidity of another. He can curl a man to a crisp about as neatly as you ever saw it done.

During the Mexican expedition he caught a Texas Australian, who was in Carranza's employ, snooping round the camp at Colonia Dublan.

"Take the scoundrel out of camp and kick him toward the rising sun!" Pershing ordered, with a few additional remarks expressive of regret for inability to shoot him.

Soldier and Lawyer, Too

I have frequently heard army people and civilians urge the matter of temper against him. My opinion is that he wouldn't be worth his salt without it. That temper is inseparable from his other qualities. Did you ever know a man of great capacity, tremendous nervous force and powers of concentration who didn't have a devil of a temper?

Whenever a citizen of these United States shoves his head above the tall grass he is going to be rocked. He might just as well reconcile himself to that at the outset. And the higher he goes, the more venomous will be the attacks. Pershing is no exception to the rule. Probably no officer in the American Army has had more bitter enemies. The rapidity of his promotion is responsible for that. If he had remained an obscure captain or major nobody would have bothered to assail him, and everybody would have voted Black Jack a prince of good fellows.

Fate had higher things in store for him, however. For his success in the Moro campaign in Mindanao, President Roosevelt appointed him a brigadier general in 1906, advancing him over the heads of eight hundred and sixty-two officers senior to him. Pershing was only forty-six then—and brigadiers aren't often made at that callow age, or from captains.

No sooner had the appointment been made than a clamor of protest arose. All sorts of charges were hurled at him. He became the target for abuse that stopped at nothing. As Pershing was the son-in-law of Senator Warren, it gave the opposition a chance to orate too.

And how did he take it? The way he always takes it—with his mouth shut and his mind on his work. No explanations or denials; he went ahead with his job. After a while the abuse stopped of itself. The bitter charges against him died a natural death. The public came to know that here was a real soldier and a man of worth; and even his enemies grudgingly acknowledged his fitness for the rank.

"I've got no use for him," declared one. "But he's a fightin' son-of-a-gun! I've got to admit that."

And now comes a curious sequel to his appointment as brigadier general. President Roosevelt did that for him. To-day Pershing is in command of the oversea army Roosevelt hoped to lead. If that isn't the irony of life, what is?

Pershing's abilities don't all run in the direction of soldiering, by any means. He is a lawyer, too; and he is a pacifist when it is possible and to the interests of the country he serves. In handling the Moros he achieved the desired ends as much by friendly tact as by fighting. Whenever any of the chiefs showed the least desire to be sensible, Pershing met them more than halfway, encouraging them and their following to return to peaceful pursuits.

He gave those savage tribes their first look into civilization. He taught them that the hoe was a much more valuable implement than the rifle or bolo. And a goodly number accepted his assurances. They went back to agriculture; young coconut trees began to show on the borders of the lake and along the jungle streams.

His loyalty and readiness to stand hitched under any circumstances were never better displayed than this spring. He was back in San Antonio, in command of the Southern Department, to which he had succeeded on the death of General Funston. At that time a large proportion of the American public was roundly abusing the President for his Mexican policy and his forbearance with Germany. Now if anyone might have been expected to feel disappointment over events in Mexico, surely it was John J. Pershing. But he did not let out a single whine. Buried under work though he was, he seized time to deliver dozens of public speeches; and the burden of all was "Stand by the President!"

I heard a couple of privates in the regulars discussing the general on board a train.

"The Old Man's sure constraineous!" remarked one with a shake of the head.

Inquiry developed that he meant the general was too insistent on perfection.

Yet there is a very human side to this stern disciplinarian. J. Curlee was assistant truckmaster of the motortruck division that carried supplies and forage for the Mexican expedition. After four days on the road, with nothing to eat but hard bread and "canned Willie," he arrived at Pershing's base, three hundred and ten miles from Columbus. Half famished, Curlee horned into the first large tent he saw.

"Captain," said this civilian employee to the officer seated at the table, "can I get a square meal? I'm about starved."

"Sure!" said the officer, and escorted the truckdriver to the mess kitchen.

"Give this man all he can eat," he ordered the cook; "and if it is not what he wants, cook some more."

Curlee did not learn until after the meal that he had been fed by General Pershing.

Again: One of his orders when the troops crossed the Border was that it should be a "dry" expedition, from start to finish. And it surely was. The result was a low percentage of sickness and an excellent morale. But—as he once remarked—"It is easy to command men when there is fighting to do. It's hard to maintain an army at the highest efficiency when you are held in leash."

Therefore, he inaugurated special courses of training and recreation, so that the men might not become stale. Athletic organizations were formed and contests were a feature of the day's work. Christmas approached. The column was hundreds of miles from the Border and could not be moved south, or east, or west. The general decided that an exceptional celebration was necessary to sustain the spirits of his troops, cut off from home.

Pershing's Christmas Tree

He sent officers to ascertain from the men what was the largest Christmas tree they had ever seen. Several tall ones were described. One fellow swore by all that was holy that a municipal tree he had cast his eyes on reached a height of ninety-five feet.

It was some tree; but Pershing did not question the figures. He detailed a detachment to scour the country and secure a tree that was higher. By felling trees in the hills and binding them together they contrived to build one that was one hundred and fifteen feet high.

Then hundreds of trucks were formed in a vast circle about the tree and their searchlights were turned on it. Wires were connected with the storage batteries of the trucks and a current for a multitude of tiny colored bulbs was provided. The Red Cross of various American cities had sent a "housewife" to each man, and there were other presents, a big field dinner, and music by the bands. So they had a real Christmas after all.

No man has plumbed greater depths of sorrow. None ever bore it with higher courage. Mrs. Pershing and three of their children were burned to death in the fire at Presidio on August 27, 1915. Only his little son, Warren Pershing, was left to him.

So much for the Why of his career. Here are a few side lights on the Who's Who part:

John Joseph Pershing was born at Laclede, Linn County, Missouri, September 13, 1860. His father had been a railroad contractor, and later conducted a general store. The boy had a head for figures and often stayed up half the night with a problem in mathematics; but he had no particular fondness for the store and put in as little time as possible there.

It was his original intention to become a lawyer, and he graduated from the Kirksville Normal School in 1880, with the degree of bachelor of arts. But in a close competitive examination for nomination to West Point he beat the boy nearest him by one point, and that one point changed his entire career.

He entered the Academy in 1882 and was graduated in 1886. General Wesley Merritt once said of him: "He gave early promise of becoming the superb officer he is now known to be. He was earnest, ambitious, energetic and manly."

Pershing was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry, and his subsequent history runs about like this: first lieutenant Tenth Cavalry; major and chief ordnance officer of volunteers in 1898; honorably discharged from the volunteers in 1899; captain in the First United States Cavalry in 1901, from which he was transferred to the Fifteenth Cavalry.

A Long Jump

From captain he leaped to a brigadier generalship in 1906. But there was a record of achievement back of it, not only in the United States but notably in the Philippines. He had served with distinction in the Apache Indian campaign in New Mexico and Arizona, and in the Sioux campaign in Dakota. In the latter he commanded the Sioux Indian scouts. His work brought him promotion; he was appointed military instructor at the University of Nebraska.

What he did at the university is typical of the man. Not content with imparting military instructions, he started to study law, and obtained his LL. B. in 1893. He was admitted to practice in the courts of the state.

Later he was sent to the United States Military Academy as instructor of tactics, where he spent the better part of two years. Then the Spanish-American War broke out, and he served in the Santiago campaign in Cuba with the Tenth Cavalry. Next he organized the Bureau of Insular Affairs and was its chief for a while.

Followed four years of service in the Philippines, first as adjutant general of the department of Mindanao, then as commander of military operations against the Moros.

Pershing was appointed observer with Kuroki's army in Manchuria in 1905, during the Russian-Japanese War, and was subsequently military attaché at Tokio. While there the Mikado bestowed upon him the Order of the Sacred Treasure.

From 1906 he was on duty in the Philippines as commander of the Department of Mindanao and governor of Moro Province. After completing his service by the defeat of the Moros at Bagsag in 1913, he was placed in command of the Eighth Brigade, at Presidio, and then of the El Paso Patrol District, on the Mexican Border.

To his friends he is full of good humor and kindliness; and he sticks to them through thick and thin. To all who approach him of whose character or intentions he is assured, he is affability itself. But to exploiters, or those who besiege him for information, he is apt to be abrupt.

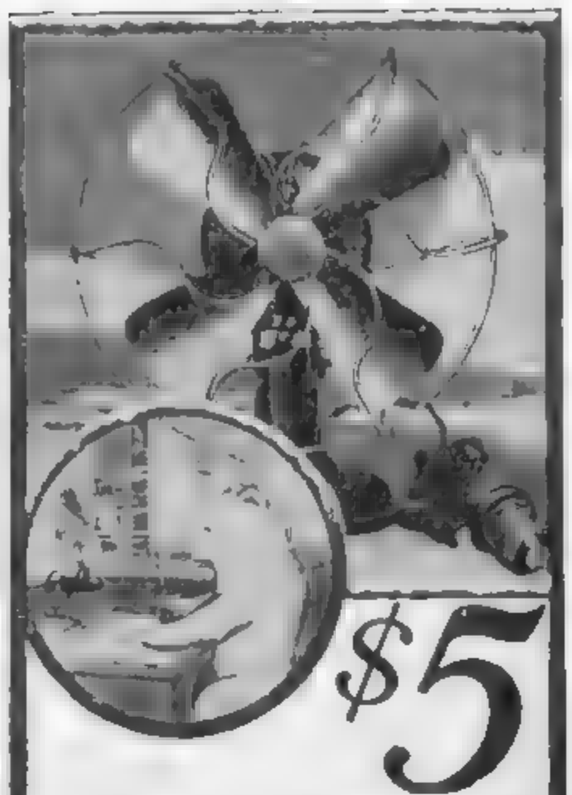
And he can take a joke on himself. They gave a reception in his honor in a Southwestern city not long ago, and a line of guests formed to shake hands with the famous visitor. Toward the tail end of the procession came a fat and perspiring citizen.

He wrung the general's hand, gazed at him earnestly and inquired "What name, please?"

His soldiers assert that he can outride any cavalryman, outshoot any marksman, and outmarch any doughboy. He looks it.

When he steps into his car he says to the driver: "Let's get where we're going." And there is a swirling cloud of dust. That would do well for his motto. "Go-Getter" Pershing suits him much better than the sobriquet bestowed by the army in his early days.

What the battlefront may hold for him is a sealed book. But those who know Black Jack Pershing best say that he will come back either a national hero or wrapped in the national flag.



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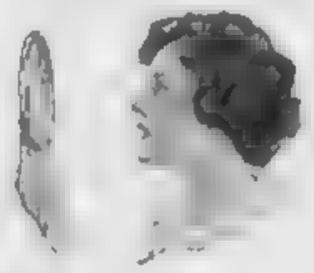

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Both sold in packages only. (1575)

THE USURPER

(Concluded from Page 15)

In this he was not wrong, for by five that afternoon he had completed his task.

Peters, however, had gone home. Dent hesitated a moment at his telephone, and then decided to wait until he reached the privacy of his own rooms to talk with the president. As he passed Belden's door his assistant called him.

"That man Warrener doesn't know his own mind!" Belden complained ruefully. "He called me up right after lunch and said that he had decided too hastily this morning; that he wanted to think about the matter further. I went over to see him, but he was cold as a dog's nose."

"Perhaps you rushed him a little too hard," suggested Dent, the shadow of a grin on his dry features. "You'll have to learn how to sell goods so they'll stay sold, young man. He would have given me a conditional order this morning. Did you agree that he might countermand?"

Belden's face reddened.

The sales manager drew out his watch.

"I believe I'll run over and take one more whack at him myself," he decided. "Between us, we'll land him yet."

In the present frame of mind he felt equal to any undertaking, and too happy to scold Belden for his schoolboy trick.

"I have something else to tell you," Belden began.

"Oh, let it wait until morning," Dent put him off. "I'll have to hurry to catch Warrener."

He strode into Warrener's office a very different man from the discouraged Dent who had entered it that morning. Calm, authoritative, sure, he made the sale, and made it to stay.

Dent hurried happily to his rooms and telephoned to Belden that he had obtained a reinstatement of the order. He cut off before Belden could congratulate him, and called Mr. Peters at his home. His servant and confidential man answered. Mr. Peters was lying down. Was the message important?

"This is Mr. Dent speaking. Tell him that I have made arrangements for the purchase of his stock and that I shall be prepared to give him a check in the morning."

"Will you wait until I tell him, sir?"

Then, after a few moments during which Dent whistled softly to himself, the voice rejoined abruptly:

"Mr. Peters says he closed out his stock to Mr. Belden this afternoon, sir."

Dent dropped the receiver and sank into a chair. Instead of taking charge of the works as president, he faced the fact that his very job was in jeopardy. He writhed as he thought of Belden's airs, of the times he had put the young man in his place, and of what Belden's feeling must be toward him.

"I won't give him the satisfaction of discharging me," he grated out at last.

He sat down, and on one of the big square sheets of heavy white paper that he used for his personal correspondence he penned his resignation.

Up and down, up and down he raged, pausing now and then to throw himself into a chair and sit moodily staring into space. He could eat no dinner, and when he went to bed he could not sleep.

Dent was at the office in the morning before either Cowper or Belden arrived. Miss Case was at her desk, her complexion roseate, her coiffure a miracle of smoothness. Dent called her into his room.

"We've been together more years than I care to count," he began, husky and abrupt. "I'm going to make a change. I don't know exactly what I'm going to do, but when I'm settled I shall want you to come with me."

"A change?" she breathed. "I don't understand." Her fine eyes were troubled.

Dent handed her the letter he had written the night before, in an unsealed envelope, addressed to Belden. She opened it, read the few words, and let the letter fall into her lap.

"Mr. Dent! I don't understand," she repeated. "Please explain! Why this resignation, and why addressed to Mr. Belden?"

"Don't you know he has bought Mr. Peters' stock?"

"When?"

"Yesterday, while I was out trying to raise the money to do it myself. I did raise it too," Dent continued bitterly. "I was the happiest man in the world at six o'clock last night. Peters told me he would sell only for cash, so I went out and got the cash. And then," he groaned, "I learned he had sold to Belden!"

"But why resign?" Miss Case insisted.

"Haven't I given Belden cause enough to hate me? He considers me rather out of date anyhow. His whole career here has been with an eye to ousting me; but I'll beat him to it!"

Miss Case straightened; her eyes glowed.

"If you're the man I've always looked up to," she flamed, "you're not a quitter! If Belden has made up his mind to discharge you, put the onus on him. I don't believe it; the business needs you too much. You've given the best part of your life to its upbuilding—these works are the projection of your personality. Don't quit and let a boy wreck them! If he forces you out——"

"He will, sooner or later," persisted Dent. "I'm going while the going's good."

"If you're the same man I've worked for all these years, you'll stay and give your best to the business until he does, and then you'll quit fighting!" she cried. "If you're not, I'll give you the trouble to write another resignation!"

She tore the letter twice across and threw the scraps into the wastebasket.

Dent stared at her in dumb amazement; then a smile spread slowly over his keen face, which had grown rigid under her sharp attack.

"Thank you, Miss Case," he said simply.

"She's right," Dent told himself grimly when Miss Case had gone, quite suddenly, for she was close to tears. His jaw set hard. "I won't resign; I'll take my medicine standing!"

An instant later came Belden, brisk and important. With him were Bates, of the Continental Trust, and Reams, a local real-estate dealer. With Cowper, who followed them, and Dent himself they formed the directorate of the company and represented most of the stock.

"'Morning, Mr. Dent," said Belden pleasantly enough, but with the supercilious smile that Dent hated on his lips. "I wanted to tell you last night that I had bought Peters' stock."

"I have heard it," Dent stated dryly.

"You're not surprised, then," said Belden. "Well, there are a number of things to get straight, so I thought we'd better have a directors' meeting. Join us, please!"

Dent winced at the command, but rose a little stiffly, squared his shoulders against their office stoop and marched resolutely in behind the pudgy Cowper.

Belden established himself at Mr. Peters' desk.

"Be seated, gentlemen!" he directed. "As I hold the controlling interest, I'll take the chair for the present. I want to tell you why I've purchased a majority of the stock in this company: I want to make it the biggest plow business in the world!"

"Some job!" muttered Cowper behind his hand to Dent.

"But before I say any more," Belden went on, "it will perhaps be more regular if we elect a president to fill Mr. Peters' place and let him take the chair. Gentlemen, nominations are in order!"

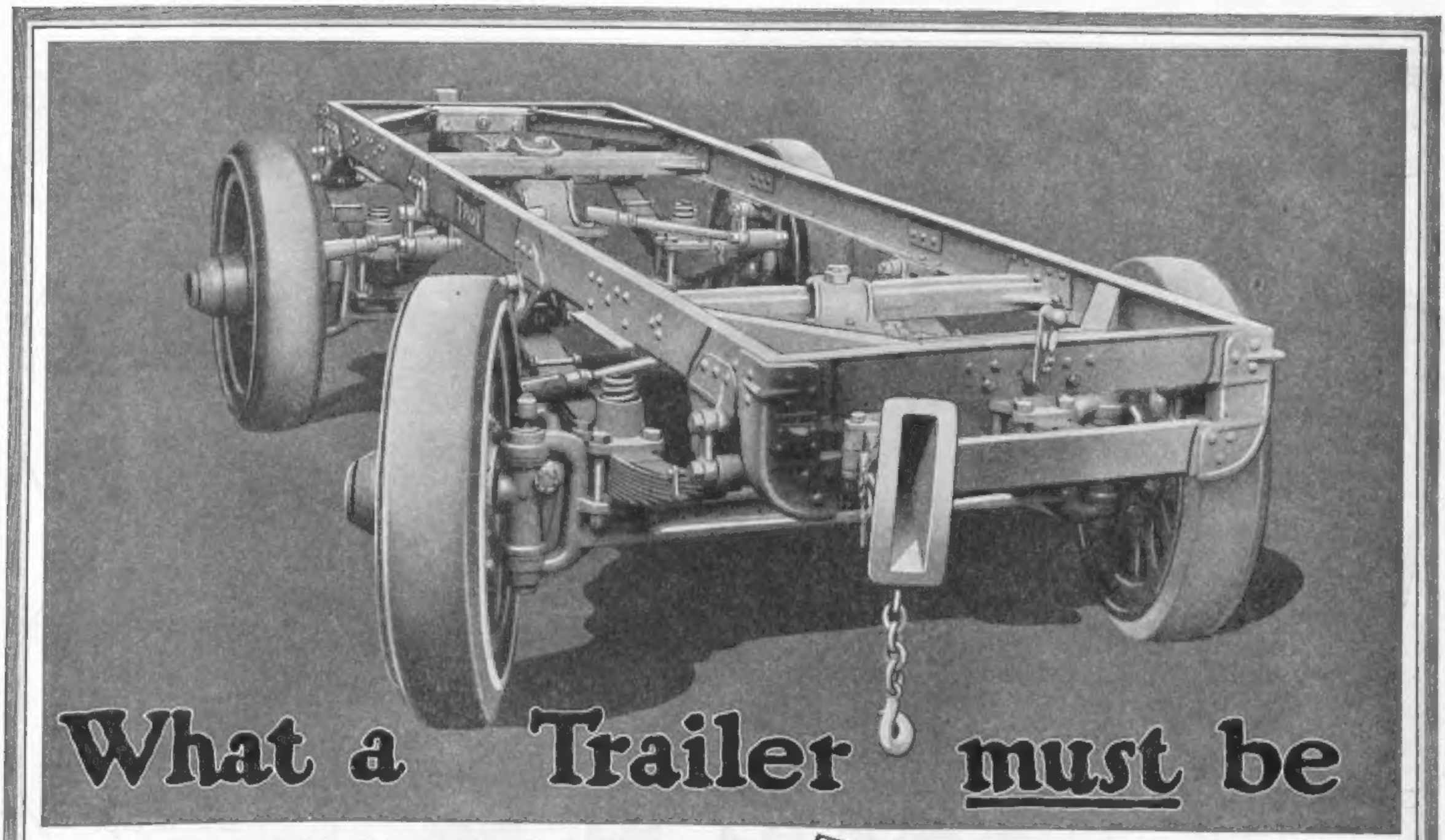
"Nominate Mr. Dent," said Reams promptly.

Dent's face flamed with anger at the cruel jest. He started to spring to his feet, but Cowper's hand closed like a clamp upon his arm. He struggled to release himself. Belden could fire him, yes, but he couldn't use him for the butt of a bad joke! Reams must have had his orders. But before Dent could rise Belden's clear voice broke out:

"Second the motion! Any other nominations? No? It is moved and seconded that Mr. Dent be elected president. All in favor of the motion will say 'Aye.'"

"Aye," four voices chimed, while Dent, staring as in a dream, puzzled, confused, doubted his own ears. "Contrary, 'No.' There being no dissent, Mr. Dent is elected," announced Belden calmly. He rose and came toward Dent with that smile which no longer seemed supercilious.

"Take the chair, Mr. Dent," he invited, his hand outstretched, "and let's get down to ways and means." He turned toward the others: "I'll begin by saying that I would never have tackled this job if I had not been sure of having the man who really made this business at the helm!"



What a Trailer must be

A trailer, to be a real trailer, must follow absolutely in the track of the truck that pulls it—through crowded traffic—around any corner—into any opening. A trailer must do these things automatically, without causing any extra labor or trouble.

A trailer must be reversible so that it can be easily backed in a straight line, or around any curve, or spotted exactly at any given point, just as easily as if it were being moved forward.

A trailer must be built to stand up for years under severest every day service, at speeds that would rack to pieces an ordinary vehicle.

A trailer must be so designed and constructed that it can't strain nor injure the truck. It must be easy running, noiseless, and safe.

All of these features are embodied in

Troy Trailers

Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit:
Uses a 3½-ton G. M. C. truck to pull a 5-ton Troy Trailer, and haul a total of over 9 tons "at no perceptible increase in cost."

Troy Trailers are cutting hauling costs for hundreds of well-known concerns—in all lines of business—with all makes of trucks—under all sorts of conditions. A Troy Trailer turns many a losing truck into a profitable investment, and makes a paying truck pay far bigger returns, because every good truck can **PULL** as much again (and sometimes twice as much) as it can **CARRY**, and carry its full load **at the same time.**

Troy Trailers are made in capacities from 1 to 5 tons, and with any type of body. They are built for use singly, or in trailer trains. **In quality they are the equal of the finest trucks.** There is also a line of Troy Juniors for use with pleasure cars and small commercial vehicles.

United Cigar Stores Co.:
Operates a 5-ton Troy Trailer with a Packard Truck.

Saxon Motor Co., Detroit:
"We have been using a 5-ton Troy Trailer with a 3½-ton G. M. C. Truck and are handling from 7 to 9 tons a trip with this outfit."

Troy Trailers can be operated with any good Truck

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The Troy Wagon Works Company
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How to Figure What Your Truck Can Do

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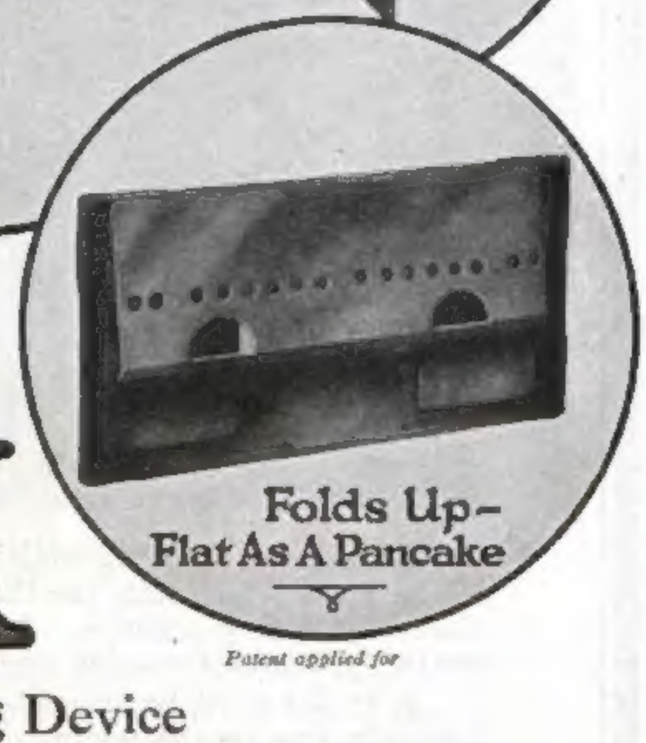

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One or Two Burners For Cooking With Sterno Canned Heat.

Folds Up Flat As A Pancake

ABSOLUTELY FREE! During the week beginning June 23rd and ending June 30th, every Sterno Kitchenette will carry a tag which entitles the purchaser to a beautiful, useful "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Saucepan. Remember, this offer is for Tag Week only. Tags must be sent to S. STERNAU & COMPANY, on receipt of which the saucepan will be promptly sent absolutely free and express charges prepaid.

THE STERNO KITCHENETTE, for every need of light cooking, indoors and out-of-doors. Cooks, broils, boils, fries or heats—anywhere and everywhere—in the home, camp, yacht, on the motor trip or in the woods. **Constructed with wind shield on three sides** which keeps flame steady in the open, thus effecting a big saving in the canned heat. STERNO KITCHENETTE **folds up** in a small, compact form that can be slipped into your trunk, bag or auto kit. Automatic flame extinguisher and reducer accompanies each outfit.

Prices of Sterno Kitchenette

No. 4041 One Burner Stove	$1.50	No. 4042 Two Burner Stove	$2.00
Far West . . .	1.75	Far West . . .	2.25
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Lights at the scratch of a match and can be extinguished and relit again and again until the heat is consumed. Smokeless, odorless, non-explosive.

Don't accept substitutes. Ask for Sterno Canned Heat. Look for the patented grooved can with red label bearing name Sterno Canned Heat.

If you cannot obtain Sterno Kitchenette or Sterno Canned Heat from the dealer in your town, write to us.

Saucepan accompanies shipment if ordered between June 23rd and June 30th. Send 10c. for sample outfit of Canned Heat.

S. STERNAU & COMPANY, Inc.

JOHN & GOLD STS. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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A Luscious Treat
Now Try Real Raisin Pie

WE have furnished to first-class bakers everywhere a *special recipe* for California Raisin Pie. It calls for Sun-Maid Raisins, plump, tender, meaty nuggets of concentrated nutriment. These raisins give the pie rare succulence and flavor. No other raisin pie tastes like it. And Sun-Maid Raisins are rich in energy-producing food—they're both good and good *for* you.

You may as well have raisin pie made with these raisins, for restaurants, lunch rooms, hotels and cafés, by the thousand, are serving it. Say "California Raisin Pie made with Sun-Maid Raisins" when you order. Then you'll get the genuine. Don't miss this delicious treat. Don't be satisfied with common pie.

Mother, Let's Have Bread Like This

There's a famous raisin bread also that's made with Sun-Maid Raisins. Your baker or grocer has it. Ask for California Raisin Bread. Children like it *without butter* because of its deliciousness. Nothing could be better for them than *raisins*—Nature's sweetmeats—in *good bread*.

Use Sun-Maid Raisins always for home cooking. All grocers sell them in clean pound packages. Three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted); Seedless (without a seed); Clusters (on the stem).

Raisins—rich in energy-producing food and healthful fruit acids—are not high in price. There's *economy* in raisins.

Write now for beautifully illustrated *free* recipe book containing a home recipe for California Raisin Pie and scores of other dainty raisin foods.

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Membership, 8,000 Growers
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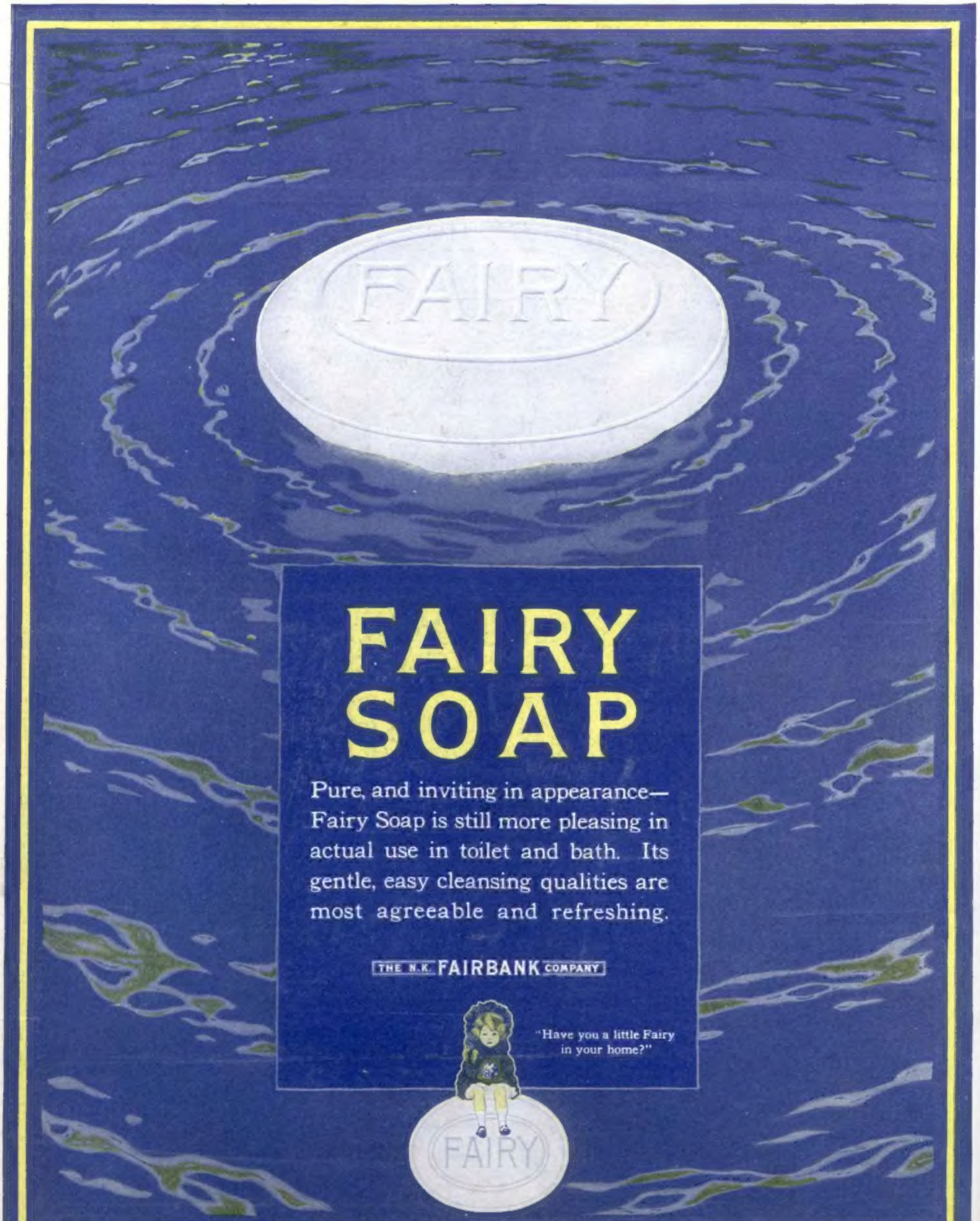
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